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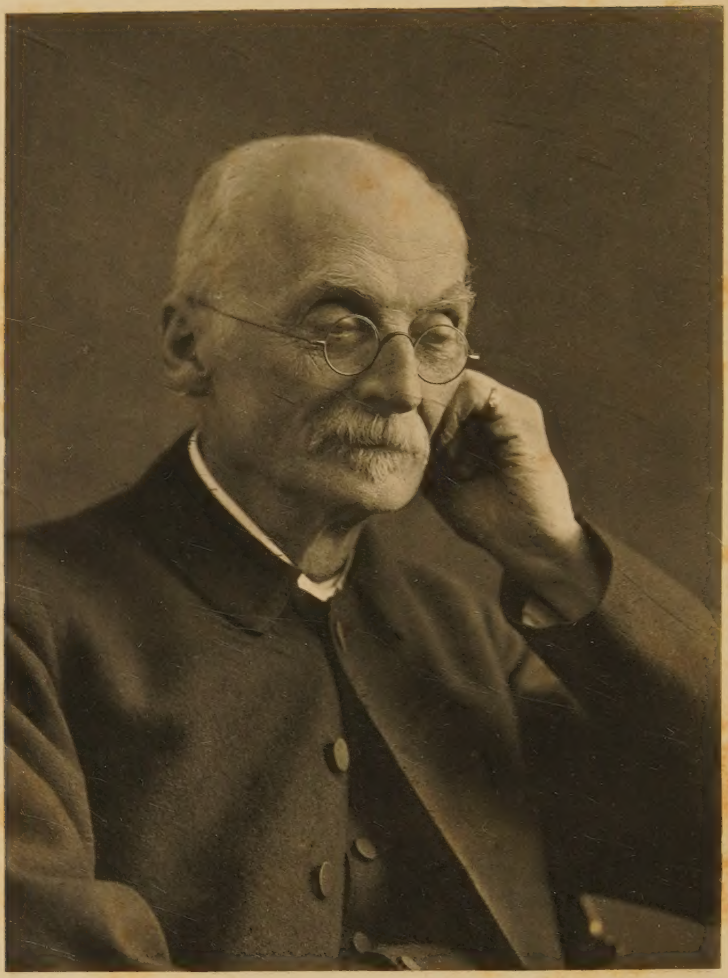

Yours ever
A. H. Sayce.

Reminiscences

BY

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PREFACE

A FEW words of preface are needed in order that I may express my gratitude to my old friend, Mr. George Macmillan, for the unstinted help he has given me in placing my *Reminiscences* before the public. I have never kept a diary, and my memory is no longer what it was in younger years. Many good stories and memorable sayings have unfortunately vanished from it. Whatever success the book may have, I feel will be largely due to my friend's assistance and advice.

A. H. SAYCE.

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Portrait of the Author. From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, Ltd. . . . . *Frontispiece*

CHAPTER I

HOW LIFE BEGAN

I WAS born on the 25th of September 1845, a sickly puling child, whose first utterance, I am told, was a cough. I must also have been dark-skinned, for my sister Flora, who was some years older than myself, upon being told to kiss me, refused to do so on the ground that she "wasn't going to kiss a little nigger like that." Later on I was distinguished by a shock head of coarse black hair, somewhat like that of a Japanese, which made my father prophesy that my hair would last me my life. An attack of typhoid fever, however, when I was thirteen years of age caused me to lose it all, and when it grew again it was thin and sparse.

My father had been vicar of Caldicot in Monmouthshire, near which he built Mount Balan House, within sight of the Roman walls of Caerwent. Shortly before my birth, however, he had moved to the opposite shore of the Bristol Channel and accepted the incumbency of Shirehampton, a small village on the skirts of what were then the undrained marshes at the mouth of the Avon. These marshes, by the way, were a great delight to me and other small children in after days; they were full of strange plants and butterflies, and after a day in them we would return to our homes, bespattered with mud, but laden with bulrushes and other treasures. Bristol was within an easy drive, and Bristol, which still retained its mediaeval walls and whose quay was the gathering-place of picturesque sailing-vessels and foreign sailors, was the capital and shopping-place of the south-west. What Liverpool was to North Wales, that Bristol was to South Wales. My paternal great-grandfather had built his town-house, Clifton Hill House as it was called, in "the

village" of Clifton just above the city and under the tower of Clifton Church.

This great-grandfather was a banker, but he was also a man of artistic tastes. Like other wealthy youths of his period, he had made "the grand tour" and had brought back from it a goodly collection of Dresden china, some of which still remains in the possession of the family, in spite of a century's neglect and destruction. Romney painted the three-quarters-length portraits of himself and his wife, a handsome and young-looking woman notwithstanding the fifteen children she bore to her husband, and my great-grandfather's green waistcoat, with broad splashes of paint laid on by the thumb, was the admiration of my childhood. The bill for the two pictures amounted to £120; it was preserved among my father's papers along with a printed invitation to a dinner-party at Clifton Hill House "at half-past four precise." The gentlemen were given plenty of time for drinking their port after grace had been said and the ladies had retired from the table!

Apropos of this, one of my Irish connections in the early part of the eighteenth century, who lived near the coach-road in Tipperary, used to stand at the gate of his lodge and stop the coach when it passed three times a week. All the occupants of the vehicle, from the driver down to the most insignificant passenger, were made to come into the house, given a good lunch with plenty of wine, and not allowed to leave until they were "well-drunken," in return for which their entertainer received all the news of the day. When one of the many dinner-parties took place, the butler towards the end of the evening seated himself on the sideboard and there occupied himself in drawing the corks of the port-wine bottles until all the guests were under the table.

But it was not Ireland, but southern Wales, which was the home of my forefathers. They came from Glamorganshire, and family tradition averred that they derived their name of Sais or Says, "the Saxonised," from a certain Einion Says, who spoke English and had attended the English court. One of them, however, a Miss Owen Owens, came from Conway in North Wales: what she brought with her in the shape of a dowry I know not, but I still have what in those

days the Welshman valued even more than a dowry, a pedigree, in which, after true Welsh fashion, her descent is traced from Constantine and Julius Caesar. My own immediate forebears belonged to the junior branch of the family which at one time held property near Ludlow; one of the deeds that have come down to me dated 1784 relates to some property at Cophill, in the parish of Stanton Lacey, near Ludlow, belonging to "Samuel Sayse, gentleman," who had recently died. It was my great-grandfather who for reasons unknown to me changed the spelling of the name from the Anglicised Sayse to Sayce.

On my mother's side also I was connected with Ludlow, as her mother was one of the Bettons of Great Berwick near Shrewsbury, whose ancestor William Betton "of Great Berwick" in 1403 was the grandson of John de Betton. I well remember my maternal grandmother, who was a stately and, I fancy, somewhat exacting old lady. When I was a child she had a house at Shirehampton, the garden of which was divided from my father's garden by a low wall over which we children were fond of climbing. When I was six or seven years of age, my grandmother joined her married daughter on the east coast of England; rather than adventure herself in a train she travelled all the way in a carriage. Before she left I had begged to have two prints which hung in a summer-house and were about to be thrown away; they happen to be Woollett's engravings in 1765 of the "Jocund Peasants" and "Cottagers" painted by Du Sart in 1682.

The Victorian age was almost as fatal to the works of art preserved in the country-houses of England as it was to the village churches, or as the sack of the Summer Palace at Peking by the British and French barbarians was to the works of art in the Far East. And nowhere could it have been more fatal than in the case of my own family. The very fact that a thing was old was sufficient to condemn it. When I was about six years of age my father went to live at Clifton Hill House, and remained there until the death of a great-aunt of mine two years later. I still have vague recollections of the old furniture and things of beauty with which the house was filled and which had doubtless been

collected by my great-grandfather. How little they were appreciated may be gathered from the fact that two of the early Dresden vases of which I have spoken were in the nursery where the flowers that adorned their sides were naturally mutilated, and that the china service (or services) used in the kitchen was Kang-hsi blue and white. When my father returned to Shirehampton the contents of the house were sold for a mere song, with the exception of the Romney paintings and the aforesaid Dresden china. Better appreciated were the contents of a bricked-up cellar, in which either my great-grandfather or grandfather had laid down a large store of port. When my father tasted it, however, it was not only colourless but acid as vinegar as well. He was therefore about to throw it away when a friend advised him to offer it to a wine-merchant. The result was that he obtained a fair sum of money for the wine, the explanation being proffered that although it was unfit to drink in its existing state, a little of it would be mixed with good wines of later date, which could then be sold as belonging to the same early vintage.

Some years later I was reminded of the explanation by a story told in our College common-room by the French scholar, Francesque Michel, who was at the time working in the Bodleian Library. His father had been a Bordeaux wine-merchant, and he was himself engaged in writing a history of the Bordeaux wine-trade. That morning, he said, he had come across a very interesting manuscript, nothing less than an account by an eye-witness of the death of the Duke of Clarence, who was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine. After being plunged into the liquor, the Duke rose once to the surface, but once only, and as he did so he gasped out, "What rogues these wine-merchants are!" and then sank for ever.

The next house to Clifton Hill House was inhabited by Dr. Symonds, the father of John Addington Symonds. He was a fierce-looking old gentleman, with bristling eyebrows —a great contrast to his gifted and genial son, and was accordingly an object of terror to myself. When I was naughty I was told that Dr. Symonds would come and carry me away, and the threat was quite sufficient to reduce me at once to good behaviour.

Clifton Hill House had a large garden with a lawn which sloped downwards in the direction of Bristol. At the foot of the lawn was a pond, dignified by the name of "lake," where the lilies and a couple of swans were a source of delight to us children. Among the delights of the lawn was a sun-dial, against which I was fond of measuring myself in the vain hope that I might some day be tall enough to see what was written on its face, as well as a yucca which flowered one summer, and a mulberry tree which furnished mulberry syrup for the coughs and the sore throats of the winter.

So far as I was concerned, the pleasures of the garden were confined to the summer. During the winter months I was a prisoner in the house, with disease of the lungs which necessitated frequent visits from the doctor. Time after time I have lain crying for want of breath, and wondering why I could not be sent at once out of this world of pain. Now and then I have overheard our neighbours whispering, "Poor little fellow! he is not long for this world," and both at Clifton and at Shirehampton kindnesses and small presents such as win the heart of a boy were showered upon me. On one occasion I did indeed nearly pass out of this sublunary existence and was supposed to be dead for a day and a half; it was, I imagine, some kind of trance. I have been told that the first assurance my parents had that the heart was beating was the sudden exclamation, "My chest is on fire," due to the fact that a blister had been spread over it. I was, however, really subconscious all the while, and can still see the strange figure formed of small squares of transparent steel-grey light which stood persistently by the side of me.

On another occasion, my nurse has told me, I asked her to plant flowers on my grave, and in the spring when the sun shone to bring my younger brother to play among them. Death seemed pleasanter than life. In fact, in a rightly ordered state, as Plato would have maintained, I should never have been allowed to live, with the prospect of being a burden to myself and a trouble to others, not to speak of the chance of my so far forgetting my duties to humanity as to marry and propagate disease. The first time I knew how pleasant life can be for life's own sake was when I paid my first visit to Egypt and inhaled the sunshine and air

of the Nubian desert. It was an experience never to be forgotten.

It was not until I was past seven years of age that the tuberculosis in the lungs was checked, and the disease became dormant for a time. But it influenced my life in many directions and had much to do with forming my character and tastes. For one thing, it encouraged the natural dreaminess and imaginative tendencies of the so-called Kelt. I spent pleasant hours in an unreal world, which after all seemed a far more real world than that of suffering in which I lived. Strange waking visions—I can use no other phrase—would come upon me suddenly, blotting out the actual present and substituting for it during a few moments an actuality even more intense. As I grew older these "waking visions" became more and more infrequent, until after the age of twenty-one they ceased altogether. One of the last is typical of what they were like. It was in the first long vacation after my going to Oxford, and I had been hunting butterflies one summer afternoon in Dorsetshire. I remember I was leaning over a gate, a little tired, and gazing at a stretch of moorland covered with heather and furze. Suddenly the scene before me disappeared and in place of it was a desert with a hot sun burning down upon it from a cloudless sky, while a train of camels and camel-drivers came slowly towards me from a range of mountains to the south-east. And then, as always on such occasions, I seemed to know every man in the cavalcade and every path in the distant hills. What wonder that in my childish days I believed instinctively in the Buddhist doctrine of reincarnation and only later on awakened to the fact that it was not also the belief of those around me? One result of these "waking visions" was that in some cases I cannot tell whether scenes that I can still see vividly before me have really formed part of my workaday life; I can still see, for example, a salmon-leap, some of the fish making a false leap and landing, not in the water, but upon a dry rock, where they would lie gasping for a minute or two before making a fresh effort to reach the water, which several of them in spite of all their endeavours failed to do; and yet in my present actual life I can never have seen anything of the sort.

These "waking visions" did not interfere with my natural sleep. I have always been a good sleeper—in fact, nothing but strong tea or coffee comes between me and my slumbers—and dreams that I could remember were few and far between. But until long after I had grown up I was always able to secure one of the pleasantest of sensations, that of "levitation," by continuing for a few minutes after waking in the morning in a semi-comatose state. It was always the same sensation: I was skimming lightly over endless fields of ripe corn under a warm sun.

A second result of my sickly childhood was that I was not troubled with lessons until the danger from tuberculosis appeared to be over, at all events for the time. It was not worth while to teach a small boy who was doomed to die how to read and write. Consequently it was not till I had passed my seventh birthday that I was taught the letters of the English alphabet. But by that time my mental powers had matured, my memory had been well exercised, and the result was that my educational progress was rapid. My mother made me learn daily two pages of an abridgement of Johnson's Dictionary, which I repeated to her each morning before breakfast, and I owe to this not only the fact that I have never had any spelling difficulties but also my interest in languages. By the time I was eight I could read and write almost anything, and had already begun the Latin grammar. Greek followed, and at the age of ten I was reading Vergil and Xenophon and puzzling over the mysteries of Homeric Greek.

My sickly childhood had made me perforce a student. During the winter months I was unable to leave the house, and all my amusements and occupations had to be sought indoors. I spent hours in listening to the books that were read to me, among which the *Arabian Nights* was my prime favourite. I was never tired of hearing it, and of imagining myself in the Bagdad of Harûn-er-Rashîd, wandering among its citron-groves and foiling the attacks of jinns and enchanters. In those days it was still the fashion for the tradesmen of Bristol to give Christmas presents to their customers, and on one occasion I begged for one of the cases, adorned with Chinese paintings, in which the teas of

China were then brought to England. The box became my most treasured possession ; for years I kept in it everything that I most valued, and from time to time I would sit gazing at the Chinese ladies painted upon its sides and wondering whether I should ever be able to visit the land from which such delightful things had come.

If I spent hours in listening to the reading of books I spent still longer hours in childish attempts to draw, and more especially to copy the pictures that I found in books. Strange characters had a peculiar fascination for me, and my chief delight was in a Hebrew Bible the verses of which I copied over and over again. Naturally I wanted to know what the characters meant, the result being that I knew the Hebrew alphabet before I had learnt my own. The Chinese script was another which caught my childish imagination ; unfortunately the specimens of it contained in my father's library were few and meagre, and the number of characters, therefore, with which I became acquainted was correspondingly small. This has always been a regret to me, as otherwise Chinese would probably have been included among the oriental studies of my later years. I had a good memory ; in fact, for many years it was sufficient for me to read a page of a book to have it mentally photographed from the paginal number downward, and though the photograph faded away in a day or two it left impressions behind it which could usually be recalled at will.

When I was ten years old my father engaged a tutor for me, a Cambridge man named Snowden. He proved just the right man, and I owe to him my first grounding in scholarship and interest in literature. Looking back on the two years I passed under his tuition I feel astonished at the number of Latin and Greek books that I read with him, the thorough acquaintance I was made to acquire with Latin and Greek grammar, and the intense interest I was led to take in what I read. We worked out the campaigns of Caesar in Gaul together, and I wrote essays for him on the *Iliad*. At the same time I was introduced to the standard works of English literature ; I remember having to undergo an examination in Middleton's *Cicero*, and it was then that I first imbibed an admiration for Gibbon and Tennyson. But

Pope was a still greater favourite: Milton alone I did not appreciate in spite of all my tutor's efforts to the contrary. With it all, my physical well-being was not neglected; time after time I have been told to close my lessons on some summer morning and take a walk through the country, run after the hare, or in the winter months follow the hounds on my pony.

Life in the country, far away from a railway station, was still pretty much what it had been at the beginning of the century. Few of the older people had been farther from the village than the city of Bristol—if, indeed, so far—and many were the stories I used to hear about the days of "Buonaparte," or the bread riots in Bristol. My nurse had been there when the rioting took place, and the Mansion-house and adjoining square were burnt; and she would tell me how when order had been restored she had ventured for a few minutes into the street, and there seen "an old man" who was hobbling down it shot and killed by a soldier.

My nurse sometimes dilated upon the boon the invention of matches had been to the servants. Often, as she explained, upon a cold morning in winter it would be half an hour or more before the tinder for firing would ignite, and by that time the unhappy maid would be too cold even for work. It must be remembered that there had been no "central heating" in Great Britain since the overthrow of the Roman Empire fourteen centuries previously, and the fire-places with their huge hobs and wide chimneys, in spite of their picturesqueness, allowed two-thirds of the heat to escape up the chimney.

One of the servants who came from South Wales had a brother who had been a "changeling," and I would listen breathlessly to her description of his being carried off to fairyland. One morning when her mother returned to her cottage from her work in the fields she found in the cradle a "little, wizen old man, always crying and complaining," in place of the healthy, crowing baby she had left in it. This continued for a year, when again one morning returning to the cottage she heard a noise inside it, and, suddenly opening the door, saw the changeling dancing on the floor along with a group of fairies. At once they all vanished, and her own

baby was restored to the cradle none the worse for his sojourn in fairyland. I still instinctively avoid crossing a "fairy-ring," a relic of my early teaching that by so doing I should put myself in the power of the fairies and be carried off to another world. The peasantry still believed devoutly in the little brown people, and in Monmouthshire I have seen the bowl of milk put outside the doors of the tenant-farmers for the fairies at the fall of night.

Few of the grown people among the poorer classes could read or write; I remember my father saying that the best butler he had ever had could neither sign nor read his own name. The younger generation, however, more especially on the Welsh side of the Channel, were taking advantage of village and Sunday schools for which their parents were more than ready to pay. A bare-legged Welsh boy, Davie Rhys, who worked in my father's garden, taught me to say the English alphabet backward, an accomplishment I have never forgotten, and lent me his own much-prized books in return for those which I lent to him. I was fond of gardening, and many were the talks we had together about them while digging up the soil.

The curse of industrialism had not yet invaded the western country to any great extent, and each household was still largely self-sufficient. We baked and washed at home, where also the biscuits were made, for as yet there was no "Huntley & Palmer"; once a year there was a great brewing of ginger cordial, imitated on a smaller scale by the gooseberry, elder and cowslip wines made in the humbler homes of the village and the toffee which we made in the nursery. Wax candles were used in the dining- and drawing-rooms, but everywhere else we were dependent on the tallow dips which were manufactured at home. I remember seeing them hanging up to harden on the door of the back-kitchen. At times, too, butter would be churned at home, and I was taught to repeat the charm, "Churn, butter, churn! Archie stands at the gate For a nice buttered cake. Churn, butter, churn!" The great event of the year, however, was the making of "mince-meat" for the mince-meat pies of the New Year, which always occupied several of the mornings of December. Christmas carols were, of course, as much an

annual institution as the mince-pies, and boys and men sang them from house to house after dark on Christmas Eve. For "Easter Cakes" I had a special affection, and wished that Easter could be transformed into a never-ending festival. Now and then, the "Morris-players" would visit us and perform on the lawn, where St. George and the Turkish knight duly brandished their swords, and after lying down flat as the result of a fatal blow would suddenly spring up into life again, while Little John contributed the comic element to the play.

Among my father's acquaintances was Canon Woodford, afterwards Bishop of Ely, about whom many stories were current. There were three things, he said, which he hated, "a woman, a green field and a pony." His summer holidays were spent on Lundy Island in the Bristol Channel, where he composed his sermons with no other companions except the puffins. When the offer of the bishopric came to him, almost the first thing he said was, "How nice it will be; there is a big garden, and I shall be able to have kidneys every morning for breakfast!" One summer he was tempted to go to Switzerland, and there found himself in the necessity of riding a mule if he wished to proceed farther on his journey. After spending a sleepless night he determined to entrust himself to the strange animal. Then came the difficulty as to how to mount it. That was solved by the landlord bringing a chair, which the Canon ascended, flung his leg across the mule's back and found himself seated with his face to its tail. However, the experience emboldened him to have a horse of his own as soon as he reached home, and as my father was considered an authority upon horse-flesh the Canon asked him to look out for one. The animal was duly brought to the Canon's residence; he looked at it critically and then demanded, "What's that pepper-and-salt thing?" "That, sir?" said the groom, somewhat astonished by the query; "oh, that's the nag I brought you to see." "A nag?" said Canon Woodford; "I thought it was a horse."

My earliest political recollection was the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, impressed indelibly upon my memory by the pictures of it in the *Illustrated London News*. Then

came the Crimean war, and the shop-windows were full of representations of the three flags—British, French and Turkish—side by side, with the superscription : " May they ever remain united ! " Pictures of " the beautiful Empress Eugénie " also were plentiful. I little thought that the day would come when I should meet that same Empress, no longer young and beautiful, but an old, plain-featured and homely-looking dame. My parents went to Paris to visit the Exposition held there in 1855, and it was doubtless a portrait of the Empress which they brought back with them among other mementoes that made me acquainted with the lineaments of her face.

CHAPTER II

GROWTH

In 1858, when I was twelve years of age, my father moved to the neighbourhood of Bath. Shortly afterwards my second brother, Herbert, who was destined for the navy, entered the *Britannia* training-ship, then moored at Portsmouth, and as my youngest brother, Montford, was seven years younger than myself I no longer had a companion at home. I now became a day-scholar at Grosvenor College on the eastern side of Bath. The walk to and fro from Batheaston to the College four times a day left no time for any participation in games, even if I had cared for them, and I soon found congenial companions who, like myself, preferred to spend their holiday time in reading and writing, in giving amateur lectures or theatrical performances, or, above all, in discussing high questions of philosophy and history during interminable walks. Just above Batheaston where we lived was Solsbury hill, the name of which preserved that of the British goddess after whom Aquae Sulis, the Roman Bath, was called ; on the summit of it are the remains of a neolithic settlement, and here I spent most of my half-holidays collecting worked flints and extracting fragments of pottery and bones from a kitchen-midden which I discovered there.

I also made the acquaintance of Professor Earle, who had recently resigned his Professorship of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford (to which he was again called some years later) and taken the living of Swainswick. Fortunately for myself he took a fancy to me, and I used to spend Sunday after Sunday drinking in his conversation and all the new knowledge it opened out to me, and revelling in the books of his library.

Once more I was able to turn to Hebrew, this time with more profit than in my childish days, and for the first time the new science of comparative philology was revealed to me. Max Müller's Lectures on the *Science of Language* and Farrer's *Chapters on Language* took me, as it were, by storm.

In the early spring of 1859 I saw London for the first time. My father introduced me to all the chief sights of the metropolis, including, of course, the Colosseum with its diving-bell, as well as the Vauxhall Gardens, which were closed shortly afterwards. I spent hours in the British Museum, more especially in the Egyptian and Assyrian rooms ; the spell of the East became more potent than ever, and I still have a small note-book in which I endeavoured to copy the strange characters on one of the cuneiform tablets in the glass cases. It was not long after the Indian Mutiny, and one night my father and I dined with some friends in whose house a lady dressed in deep black was staying. Her husband had been murdered by the mutineers and she herself had escaped with difficulty, hiding with the natives on her way to safety, and undergoing all manner of hardships which had affected her health.

The previous winter I had had a curious experience which Frederic Myers once asked me to put into writing for the Society of Psychical Research, but which from one cause or another I have never hitherto committed to paper. At the time when my father was settling in Batheaston he was asked by some friends of his who were leaving their residence in South Wales to inquire if there was any old place to be let furnished, with a good deal of land about it, in the neighbourhood of Bath. My father learned that just such a place happened to be in the market, Timsbury Court, about midway between Bath and Bristol. Our friends accordingly took it, and shortly afterwards, during the Christmas holidays, my brother Herbert and I paid them a visit. There being no other visitors, we were given " the drab room," so called from some tapestry that was hanging on the walls. Opposite the door was a mullioned window ; between the two, at the northern end of the room, was a four-post bedstead, in front of which a considerable portion of the southern wall was occupied by a large fireplace with iron

dogs, where a fire of logs burnt on the hearth. Between the bedstead and the window was a small room in the thickness of the wall which was fitted up as a dressing-room.

The weather was cold, and I was accordingly not allowed to leave the house. On a Thursday afternoon when the light was failing I closed my books and went upstairs to prepare myself for dinner while there was still sufficient light to do so without the help of a candle. I was standing brushing my hair before the toilet-table which stood in front of the window, when I happened to turn to the right and there saw a man standing a few steps away at the entrance of the dressing-room. I can still see him as he stood facing me, with a closely-shaven face, fine features, dark-brown hair parted in the middle, and a dark coat buttoned below the chin like an oriental *Stambouli* or a clerical coat. The button was of gold, and there was a gold button also on either wrist.

The suddenness of the apparition naturally startled me, and without imagining for a moment that it was anything more than an ordinary individual who had found his way into the house, I rushed downstairs into the morning-room and there told my hosts that there was a strange man upstairs. I was naturally laughed at, and informed that poring over books indoors day after day had excited my imagination and that the whole thing was merely the result of " nerves." By the time dinner was over I had been induced to believe that such was really the case.

The following Sunday I awoke early in the morning. The log-fire was nearly extinct, but there was still sufficient light from it to enable the outlines of objects to be discerned. In the dim light I saw a human figure pass to the foot of the bed and there stand for a moment or two between the bedstead and the dying fire. I asked my brother Herbert, who was sharing the bed with me and happened also to be awake, who it was? He too saw the figure and replied, " It's only Lizzie "—the daughter of our hosts, whose room was close to ours, and thereupon we both turned round and went to sleep again. In the morning I mentioned to our hostess, Mrs. Boyd, that her daughter had visited our bedroom during the night; she replied, " What could she have been

doing there?" and then the matter passed out of our memories until it was recalled to me the following autumn by Mrs. Boyd.

The next event of which I know was a visit paid by a Mrs. Herbert to the house in the spring. On a certain Sunday morning she asked if she might change her room as she had had an unpleasant experience early that morning. She had seen a man come out of the dressing-room, pass along the side of the bed and then stoop down so as to be concealed by its foot. She jumped out of the bed to see who was there, and nothing was visible. The whole story was naturally treated as a dream by those who heard it.

In the following September the married daughter of the Boyds and her husband paid a visit to the Court. A few days later we were lunching there, and I heard from Mrs. Holt a somewhat vivid account of the experiences they had just had. They occupied the drab room, and she slept on the side of the bed nearest the dressing-room. Early on the previous Friday morning she was roused from her slumbers by feeling "a cold, clammy hand" laid across her forehead. She opened her eyes, and saw "the dark-brown figure of a man hieing away" from her into the little dressing-room. She awoke her husband, who told her she had had a night-mare; but she refused to sleep again on that side of the bed. The next night Mr. Holt was rendered sleepless by a tooth-ache, and, therefore, as he informed his wife, had there been any ghosts about, he must have seen them. By Saturday night, however, his toothache was cured, and his sleep accordingly was sounder than usual. He was startled out of it by feeling the same "cold, clammy hand" as that described by his wife, and, as he opened his eyes, seeing the same figure retreating into the dressing-room. He looked at his watch and found that it was four o'clock. He got out of bed and sponged his face and head with cold water; then returned to the bed and sat up in it for a moment or two. Before he could lie down "the figure" returned from the dressing-room and stood close to his shoulder. He was able to measure it against the window-frame, but I do not remember what he said was the exact height. His description of "the figure," however, agreed exactly with what I had

seen, even to the three gilt buttons. While he sat gazing at it, the figure slowly vanished out of view.

That there was " a ghost " in the Court now began to be noised abroad, and the old servants of our friends threatened to leave them. In the course of the winter, consequently, they gave up the place and took a house elsewhere. From that day to this I have heard nothing more about it or its occupants, ghostly or otherwise.

The Timsbury Court adventure made a slight stir among the elder members of our society, but it had no influence upon myself. I was quite willing to believe that ghosts existed like fairies or jinns or enchanters ; but if they did they would form just as regular a part of the machinery of the universe as railways or telegraphs. I was still in the mental stage when the world is new, and the child, consequently, has no idea as to where the line should be drawn between the natural and the super-, or rather extra-natural, that is to say, what are the limits of the ordinary experience of mankind. I do not remember a period, when, for instance, the story of the Fall in the Book of Genesis was to me in any sense of the term historical : in my early days it was like a story in the *Arabian Nights*, perfectly possible in a world, different, it is true, from that in which I usually lived, but not from that into which my dreams, whether waking or sleeping, might transport me. When the time came that I began to realise what is meant by a historical fact I already knew enough Hebrew and had consequently studied the Biblical text sufficiently closely to realise that the story in Genesis belonged to a different order of things.

I was fond of studying the Old Testament, but its interest for me lay in its historical and philological sides. Not but that like most, if not all, children I pondered a good deal over certain theological as opposed to religious questions. Man is a religious animal ; as long ago as the palaeolithic age we find him burying the treasured possessions of the living in the graves of the dead, and so testifying to his belief in another life ; and the modern child is the heir and representative of primitive man. When I was nine years of age I got hold of a copy of Sale's translation of the Qorân, and after reading a good part of it shocked my mother by saying

that if Christianity was better than Judaism because it was of later origin, Mohammedanism for the same reason must be better than Christianity. Of what is called consciousness of sin I had none, and I doubt if any normal child has. I knew that I was sometimes naughty and was accordingly punished for it, and there was an end of the matter. Sometimes I felt that I was punished unjustly, but that, again, was one of the necessary conditions of existence.

There was one conviction, however, which was more deeply rooted than any other, and is still as strong as it was in the dawn of my life. I knew, as I knew nothing else, that everything is determined beforehand, and that whatever happens—at all events to oneself—is in accordance with the decree of an inexorable and passionless fate. The conviction has stood me in good stead in my later years; I have never hesitated about carrying out a plan for fear of the personal consequences; when what the Oriental terms "the day" arrives, we must die whatever we may be doing or wherever we may be; before that day arrives we are destined to live. More than once I have had intuitions of the future which have assumed the same degree of certainty to my mind as present events; a year before I gained a scholarship at Queen's College, Oxford, one day when passing the College I had a sudden conviction that I should be an undergraduate there, although at the time I was destined for Brasenose; and as a small boy, weakly and supposed to be dying, I excited a protest from my elders by maintaining that I should live to be thirty-nine years of age and also a traveller in Eastern lands.

Shortly after we settled at Batheaston I had an attack of typhoid fever. But the glamour of the East was already upon me; even in my earlier days at Shirehampton I would spend the sunny afternoons of summer in copying the names and dates of Oriental dynasties from the pages of an encyclopaedia or making drawings of Oriental inscriptions and works of art, while I had plodded through the volumes of Du Halde's *History of China* with intense interest. My school-days at Bath introduced me to the hieroglyphs of Egypt; I learnt the hieroglyphic alphabet and how to read the names of the Pharaohs, and one of the first prizes I received at

school was the popular edition of Sir Gardner Wilkinson's *Manners and Customs of Ancient Egypt*, which was a prize to me in more senses than one, and which I studied till I almost knew it by heart.

My introduction to Babylonia and the cuneiform characters must have taken place before the attack of typhoid fever, as I remember that the pleasantest hours of my convalescence were passed in dreaming that I was floating on a raft down the Tigris past Nineveh and Assur and great bulls inscribed with "arrow-headed" script. When I ceased to dream and was able to leave my bed, I amused myself with copying the cuneiform representatives of the proper and geographical names given towards the end of Layard's *Nineveh and Babylon*, and with analysing them into their elements, so that by the time I could go to school again I had acquired a knowledge of the phonetic values of a good many cuneiform signs. It was the beginning of my work in Assyriology. I greedily devoured Rawlinson's *Herodotus* which now fell into my hands, probably because *Herodotus* was one of the books I happened to be reading at school.

The Head-master of Grosvenor College, Mr. Gibsone, was a Cantab, a mathematician and chemist, who did not profess to be a classical scholar. Classical scholarship was left to the Vice-Principal, the Rev. T. B. Rowe, who was a Fellow of St. John's College at Cambridge, and it could not have been in better hands. Not only was he a first-class scholar of the Cambridge type, skilled in the manufacture of Greek and Latin prose and verse, but he was also an excellent teacher, who inspired his pupils with an interest in their work and more especially an appreciation of sound learning. To him and my tutor at Shirehampton I owe my thorough "grounding" in Greek and Latin, and therewith a conception of what it means in other fields of study and research.

The Principal soon found that I had no genius for mathematics, and I was accordingly not required to spend much time over them. On the other hand, he was a devotee of chemistry, and in spite of my clumsiness in that direction—the many retorts I broke and the experiments which never

came off successfully—I had to pass weary afternoons in the laboratory, learning pages of chemical formulae, which, however, did not trouble me much, and attempting to " demonstrate " them, which troubled me a great deal more. I also had to study geology, which interested me far more than chemistry, and the elements of which I have never regretted having acquired ; it proved a useful prologue to the anthropology and prehistoric archaeology which, along with comparative philology and historical archaeology, have formed, as it were, both the woof and the warp of my mental life.

Unfortunately the Principal was less skilled in managing the practical affairs of this world than he was in abstract science or chemical mysteries, and the school passed into other hands. The new teachers and teaching were alike incompetent, and games rather than knowledge seemed to be regarded as the object of existence. For a time, so far as school was concerned, my mental powers were compelled to stagnate.

But with my sixteenth birthday came an awakening to new ideas and interests. The age of dreams was over and the mind of the boy had matured into a recognition of the difference between fact and fiction. The past, and more especially the Oriental past, still retained its influence over me, but I now began to take an interest also in the world of to-day with its politics and religion, and to read the newspapers like my seniors. The poems of Tennyson secured a hold upon me which has never been lost ; so, too, did the poetry of Shelley, which, later on, was largely replaced by that of Keats. Bath was beginning to be stirred by the controversies of Ritualism. The Abbey Church was in the hands of the Simeonite Trustees, and its rector, Mr. Kemble, was a shining light of the Evangelical party. But a little church, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, was built in the parish of Bathwick, to accommodate the overflow congregation of the parish church, and it was at once captured by representatives of what, by comparison with the Abbey sect, was supposed to be a Ritualistic party. The first incumbent was the father of Professor Haverfield, lame and crippled in the spine, and all those of us who had " High Church " leanings made a point of attending his ministrations whenever

it was possible. Judging from the size of the congregation the number must have been few.

However, the walk from my father's house in Batheaston was physically beneficial, whatever may have been its spiritual utility, as the distance was considerable. We were then living at Apsey House, opposite Batheaston Villa, where Miss Burney and her friends admired one another's verses, and where the Greek urn in which the poems were placed had not yet been removed to the Victoria Park, or the grounds of the villa disfigured by cottages. At an earlier date my father had a house nearer Bath, St. Saviour's being our nearest church. The rector was an Irish baronet, Sir John Stainer, who was said to keep the mummified body of his wife in a glass case on the top of his house. His curate had been the future Archbishop Magee, whom he had brought over from Ireland, and who had deserted him for the Octagon Chapel in Milsom Street, which is now part of Mallett's art-shop. I remember my mother once asking him how he came to allow Magee to leave him, and his replying that they both had "the stamp of the potato" in their foreheads, which made it impossible for them to agree. As a small boy, I have heard Magee preach more than once, but naturally remember nothing except the pews and general appearance of the Chapel. I also remember hearing a story from a friend of my father's who frequented the Chapel and told us how one day he observed a portly citizen and his wife enter the building where they were shown into a pew next his own. When the time came for the sermon, the curate entered the pulpit instead of Magee, whereupon his neighbour turned to his wife and said in a loud whisper, "A shilling to the sexton and a shilling to the plate, and only the curate after all! Come, Jane, let's go"; and go they did.

Whatever flutterings of heart may have been caused by the invasion of Bath by the Ritualists, they were soon eclipsed by the agitation over Bishop Colenso's book on the Pentateuch. At home orthodox Anglicanism reigned, but my Sunday afternoons were still spent at Swainswick Rectory with Professor Earle, and he already belonged to what was known as the Oxford School of Broad Churchmen. His sympathies, therefore, were with Colenso, whose book

he lent to me. I had already amused myself with collecting words and phrases characteristic of different portions of the Hebrew Genesis, incited thereto by an article by Hupfeld, a translation of which I had read in the *Journal of Sacred Literature*. Colenso's book, accordingly, fell on fertile soil, and I began to look forward to the day when I could champion his cause.

Among the representatives of old-fashioned orthodoxy, however, nothing seemed bad enough for the apostate bishop "who had been converted to infidelity by a Zulu savage." The higher dignitaries of the Upper House of Convocation had declared that his book had "been spued out of hell," and Greswell, the author of *Harmonia Evangelica*, and a pillar of the faith in Oxford, did not venture to read it himself, but asked a young friend of his, a Fellow of Corpus, to do so and report upon it. "Well, and what are his arguments against Moses?" he inquired. His friend observed that among other difficulties discovered by the Bishop in the Pentateuchal narrative was that connected with the sanitary arrangements of the Israelitish camp, supposing its occupants to have been as numerous as the story makes them out to be. "Is that all?" said Greswell; "we are told that they ate angels' food, and the angels require no sanitary arrangements. What other arguments are there?" The reader of the volume replied that a further difficulty was that of providing the ordinary food by which the manna was supplemented. "What a fool the man is!" exclaimed Greswell; "we are told that a rock followed them; and if a rock, why not a field?"

Colenso's name occupied a prominent place not only in the religious but in all the secular newspapers of the day, and even the inventor of conundrums seized upon it. A charade which went the round of society ran as follows: "My first expresses numbers, my second magnifies numbers, my third negates numbers, and my whole destroys numbers," the answer being Co-lens-o. Among the extra-pious the last sentence of the charade was understood in a double sense. Among all the "skits," however, to which the Colenso controversy gave occasion, by far the best was *Punch's résumé* of the letters which passed between the Archbishop

of Canterbury and the Bishop of Natal and expressed exactly the gist and the tone of them :

TO THE BISHOP OF NATAL

My dear Colenso,
With regret
We hierarchs, in conclave met,
Beg you, you most disturbing writer,
To take off your colonial mitre.
This course we urge upon you strongly.
Believe me,
Yours most truly,
LONGLEY.

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

My dear Archbishop,
To resign
That Zulu bishopric of mine,
And own myself a heathen dark,
Because I've doubts about Noah's ark,
And think it right to tell all men so,
Is *not* the course for
Yours
COLENSO.

The Colenso controversy brought me letters from the Rev. W. Houghton, Naturalist and Orientalist, and led to a warm friendship between us, as well as from Bishop Colenso himself, one result of which was that a few years later I saw his sixth and last volume on the Pentateuch through the Press.

At Swainswick Rectory I met several of Professor Earle's Oxford friends, some of them famous in the Tractarian controversy of an older day. One of them had just come from a visit to Devonshire where he told us that he had noticed a tombstone on which, after what is a somewhat common couplet in that part of the world :

Take warning all who my example see,
And learn to live betimes and follow me,

some visitor had written :

To follow you I ne'er shall be content,
Unless I also know which way you went.

Meanwhile my school-work was little more than a farce. I had no difficulty in scrambling through the lessons I was supposed to prepare after school, in about half an hour, and for the rest of the time I could amuse myself in any way I liked. My two friends, Hamilton and Bathe, formed a sort of club along with myself, to which one of the masters in the school was also added; our chief duty was to give lectures one to the other, write verses and admire each other's performances. Both Hamilton and Bathe followed me to Oxford; Bathe took Holy Orders, wrote novels and religious books and joined the Anglo-Catholic revival; Hamilton entered the Indian Civil Service, but threw it up before the time came for his departure to India and settled down into a Lectureship upon Law in Oxford.

In our schooldays, however, I communicated to him my enthusiasm for the cuneiform inscriptions of Assyria. We bought such volumes of texts as had been published by the British Museum and the French Government, and spent long hours together over them, partly with the help of the translations already made by Rawlinson, Hincks and Oppert, partly in the work of deciphering untranslated texts. The result was that we acquired a considerable knowledge of the cuneiform characters, as well as of Assyrian grammar and the vocabulary of the historical inscriptions. Then I passed on to a study of the Persian and more especially Susian cuneiform inscriptions, where, however, Hamilton declined to follow me.

I also worked at modern Persian and classical Arabic, and read a little of the Shah-Nameh and a good deal of the Gulistan. But it was to Sanskrit that, after Assyrian, I devoted most of my spare time. My father purchased for me Monier Williams's Grammar, a Sanskrit Dictionary and a copy of the Pancha-tantra; all that was wanting was a teacher. At the back of my Sanskrit studies was the hope that they might prove a pathway to India; a Civil Service appointment in India had long been my dream and ambition, and though it had been settled in the family ever since I was a child that I should go to Oxford like my father and take Holy Orders, I secretly hoped that in some way or other Oxford would be only a preparation for India. Oxford

scholars not unfrequently passed the preliminary Indian Civil Service examination and were allowed two years of further residence at the University in which to complete their preparation for the East.

Was my wasted school-life an advantage to me or the reverse? Looking back upon it from the vantage-point of subsequent life, I should say that it was very much to my advantage. I had neither the physical strength nor the inclination for games, and I was blessed with a good memory and a Japanese-like desire for knowledge. Hence, while I was never over-worked or over-strained—in fact, during school-hours my mind practically lay fallow—I was able to assimilate just that sort of knowledge for which I had a natural liking or enthusiasm, while my early training under Snowden and Rowe had taught me what sound scholarship means. To the ordinary boy my experience would have spelt disaster; in my case happily it had the opposite effect.

Later on, when as a tutor in my College I had to give lectures in what was euphemistically called Pass "Latin Prose," I came to the conclusion that my educational experience was by no means uncommon. Taine somewhere remarks that "of all systems of education yet devised, that of the English public school is the best; and that is execrable," and the remark does not seem to have been very wide of the truth.

At length my father awoke to the fact that I was learning nothing at school, and that if I wanted to pass an examination at Oxford it would be necessary to place me under some competent instruction. By way of preparation, therefore, he took me to Oxford in the Lent term of 1864 and showed me the Colleges and other sights of the city. The University Parks had not yet been laid out, and I remember seeing a boy flying a kite over a ploughed field where the Observatory now stands. On my return to Batheaston I found that I was to go for three or four hours a week to a Cambridge graduate, Mr. Plowman, who proved to be a good classical scholar as well as a good teacher.

The year 1864 marks an era in my life. I was just at the age when the mind of the boy was maturing into that of the

man, when boyish dreams were passing into philosophic questions, and the problems of life first presented themselves as concrete realities. For the first time the question arose: What is truth? Previously the boundaries between truth and fiction had been misty and indeterminate, and the dogmas of authority had been accepted without protest; now the mind had passed into what Hegel called the second stage in the development of the idea, when the critical faculty begins to work, and a distinction is drawn between the object and subject or, as the Germans would say, between the objective and subjective in thought. Doubts no longer existed, as it were, implicitly at the back of the mind; they began to assume conscious shape. Authority made way for mental independence.

My two school friends had left Bath, and I was thrown back partly upon my own resources, partly on the society of older people. Under my new instructor I was once more making sound and solid progress in my classical studies, and new fields of intellectual interest were opening out before me. Professor Earle had engaged a curate who was a friend of Dr. Hunt, the anthropologist, and who had joined with him in founding the Anthropological Society of London. He lent me the *Journal* of the Society as well as other works on anthropology, English and French, which quickened all my old passion for the history and origins of the human race.

In the late summer came the famous meeting of the British Association at Bath, over which Sir Charles Lyell presided, when Livingstone and Sir Richard (then Captain) Burton read papers and made speeches and the tragedy of Speke's death took place. He and Sir Roderick Murchison were staying at Bathford with a friend of my father's, Captain Murchison, and we naturally saw a good deal of them. Sir Roderick was President of the Geographical Section of the Association, and was conspicuous for his old-fashioned courtesy and manners. I well remember the phrase with which the reader of a paper was always greeted when he sat down: "We are all very much *obleeged* for the Paper that has just been read." Captain Speke was dining with my father one evening; so, too, was Dr. Earle, afterwards

Bishop of Marlborough, who, before we sat down to table, passed a paper round on which he had written:

> Grammar and fame have made a law
> Which never shall be broken:
> The past of Speke, so Murray rules,
> Shall evermore be spoken.

A few days later poor Speke was shot by his own gun while climbing over a stile.

Livingstone was a little wiry man with black hair and eyes, and of the Mediterranean type. He spoke with a good deal of energy and excitement, in marked contrast to Burton, just fresh from Dahomey, whose black hair was still untouched by grey, and who with his dark, flashing eyes seemed to tower above every one else. He was strikingly handsome at the time and had not yet acquired the massiveness, not to say stoutness, of his later years. As I listened to his account of the blood-baths of Dahomey I little thought the days would come when we should be intimate friends.

Lyell had a good voice and a good delivery, and his Presidential address, which for the first time revealed to the general public the fact of the vast antiquity of man, naturally made a deep impression. The address was delivered in the theatre, which was filled to overflowing.

The meeting closed with an excursion to Stonehenge and Avebury. Stonehenge was not yet enclosed, and I can never forget the impression made upon me by the huge stones looming, as it were, out of the past in solitary grandeur in the middle of the plain. I felt I could have fallen down and worshipped them. Some ten years later I had a similar experience in southern Italy on the site of Metapontum. The railway had just been finished from Taranto to Reggio, and the trains stopped at a shed which did duty as a station for Metapontum. Close to the shed was a farmhouse, where I obtained a pony and a guide to the remains of the ancient city. It was the only building to be seen from one horizon to the other, and I was enjoined to return to it before sunset for fear of malaria and brigands. The remains of the old town consisted chiefly of the ruins of a temple which stood up in all the beauty of Greek art in the midst of a desolate

plain. From the mountains on the north to the sea on the south, there was no sign of life; not even a bird was visible. When I saw Metapontum again the charm was departed; houses and cultivated fields had sprung up on either side of the road; the ancient cemetery was being excavated, and a wall had been built round the columns of the temple with a *custode* who demanded a *lira* for admission. A small railway station had taken the place of the shed and tumble-down farmstead, and I had a very fair dinner in it, including a curlew, of which, however, I did not partake. The days of *minestra* and *polenta* were over.

My naval brother, Herbert, was now ordered home from his first voyage, though he did not actually return till the end of 1865. He had been a cadet on board the sailing ship *Leopard*—steam and ironclads being still in the future—and had spent nearly four years in Japan. There he had taken part in the battle of Kagoshima, which destroyed the power of the Satsuma clan and the last organised resistance to the foreigner, and had accompanied Sir Harry Parkes to Yeddo, the modern Tokio, after his appointment as Minister in 1865. Japan was still a land of unknown mystery and seclusion; the revolution which ushered in the Meiji era and the new Japan did not take place until 1868, and my brother brought back with him numerous works of art as well as the first photographs that had been taken of various places and monuments. Most of them were the production of the surgeon of the *Leopard*, who was an expert photographer. Amongst them was a photograph of Daibutz—a bronze image of "the great Buddha" at Kamakura near Yokohama. The image is fifty feet in height; it was erected in the thirteenth century and is one of the finest works of art in the world. The Buddha sits on his lotus-throne and his face wears an expression of divine and unfathomable tranquillity. The photograph made a profound impression upon me, and I determined there and then that I would see the image itself before I died.

Somewhere about this time also I had a glimpse of Garibaldi. He was passing through Bath and I was taken to the railway station to be introduced to him. I was too shy, however, to examine him closely, and I have a better

recollection of the crowd on the platform than of the Italian patriot himself.

My name had long been entered for matriculation on the books of Brasenose College, and in the early spring of 1865, accordingly, I went to Oxford, and after swearing belief in the Thirty-nine Articles which I had never read, I duly became a member of the University. It so happened, however, that I had noticed an announcement of an examination for scholarships at Queen's which was to commence the day after my matriculation, and accordingly, instead of returning to Batheaston I tried my luck at it, and was elected Scholar of the College along with Charles Tait. When I reached home, instead of being congratulated on my success, I was received with frowns; my father's recollections of Oxford belonged to a time when Queen's was the abode of rough North-countrymen who had an unsavoury reputation among their fellow-collegians. It was the period when, according to current report, there was a special suffrage in the Litany in use in University College on the opposite side of the High Street: "From the gentlemen in the back-quad at Queen's, Good Lord, deliver us!" When I first joined the College there were still some untutored specimens of humanity in it, and there were still traditions extant of a recent member of the community who had been detected, after a riotous evening, dancing in a state of nudity at midnight on the altar of the College Chapel.

The Provost at the time was Dr. Jackson, who had been Archdeacon of Carlisle. Tradition averred that when his predecessor, Dr. Thompson, afterwards known to fame as Archbishop of York, had been translated to a Bishopric, the fellows were evenly divided in their votes for his successor, and the difficulty was solved by their agreeing to elect a man about whom they knew nothing except that he was very old and in bad health. If they expected his speedy demise, however, they were disappointed, as he outlived most, if not all of his electors. He was both courtly and kindly, and wise enough to let others carry on all the work of the College for him. He had been a neighbour and friend of the poet Wordsworth and was fond of talking about him. "With all his excellent qualities," however, he used to tell me,

"Wordsworth was a pagan; his Christianity was merely the varnish of education." The Provost's elder brother was at school when the news of the execution of Louis XVI. came to England, and a holiday was given to the boys in order to impress the evil deed upon their memories, which it did effectually.

CHAPTER III

OXFORD

THE year preceding my election to the scholarship at Queen's College was, as I have said, a notable one in my mental history. I read three books which made a profound impression upon me and had much to do with shaping the trend of my thoughts and outlook upon the world. One of these was John Newman's *Development of Christian Doctrine*. For some years my father had been in the habit of spending the summer months at Uplyme Rectory, near Lyme Regis. It was a pleasant time for the boys of the family, as the grounds were extensive, including a lake with a rowing-boat, and all kinds of delightful fruit were cultivated in the hot-houses. Moreover, the library was plentifully stocked with books, and among them I found Newman's.

The fame of Darwin, much less of Wallace, had not yet made its way to non-scientific circles, and though I had read *Vestiges of Creation* I was too unprepared to understand or appreciate it, while I knew of Darwin's work only at second hand. But Newman's volume needed no scientific training or acquaintanceship with scientific terminology; it was not only an anticipation of "Darwinism," but it anticipated it just on the ground where the student of the classics was at home. Not that the theological side of the argument made much impression upon me; I failed to see why a development of Christian doctrine in one special direction could claim to be its only legitimate direction. It was the doctrine of development itself, above all the necessary development of thought, which opened out a new world, and as presented by Newman, with his unrivalled powers of clear thinking and logical precision, created an era in my intellectual life. The

conception itself goes back to the primitive thinkers of Babylonia who had already conceived of creation as a process, and was made known to the Greeks by Anaximander, but it was in Newman that it found its prophet. Darwin transferred and applied it to the realm of scientific observation.

The second book which exercised its influence upon me was George Henry Lewes's *Biographical History of Philosophy*, as originally published in Knight's Series (1845). Lewes subsequently changed his point of view—under the influence, it was reported, of George Eliot—and in its new form the *History of Philosophy* was not only an entirely new book, but a book which had nothing distinctive or stimulating about it. In its original form, however, it told a fascinating and at the same time a convincing story. Philosophy was like the serpent which swallows its tail. History shows that it must follow the fatal circle and end eventually where it first began. There is nothing in it except what was implicit from the beginning; the subject can never escape beyond the limits of his own subjectivity, even though he christen his philosophy with the high-sounding title of "transcendental."

The third book under the influence of which I came was a translation of Hegel's *Philosophy of History*. Here I found the application of Newman's doctrine of development along with a new reading of history. History ceased to be a mere series of objective facts, of names and dates, of wars and biographies, and became instead an unfolding of human thought in the sphere of action. Everywhere it became possible to see the threefold process—first the mere undeveloped apprehension of primitive man with his infantile attempts to explain the world in which he lived; then the seeming antithesis between that world and himself, between the evil and non-moral forces of nature and his own dim perceptions of right and wrong, of justice and injustice; and finally their harmonisation through the perception that the world which he felt and saw was, after all, the world of his own creative thought. Under the objective facts or supposed facts of history lay development of mind and morality.

About the same time I read Buckle's once-famous *History of Civilisation*. It was only the introduction to the work

which he had intended to write, but it embodied his philosophy and historical ideas and is probably the better for being a fragment. The first impression it made upon its readers was the vastness of the " book-learning " displayed in it. Not only was a sort of encyclopaedic bibliography attached to the volumes, the pages also were crowded with quotations from books and pamphlets of all kinds, many of them of the obscurest character. The author seemed determined to crush all opposition to his theories by the mere weight and number of his references without any consideration of their cogency or value; and such indeed was the effect of the work upon most of his contemporaries. The Scotchmen were naturally indignant with it, as even Dr. Johnson's prejudices against them seemed to shrink into small dimensions by the side of Buckle's, and most of the criticism directed against the book came from them. Nevertheless it was a Scotchman, Stuart Glennie, who was the most devoted henchman of the author, and who attended him in his last journey in Syria. I came to know Stuart Glennie in his later and somewhat impecunious days, and remember his telling me that poor Buckle's last words were, " Oh my book, my book! I shall never finish my book! " Glennie himself was an illustration of the proverbial Scotch absence of humour, so that his friends unfortunately found him a bore, and accordingly he never received credit for an original and really suggestive historical contention that civilisation was the result of the superposition of a white upon a dark race. In England Buckle was for a time accepted as a prophet, at all events by a certain school of thought; this provoked a " skit " on the part of John George Phillimore, beginning:

> This is the creed, let no man chuckle,
> Of the great thinker, Henry Buckle:
> I believe in fire and water
> And in fate, dame Nature's daughter;
> I believe in steam and rice,
> Not in virtue or in vice.
> I believe that all the gases
> Have the power to raise the masses, etc.

Oxford had not yet become a mere suburb of London, and Parktown was only beginning to rise. The Fellows of

the Colleges were still forbidden to marry, so that married ladies, mostly well stricken in years, were to be found only in the houses of the Professors and Heads of Colleges. Most of the Fellows, moreover, were in Holy Orders, clerical restrictions not having been yet abolished. The tone of the place was consequently still highly theological and the undergraduate could not escape the general infection. The "Oxford Movement," however, had been succeeded by a "Liberal Movement," and the more advanced spirits had even ventured into the sheepfolds of agnosticism. In my own case the early beliefs of my home training formed too substantial a part of my "subconscious mind" to be removed, more especially as I had resigned myself to accepting the clerical career that had been determined for me; but the more I tried to realise and understand the dogmas of the Anglican Church the more fatally did their logical conclusions appear to point to Rome. Perhaps the historical impressiveness of the Roman Church had something to do with this, the fact, namely, that so large a portion of the Christian world belonged to it and had belonged to it since the early days of Christianity, and that it had been the patron of art and a link with civilised paganism. As to myself, however, whatever temptations I had to desert the church of my fathers—and for a moment the temptation was strong—were soon dissipated by Liddon, whose friendship I gained and retained up to the time of his death.

Liddon was a humanistic schoolman, in whom enthusiasm and scholastic precision struggled for the mastery, and he exerted a considerable influence over me. In spite of the fact that I belonged to what was known as "the Broad-Church party" at Oxford, and by both votes and writings helped to support it, he continued to the last to be a firm friend. "Sayce may be a Broad-Churchman," he once said, "but he is also a good Churchman," and when the chair of Hebrew was left vacant by Pusey's death he did his best to secure my appointment to it. He showed me Gladstone's reply to a letter he had written on my behalf: "I have a great respect for Mr. Sayce's talents and learning, but under no circumstances could I give him an ecclesiastical appointment." Liddon himself suffered from much the same kind

of prejudice in the higher latitudes. When after Stanley's death I asked if I should be able to congratulate him on his appointment to the Deanery of Westminster, "No," he answered, "Her Majesty has all her claws out." Queen Victoria had never forgotten or forgiven a sermon he had once preached in her presence.

Liddon was one of the first University preachers I heard in Oxford. On the Sunday after first coming into residence I attended both the morning and the afternoon University sermons at St. Mary's with all the zeal and innocence of a "freshman." In the morning the preacher was Mark Pattison. He concluded his sermon with the words: "It will be an ill day for the Church of England when dogma and authority gain the upper hand and reason is denied its rightful place as the corner-stone of all religion." In the afternoon Liddon began his sermon with the words: "Dogma and authority, authority and dogma—these two form the key-stone in the arch of our holy faith." Liddon subsequently told me that the coincidence, or rather contradiction, of words was purely accidental; but what was an innocent freshman to believe? I have ever since sympathised with the remark of the University bedell: "I have heard every University sermon that has been preached in this church for the last fifty years, and, thank God, I am still a Christian." As to Mark Pattison, he once said to me, "It takes me six weeks to write a sermon, and then I don't finish it"; so it is quite possible that the sermon I heard was not intended to end where it did.

My first year at Oxford was a year of intense enjoyment. For the first time I found myself no longer a boy but a "man." I had plenty of companions of my own age, and with interests similar to my own, and who, to my astonishment, regarded me with respect. The College tutors and Fellows spoke with confidence of my gaining first classes in the schools and eventually a Fellowship. Naturally I felt flattered, and began to realise that "a prophet is not without honour save in his own country." When I first arrived in Oxford my only acquaintance there was Humphry Ward, at that time a scholar of Brasenose, but I soon had friends throughout the University. I joined various essay and debating societies,

and wine-parties after dinner were of frequent occurrence. There were as yet no ladies' colleges, and afternoon tea had not taken the place of the wine-party. Doubtless we drank more wine, especially sherry, than was good for either health or purse, but I have never been present at a party where there was any rowdyism or misbehaviour, and the discussions generally turned on high questions of philosophy or sociology, which were often prolonged far into the night.

I was still keenly interested in anthropology, and in conjunction with some friends, J. S. Cotton (afterwards editor of the *Academy*), Franklin Richards (the father of Grant Richards) and others, started an "Anthropological Society," the object of which was to read papers or essays on anthropological subjects and to make excursions in the neighbourhood of Oxford in order to study the anthropological peculiarities of the natives. Dr. Hunt gave us his help, and the Society made me acquainted with many graduates and undergraduates who have since gained names for themselves in the world.

My innermost circle of friends, however, happened to be Welshmen, which will no doubt be ascribed to the innate "clannishness" of the Welsh nature. Chief among them was Rhŷs, Sir John Rhŷs as he afterwards became, who had already left his College rooms and was living in Holywell when I first met him. We soon found that we were kindred spirits, alike interested in comparative philology and British history. Together we attended Professor Max Müller's lectures and read his books.

Like Rhŷs, Max Müller also became my lifelong friend. It was he who introduced me to the seductive fields of comparative mythology and instilled into my mind a wholesome regard for the hymns of the Rig-Veda. He was generous in giving up his time to me, and both as an undergraduate and as a graduate I spent many hours in his study, working under him at Sanskrit. But he checked my impatience to begin a study of the Vedic hymns, and insisted upon my first toiling through the somewhat dreary aphorisms of Sâyana's commentary before venturing to do so.

Max Müller's English was always a delight to read. It is possible that in his books it may have been sometimes

revised by Mrs. Max Müller, who was a singularly gifted woman, but I know that in many cases his style was altogether his own, and it was as lucid and charming in his numerous private notes and letters as it was in his published works. But he never acquired an English pronunciation or lost the Mid-German inability to distinguish between surds and sonants, so that when reading Sanskrit with him I could never tell whether a root he mentioned contained a *b* or a *p*, a *g* or a *k*. He once said to me, "I would give almost all I possess to be able to pronounce *mutton-chop* correctly," and I remember the satisfaction and glee with which he recounted to me Taine's failure to reproduce the sounds of the English language. Taine had been invited to deliver certain lectures on history at Oxford, and Max Müller secured lodgings for him there. When visiting him the morning after his arrival he found the French historian lunching off mutton-chops and buttered toast. On his remarking upon the curious combination, Taine replied that he supposed it was the English custom, as he had asked for a chop and "botătoz."

Once and once only did I hear an attempt at a pun upon Max Müller's part. Dr. Edkins, the Chinese scholar, was spending a few days in Oxford, and Max Müller invited him and myself to dinner at All Souls. Some of the "Chancellor" or strong beer of the College was placed upon the table, and some one having said that the Professor of Geology had been a good judge of it, Max Müller remarked that that might have been expected in "a Professor of Pale-ale-ontology."

Max Müller told me that he had himself been the victim of a misunderstood pun on the part of no less a personage than Thackeray. The first time he met the latter was at a dinner-party, where the fish that was served happened to be a John Dory. Thereupon Thackeray turned round to Max Müller with the remark, "Are you going to eat one of your ancestors?" Naturally Max Müller confessed his inability to understand the question. "Did not your father write upon the Dorians?" asked Thackeray, who had confused the poet Wilhelm Müller, the father of Max Müller, with K. O. Müller, whose elaborate work on the Dorians had been translated into English. I owe to Max Müller advice given

me by him at the commencement of my career, which has been a sort of cynosure to me in my subsequent scientific labours. "Remember," he said, "that if you want to make discoveries, you must be content to make mistakes."

One of the younger Fellows of my College was G. A. Simcox, a brilliant Latin scholar, but better known on account of his eccentricities. He was subject to hysterical fits of laughter, and many were the stories told about him. On one occasion when visiting his brother, who had a living in Wiltshire, he undertook to read the lessons. The first lesson concluded with an account of how Haman was hanged on a gallows fifty cubits high, but the conclusion was drowned in a loud peal of laughter, and on returning to his seat Simcox found a slip of paper on which his mother, who was present, had written: "Dear Augustus, do restrain your infirmity." The story may have been *ben trovato*, but my first experience of Simcox proves that it was not impossible. I had gone to the afternoon University sermon at St. Mary's, which was preached by Dean Hook. Simcox entered the church after the service had commenced, and finding the masters' seats all occupied made his way up into the undergraduates' gallery, where he seated himself on a front bench immediately facing the preacher. The Dean, who was not always a model of prudence, inveighed somewhat strongly against the Bishops, and as two of them happened to be listening to him the humour of the situation appealed to Simcox, and a roar of smothered laughter resounded through the building. In endeavouring to suppress it Simcox lost his balance and fell backward with his legs in the air in full view of the startled Dean. Then he picked himself up and crawled shamefacedly down the gallery stairs.

Candidates for honours in the Moderations examinations were still required to answer a "pass-paper" in Divinity, and numberless were the stories to which this gave rise. When I was examined one of the questions on the paper was "Give a short history of the ark," which the context showed meant the ark of the covenant, and to this the following brief but comprehensive answer was returned by an examinee: "The ark was built by Noah; it survived the waters of the deluge and was preserved on the top of

Mount Ararat, whence it was taken down by Moses and placed in the tabernacle in the wilderness. It was carried captive to Babylon by Nebuchadrezzar and was finally destroyed by Titus." Another brilliant answer was made in the same examination to a question that involved the translation of a line from Persius, "*O Libye, disjunge boves dum tubera mittas*," which the candidate rendered "O Libyus (a man's name), carve the beef while you pass round the potatoes." Aldrich's *Logic* was among the books that were then required for the examination, and the fallacy of Achilles and the tortoise naturally figures in it. Two explanations are given of the fallacy, the first of which is "Solvitur ambulando," "It is solved by walking." This was one of several passages the explanation of which we were asked to give, and a fellow-collegian, who was clever but idle and had not troubled himself to read a line of Aldrich, boldly rendered it, "The bowels are relaxed by exercise," and there left the matter, considering that no further explanation was necessary. He was very proud of his translation, and was much disconcerted when I assured him that it was not what Aldrich meant.

Simcox introduced me to Swinburne at a small luncheon-party he gave in honour of the poet when the latter was spending a week-end in Oxford. The undergraduate world was much excited at the time over *Atalanta in Calydon* and the first series of *Poems and Ballads*, and the introduction, therefore, was an event in my undergraduate career. The poet, however, did not show to advantage. He had been making himself sick that morning on a surfeit of sweetmeats and was unable to eat his lunch, and his reddish hair bristled up in an unruly fashion on the top of his disproportionally large head. A year or two later, H. T. Riley, of whom more anon, told me that the last time he had been in the reading-room of the British Museum he had been disturbed by a sudden noise, and upon asking what was the cause of it was informed that it was "only Swinburne who had had an epileptic fit." "From which I infer," added Riley, "that epileptic fits are a habit with him."

I had the satisfaction of obtaining a first-class in the examination, but very shortly afterwards all the pleasures of

my undergraduate life came suddenly to an end. My eyes, which had troubled me more or less for some years, broke down, and I could neither read nor write, while even the distraction of society was largely denied me, as hot rooms made them intolerably sore. Thrown upon my own thoughts, and uncertain whether I should ever be able to use my eyes again, I soon lost what health and strength I possessed and the old trouble in the lungs made itself felt again. For a while the eyes were "patched up" by Dr. Meurer, but I could not use them after dark and had to restrict considerably my hours of work.

For seven years my eyes continued to trouble me, and at times I was unable to use them at all, though at other times, perhaps for a few months together, I managed to make them serviceable. I went from oculist to oculist, but without result, and eventually it seemed as if my career in life was at an end, and that the best thing I could do was to hide myself in some remote Pacific island, out of the reach of books or civilised men. As Liebreich afterwards said to me: my eyes were "intended for a plough-boy, not for a scholar." At last, in the winter of 1873-4, I spent some miserable weeks at Coblentz in Meurer's *klinik*, a good part of the time in the dark while experiments were being made to discover what was actually the cause of the mischief. In the end, Meurer determined that it was "parametropia accompanied by an entire want of the power of muscular adaptation," and sent me to Dr. Liebreich, the only man, he said, who was likely to cure me. To Liebreich, accordingly, I went, and he gave me my sight. During the forty-one years that I was under his supervision the eyes seldom troubled me, and I have done more work with them than most people are able to do with sound eyes. Fortunately for me, he lived to be eighty-seven years of age and retained all his powers to the last. The last time I was with him he told me that along with the failure of muscular power went a failure of the pigment which the eyes of a healthy representative of "the Mediterranean type" ought to possess, and that this had materially increased the difficulty of dealing with my case. He was naturally proud of his success, and published a paper on the case.

Liebreich was not only a scientific man of the first rank, he was also interested in pictorial art, and early in life retired from his profession in order to devote himself to it. A few only of his old patients, like myself, in whose cases he took a special interest, were permitted to consult him. His chief object of study was the composition of the pigments used by the old masters, but his optical knowledge threw light upon other points. In a series of lectures he gave before the Royal Institution, for example, he pointed out that Turner became colour-blind after a certain period in his life, and that his pictures after that date must be viewed through a glass of a particular colour before the tints they were intended to depict can be observed. One of his last investigations was into Il Greco's figures, which he showed were unnaturally elongated through a defect in the artist's vision, which again could be corrected by a glass which he invented. Another of his discoveries was that art from the age of the Egyptian Pharaohs downward has insisted on an " asymmetrical " representation of the human face ; this he traced to the fact that the ordinary face (except in the Negro race) is really asymmetrical owing to the position of the foetus in the womb, which causes one side of the body to develop more fully than the other.

Liebreich had been called to Paris by Napoleon III., and was proud of the fact that he had been created a French subject by imperial decree. He had no false modesty about himself, and when taken over the ophthalmic rooms built specially for him at St. Thomas's Hospital he said to the surgeon who accompanied him, " You have the best ophthalmic rooms in the world ; and you have the best ophthalmist in the world." Nor was he a respecter of persons : he told me that when the Shah of Persia came to Paris in 1873 he followed the example of the European royalties and consulted Liebreich about his eyes, asking him particularly whether opening them in cold water in the morning would benefit them. " Yes," replied Liebreich, " if you were a fish." Mark Pattison, the Rector of Lincoln College, having suffered a good deal one winter from sore eyes, also visited the famous oculist, who after a brief examination dismissed him with the words,

"Why do you come to me with a little affection of the eyelids?"

As my lungs did not improve, I was sent in the winter to Pau. There, when I first arrived, I was fed upon what I thought was a somewhat delicious jelly, which I subsequently learned was composed of edible snails. Whether it was the jelly or the climate, or both combined, I grew rapidly better, and was able to ride about the country and admire the long rows of poplars which lined the imperial roads.

Monsignor Capel was at that time in Pau, angling for converts. He had been picked up as a foundling by the Jesuits and educated by them, and to the Jesuits accordingly his life was devoted. He was a tall and good-looking man with a suave manner, a slight Irish brogue, a persuasive voice and a trick of washing his hands in invisible water when he entered a room. Thus far he had converted one or two ladies to the Roman Church, but no one of the male sex. Now he tried his arts upon the young Oxford undergraduate, but to little purpose. He was more than compensated, however, for my heretical obstinacy by the conversion of the Marquess of Bute a few years later. Eventually he fell under the displeasure of his ecclesiastical superiors in consequence of some financial troubles and migrated to America, and I last heard of him on a Texas ranch. But Disraeli's *Lothair* will preserve his memory from oblivion.

In the spring I migrated to Biarritz and took a villa on the Côte des Basques. Biarritz was a small place at the time, and there were only two or three other villas on the cliff. One was occupied by the Rev. Wentworth Webster, who was not yet married, and with whom I formed a life-long friendship. He initiated me into the mysteries of the Basque language and introduced me to M. Vinson, the editor of the *Revue Linguistique*, and M. Antoine d'Abbadie, the Basque scholar. The villa in which I lived belonged to an old Basque lady and her daughter, who fully maintained the Basque reputation for excellent cooking. The mother could not speak French, so I had plenty of opportunity for learning Basque.

To a philologist Basque is one of the most interesting

languages in the world. Practically there are only two verbs in it, but each verb has an enormous variety of forms. There are different forms for expressing " I have it," " I have it for you," " I have it for them," etc., due to the incorporation of the pronouns in the verbal forms—a characteristic which is shared to a certain extent by the French *je-vous-ai*, etc.—as well as different forms for addressing a superior, an equal, an inferior and a woman. Outside the Basque country no related language can be discovered, and small as that country is, six separate dialects are spoken in it, four on the French side of the Pyrenees and two on the Spanish side, the speakers of which are hardly intelligible to one another. At Biarritz it was the Labourdin which was spoken, said to be the most corrupted and easiest of them all.

The Basques have, or had, a great reputation for honesty. The devil, it was said, while wandering up and down the earth finally took up his residence at Bilbao and there tried to learn Basque. At the end of seven years, however, he had succeeded in learning only the word *eza*, " no," so he left the country in despair and Basque morals remained intact. It was in reference to this story that when Larramendi published the first Basque grammar he called it " The Impossible Vanquished."

In the course of the spring I joined three ladies who were driving with their courier along the north coast of Spain. Accommodation in the country inns was rough and the food scanty. On one occasion the only sleeping-room in the house was given up to the ladies, while the courier and myself had our beds with the family and a pig in the room which was at once kitchen and parlour. On another occasion the courier, who generally carried sufficient food to last from one town to another, had made a miscalculation, and we arrived at our destination with nothing in the basket. The landlord, on being questioned what there was to eat, replied, " Everything in the world." " Everything in the world " turned out to be a dish of roasted chestnuts on which five hungry people had to make their dinner. Throughout the journey I failed to see much of the reputed politeness of the Spaniards. Some years later Madame Gayangos de Riano said to me that " if they had ever possessed it, it seemed to be now lost," and her

conclusion was confirmed by a story told me by Dr. Tozer. When travelling in the north of Spain he came to a country inn, and after the fashion of the country asked what the price of his lodging would be, to which the landlord's reply was, "The price is the same from the highest person in the land down to yourself."

Among my Oxford friends was Sir Henry Acland, to whose efforts on behalf of art Oxford owes a deep debt of gratitude. He had much to do with the foundation of the Science Museum there, and his friendship with Ruskin enabled the latter to illustrate in its architecture his theories of the application of art to the needs of science. When Butterfield built Keble College with its low line of wall and "streaky bacon" decoration, Ruskin told me that he could no longer take his usual walk past the Museum; "it made him sick to do so." The chapel, which made some amends for the architectural deficiencies of the rest of the College, was built subsequently. It was, nevertheless, of the chapel that Creighton made the remark when taken to see it after its completion: "Well, Butterfield has successfully solved the problem how to cover a wall with all the colours of the rainbow and yet leave it bare."

Devoted as Acland was to the advancement of art, he was equally devoted to the advancement of science. In fact his devotion to the latter sometimes made him forget the discretion of a medical practitioner. Shortly after my arrival in Oxford I awoke one morning feeling very unwell, and as Sir Henry was the only doctor there whose name I knew, I went to him for advice. He wrote out a prescription for me, and told me to take the medicine for two days, and at the end of that time to come again to him if I were better, if not to send for him. Whether it was the effect of the medicine or the natural course of events I do not know; at all events I recovered, and accordingly paid him a visit at the stated time. After examining me he said, "Well, I am particularly pleased to find that the medicine has been so successful, as it is a new drug in the pharmacopoeia which has not been tried before," and he refused to accept any fee. Three or four years later, along with another doctor, he was attending Canon Jenkins of Jesus College, who happened to be extremely

ill. The doctors had given up all hope of recovery when the patient rallied unexpectedly. Acland was in the room at the time; so, too, was the Canon's sister, turning to whom he said with a sigh, "Ah, now we shall never know what was the matter with him!"

Before paying a visit to Switzerland I spent a short time in a hydropathic establishment at Leamington. There were only a few guests in it, and it was run on very liberal lines, as they were allowed as much wine as they chose to have so long as they paid "corkage." The doctor was a spiritualist as well as a vegetarian, his favourite dish being a mash of carrots and turnips. One of the guests was Lord Lytton, who acted as hierophant at the spiritualistic *séances*, which took place in the dining-room when the ladies had retired to the drawing-room after dinner. Another guest was the Rev. G. C. Geldart, one of the founders of the Philological Society, with whom naturally I had much in common. Besides a common interest in comparative philology, we were both acquainted with Rhŷs, a paper by whom on certain questions of Keltic philology had been read before the Society by Geldart. Geldart had a feud with Furnivall, the Secretary of the Philological Society, who, he declared, had contrived to bring the Society entirely under his control and to divert it from scientific philology to "petty questions relating to English, the only language known to him." One result of this, however, has been the great Oxford Dictionary of the English Language; another was the foundation of the Early English Text Society. What especially aroused Geldart's wrath was Furnivall's invention of "Forcword" in place of "Preface."

While in Switzerland I spent a week at a little place (Rohrschach) on Lake Constance, where I was able to study the manners and customs of the middle-class German. The bourgeois came over from Germany with his wife and family for his summer holiday, and they all enjoyed themselves after their wont. I could never pass the restaurant without seeing it filled with them, their plates piled high with food, their knives in their mouths—a strange sight to me at that time—and their small children, four or five years of age, seated beside them and liberally supplied with every dish that came

to the table. From Rohrschach I went to Appenzell, where I stayed longer than I had intended for the pleasure of being awakened from my sleep in the morning by the weird and melodious cry of the goat-herds as they passed along the street. Then I went to Coire in order to see the early ecclesiastical vestments that are preserved there.

It was arranged that I should go in for "Greats" in the Michaelmas Term of 1868, and as my lungs were still troublesome I was not allowed to return to Oxford, where College life was considered to be dangerous for me, but was kept at home until a day or two before the examination. Unfortunately I caught a cold on my way to Oxford, which rapidly developed into pneumonia, and throughout the latter part of the examination I was in a high state of fever, and unable to eat anything. One of the examiners afterwards told me that they knew something must be wrong as my answers at a particular hour each day suddenly fell below the mark. I was accordingly given my *viva voce* examination immediately after the paper-work was finished, and returned home next day, where I was put to bed. When a telegram arrived some time later announcing that I had obtained a first-class, the two doctors who were attending me had already informed my parents that they did not think my life could be saved. Fortunately or unfortunately, however, they did not allow for the vitality of a Welsh constitution.

As soon as I became convalescent I began to read for the Law and Modern History School, which then involved a study of Justinian and Roman law. Though another attack of pneumonia prevented my entering my name for the examination the following summer term, I have always been grateful for the glimpse that was thus afforded me into the principles and nature of Roman law. There is no better training for the mind.

In the early part of the summer vacation I took my first and last "reading-party," a species of educational recreation which was still fashionable in the Oxford world. We went to Silverdale on the southern fringe of the Lake district. It was a new experience for me. My companions, with one exception, belonged to a small but enthusiastic body of undergraduates who were earnest upholders of the

Evangelical school of thought. One of them was Chavasse, afterwards Bishop of Liverpool, and most of the others became hard-working clergymen of varying schools of thought. But at that time they were all in the full glow of their youthful convictions, which were rendered the more intense by their opposition to the prevalent tone of Oxford religious thought. I had some difficulty in keeping them to their work for the examinations instead of spending their time in open-air preaching to the benighted natives of the neighbouring parishes or attending revivalist meetings. At the breakfast table I was obliged to start acrostics and anagrams by way of preventing conversations about the conversion of souls. Hitherto I had met only High-Churchmen and Broad-Churchmen; the Low-Churchman was a new object of study. The *Saturday Review* had divided the Anglican Church into Attitudinarians, Latitudinarians and Platitudinarians, and I was forced to the conclusion that in inventing the last title it had not gone far astray.

I found a month at Silverdale quite sufficient for me, and I then went to Aix-la-Chapelle where I had been recommended to try the hot sulphur baths, after visiting various Belgian cities on the way. As soon as I had finished with the baths I was joined by my youngest brother Montford, who had been at school at St. Omer for some years previously. It was now determined that he should enter a German University, so that he might acquire a knowledge of German in addition to that of French. Accordingly I took him to Heidelberg and there placed him under the charge of my friend Rhŷs, who was spending the summer there and attending such lectures as were given at the University during the summer months, and after a while I myself returned to England.

On my way I stopped at Worms and there discovered that my remittances had been sent to Rotterdam, and that I had only just sufficient cash in my pocket to pay for a third-class ticket on board the Rhine steamer. However, the weather was fine and warm; I had provided myself with a box of biscuits, and though my companions were somewhat dirty and included several unwholesome-looking Jews, I enjoyed my voyage on the whole.

In the autumn four Fellowships fell vacant at Queen's College, and there was naturally a keen competition for them. I was elected to one of them along with E. A. Armstrong, the historian, Edward Bond, and Laverty, a mathematician, who like myself had been a scholar of the College. I had taken my degree a short time previously, and now entered upon a new phase of my life.

CHAPTER IV

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR

THE hot baths of Aix-la-Chapelle had proved very efficacious, and apart from the eyes I was better and stronger than I had been for several years. The doctors, however, would not allow me to live in College during the winter months, and accordingly I took rooms in a house opposite it which had formerly been the residence of Dean Mansell. The Dean was famous for his humour, the effect of his *bons mots* being considerably increased by his way of saying them. I remember that at one of the annual *séances* with which Madame Card, the electro-biologist, treated the Oxford world, the Dean happened to be present and a crystal ball was put into his hand. After gazing at it for a few minutes he turned round to the audience, and shutting one eye remarked drily, "When I went to school the first thing I had to learn was *disco, didici*, but I can't say I have learned much from this disk."

The first dinner-party I gave after becoming a Fellow was a party of four. Swete, the phonetician, had just matriculated at Balliol; Robert Colenso, the son of the Bishop of Natal, had also just been admitted to membership of the University; and the Icelander, Vigfusson, had recently settled there in order to help Dr. Bosworth, the Professor of Anglo-Saxon, in preparing a new edition of his Anglo-Saxon Dictionary. These were my three guests, and at first it seemed as if they had little in common. I told Swete, however, that his neighbour had been brought up in Natal and spoke Zulu as well as English. From that time forward there was no difficulty about conversation; for the rest of the evening Swete was deep in the mysteries of B-antu

phonetics and practising the pronunciation of the click which the Zulus had learnt from the Hottentots. Even Vigfusson joined in the discussion, and he was ordinarily a man of few words. In fact, on a later occasion he declined an invitation to dinner I had sent him on the ground that he was "heavy lumber at dinner." Less polite was Robinson Ellis, the Professor of Latin, on a certain evening when I was dining with his friends the Whartons. The guests had all assembled and were getting impatient for their food; Mrs. Wharton was nervous; suddenly a note was put into her hands which she read, and then with an exclamation of annoyance handed to me. It read:

DEAR MRS. WHARTON—Please excuse my coming to you this evening. I am not feeling very well, and your dinners always give me indigestion.

Dr. Bosworth, the Professor of Anglo-Saxon, had been very kind to me when I was an undergraduate, and I first met Vigfusson at dinner in his house. The Doctor had married rather late in life a widow who was chiefly distinguished in Oxford by insisting upon a huge harp accompanying her whenever she went out to a social gathering. Bosworth's own characteristic was a consuming desire to accumulate degrees, and he more than once impressed upon me the advantage of securing degrees in as many Universities as possible. Not long before his death his eyes failed him, and when I called to learn how he was I found him complaining bitterly of his doctor for not making them once more serviceable. "I have told him," he said, "that his treatment of me is not medicine but practice. I don't want the eyes of a young man, but only what will enable me to finish my dictionary." He died in 1876, and Earle was re-elected Professor in his place, much to my joy.

I was appointed one of the classical lecturers in the College, and as I was also employed upon some journalistic work I had my hands full. I suffered more especially from the fact that I had practically attended no lectures after Moderations, and therefore had no note-books to fall back upon, and was wholly unacquainted with the ordinary methods of preparation for "Greats." I had, as it were, to

go to school again, to study and dissect the books usually read for the purpose and to improvise a method of teaching, all of which demanded time and labour. Whether my unconventional instruction was a benefit or not to my pupils I do not know; it was at all events good for myself as it obliged me to "clarify my ideas," as Huxley once expressed it to me, and to realise that the first requisite of a lecturer is to be intelligible to his audience.

Hard work apart, however, it was a very pleasant time for the young College Fellows. Marriage was still forbidden, and we all, therefore, lived together in our College rooms, where we could see as much, or as little, of one another as we chose. Like the Knights of Malta in old days, there was little opportunity for spending our money except upon hospitality. College cooking was famous, and London was near at hand. With a secured income and no families there was no inducement for saving money, which was accordingly spent upon books and dinner-parties, subscriptions to scientific or artistic societies and foreign travel. Our social life was intellectual, not to say brilliant; it was mainly restricted to the male sex, but included a succession of the most distinguished personalities of the day from London and Paris, Germany and America.

It was, moreover, the period which witnessed the artistic revolt against the drab hideousness of the Victorian epoch. Walter Pater had been an undergraduate at Queen's; he was now a Fellow of Brasenose, and had just taken for his two sisters one of the villas which were rising in the Parks. The house was furnished in accordance with the principles of the new artistic creed of which he was already the chief prophet, and the dresses of his sisters were chosen to match the furniture of the drawing-room. The dinners given in the house were models of Epicurean taste, and the guests all belonged to the new cult.

Pater had a pet cat which was fond of sitting on his writing-desk, and from which he drew the inspiration of his choicest sentences. In after years his chief aversion was the bicycle. I remember his once saying to me, "I like to see these young men enjoying themselves, but I draw the

line at the bicycle." What would he have said had he lived to see the motor-cycle?

In London we founded the Savile Club which was intended to be not only a sort of preparation-school for the Athenaeum, but more particularly the home of our new intellectual and artistic life. The furniture was selected by Sidney Colvin, Clifford preached agnosticism as he stood in front of the drawing-room fire, and there was a *table d'hôte* dinner every day at which the diners sat in morning dress and talked to one another without introductions. And very pleasant the dinners were.

I made many friends both in London and in Oxford. Pater and Bywater (afterwards Professor of Greek) were old Queen's men, and they were both of them leaders of the new humanistic movement, the one on its artistic, the other on its literary side. My election to a Fellowship coincided with the foundation of the *Academy*, designed to be the exponent and supreme organ of British scholarship, research and intellectual attainment. John Murray undertook to finance it, and Appleton, a Fellow of St. John's, became the editor.

Appleton introduced me to Dr. Neubauer, in later days sub-librarian of the Bodleian. Neubauer was a Hungarian Jew, but at an early age had broken away from the creed and observances of orthodox Judaism, and when eighteen had joined Kossuth's insurrectionary forces. The result was that he had to fly from Austria to Paris, where he adopted the Christian name of Adolf in lieu of Abraham, and became a naturalised Frenchman. Once before he had been for a short while in Oxford on his way to St. Petersburg, to which he had been sent by the French Academy in order to examine certain Hebrew MSS. Oxford was then just emerging from its pre-reformation period, and the villas of Parktown did not yet exist. Max Müller had lately married and was living in the High Street. Here he invited Neubauer to a dinner-party, the rest of the guests being a few old "Heads of Houses," and Professors—other society at the time there was none. Professor Ewald, the Biblical critic, who was working in the Bodleian, was also present. A conversation arose in the course of which reference was made to a certain German named Paulus who, it seems, had been convicted of stealing

a Bodleian manuscript and was accordingly severely reprimanded by the company. Ewald, whose conversational knowledge of English was defective, imagined that the Apostle St. Paul was meant, and at once proceeded to defend him. "He was a learned man," declared the Professor, "and I have published an explanation of his letters." "Nevertheless," said one of the old Heads, "he ought not to have stolen a manuscript."

Many years afterwards, when Sadowa had been fought and the kingdom of Hanover annexed to Prussia, Ewald refused to acknowledge the Prussian government or take the oath of allegiance to the new rulers of Hanover, and was accordingly deprived of his Professorship by Bismarck and imprisoned for contumacy. Not long after his release my friend Watkins, afterwards Archdeacon of Durham, went to Göttingen, and I gave him a letter of introduction to Ewald. Ewald received him in his library, and drawing himself up to his full height—he was a tall man with a commanding figure—with his long white hair falling on his back, asked why he had come to the University. Watkins replied that he wished to study the Semitic languages. "Young man," said Ewald, "is it a time to be learning dead languages, when forty millions of Germans are governed by a devil?" Ewald's successor in the chair of Hebrew was (Bötticher) De Lagarde, who had all his Hebrew books bound in pigskin in order, as he said, "to keep the dirty fingers of the Jews from off them."

This would have been inefficacious in the case of Neubauer, who had shed nearly all, if not all, his Jewish prejudices. I remember Dr. Adler, the Chief Rabbi of the English Jews, coming to lunch with him upon one occasion, and Neubauer having so far forgotten the requirements of Jewish orthodoxy as to place before him a lunch that had been prepared by his Christian cook. Dr. Adler silently rebuked his host by going to his bag and bringing out of it a few biscuits of Jewish manufacture which he happened to have brought with him.

Neubauer had come to Oxford in the autumn of 1869 in order to compile a catalogue of the Hebrew MSS. in the Bodleian Library. The work occupied a long series of years,

and before it was finished he had become one of the Bodleian staff. When I first made his acquaintance, however, he was newly arrived, and had been asked to give a public lecture on the recently discovered Moabite Stone. He wanted an enlarged copy of the inscription to hang on the wall of the room in the Taylorian Institution where the lecture was to be given, and this I undertook to make for him. From that day onwards we became fast friends, and Sunday after Sunday took an afternoon walk together, discussing questions of Old Testament criticism and Semitic philology.

As in undergraduate days, I still continued to pay frequent visits to Dr. Pusey and receive informal lessons from him in Semitic philology. The Pusey of this private intercourse was a very different man from the Pusey of public life, and I was sometimes startled by the vein of critical scepticism which he displayed. The Pusey who had translated Schleiermacher into English was by no means dead, however carefully the fact might be concealed in general intercourse. He was intensely interested in my Assyrian studies, and was one of the very few Semitic scholars of the older period who realised and anticipated the revolutionary effect which Assyriology would have upon Biblical and philological research. He was fond of writing notes, and I still possess a large number of them, written in a minute hand, upon various subjects which attracted his notice from time to time. One, of some length, is a criticism of the Darwinian theory, which, he points out, depends on the further theory of the imperfection of the geological record, and that evolution and Darwinism are not the same. In this he anticipated the conclusions of the science of to-day.

I occupied the Christmas vacation in writing the first grammatical sketch of the primitive Sumerian language of Babylonia that had been attempted, in determining its philological position and phonology, and deciphering some short inscriptions. The text of the paper was an inscription on a seal with the name of Dungi whose capital was "Ur of the Chaldees," and who reigned over Babylonia about 2300 B.C.; and accordingly I entitled it "On an Accadian Seal," Accadian being then the name applied by Assyrio-

logists to the language now known as Sumerian. I sent the article to the *Journal of Philology*, the editor of which at the time was Dr. Aldis Wright. Shortly afterwards my brother-Fellow, Richard Robinson, fell across Aldis Wright, who told him about the paper and asked him what he knew about me. "Don't print it," said Robinson; "Sayce is a philologist and knows nothing about natural history." He thought the subject of the paper was an amphibian supposed to be found in Arcadia.

The paper laid the foundations of Sumerian grammar and brought me into contact with the rest of the small band of scholars who were interested in the cuneiform inscriptions. The Society of Biblical Archaeology was founded December 9, 1870, under the presidency of Dr. Birch, and I was naturally asked to join it. It was intended to restrict its work to the Biblical lands of Egypt, Palestine and Western Asia generally, India and the Far East being left to the Royal Asiatic Society, and Birch insisted upon the word "Biblical" being introduced into the title of the Society in order, as he said, "to attract subscriptions." The theological interest was still strong in Great Britain. Cooper, the Secretary of the Society, was an enthusiast, and in spite of his delicate lungs, which eventually killed him, was never weary of looking up likely young students and starting new schemes for disseminating a knowledge of Oriental archaeology. Boscawen, Pinches and Budge all owed to him their first start in a scholar's life, and among his other attempts to introduce Egyptology and Assyriology to the British public were courses of lectures on the scripts and languages of Egypt and Assyria. Le Page Renouf undertook Egypt and its hieroglyphs, while I undertook Assyria and the cuneiform inscriptions. The result was Renouf's *Elementary Grammar of the Ancient Egyptian Languages*, and my *Elementary Assyrian Grammar and Reading-book* (1875). Even before my article in the *Journal of Philology* I had already ventured to write on things Assyrian, and articles of mine had been published in the *Journal of Sacred Literature and Biblical Record*.

My friend Rhŷs gained a Fellowship at Merton in the winter of 1870–71, and we used to visit one another's rooms on

alternate days in order to read Dante's *Divina Commedia* together—with the help, I am almost ashamed to confess, of Diez's *Etymological Dictionary of the Romanic Languages*. As a matter of fact, our interests at the time were philological rather than literary, but I afterwards atoned for my want of reverence in making Dante the subject of philological dissection by helping, in 1876, to found the Oxford Dante Society. Some six months later Rhŷs went to Leipzig to attend the University lectures and continue his study of German. Meanwhile I took Deacon's Orders, being ordained by Dr. Mackarness, a friend of my father's, who had recently been appointed Bishop of Oxford. At the ordination the sermon in Cuddesdon Church was preached by Canon Furse, who might have been a worthy man but was sadly deficient in humour. He had preached the sermon in St. Paul's at the consecration of the Bishop whom he had then exhorted to be "a mother of the Church," and his sermon at Cuddesdon harped upon the mode in which we should "catch souls." Whenever the expression recurred, as it did pretty frequently, my next-door neighbour had an increasing difficulty in restraining convulsive fits of laughter, much to the discomfort of his neighbours.

As soon as the summer term was over I started for Dresden, where I took lodgings in one of the new houses in the Victoria Strasse and assisted the chaplain of the newly finished Anglican Church, which had been built mainly at the expense of Mrs. Goschen, and to which she sent a company of English choir-boys for the summer months. On my way I happened to stop at Trèves and Saarbrücken, which was destined to become famous a few weeks later as the scene of the beginning of the war.

After spending a short time in Dresden, I went on to Leipzig where I had arranged to join Rhŷs. There I attended the lectures of Fleischer, the Arabist, whose class consisted of four students, all foreigners; of Ritschl the Latinist, who had lost his teeth, and was consequently unintelligible to me; and above all of Georg Curtius. Curtius's lectures were crowded, as indeed they deserved to be. They were among the best lectures I have ever heard, lucid, brilliant and informing. Curtius himself was a well-grown

man of the dark type with a good voice and delivery, and handsome features.

Suddenly all lecturing came to an end. War was declared between France and Germany, and Saxony was called upon to furnish troops. As yet there was no Saxon generation that had been educated under Prussian supervision and drilled according to Prussian methods, and the Saxon court and its entourage was traditionally Francophile. The Saxon people made no secret of their disinclination to take an active part in the war. As the local paper which was put on my breakfast-table every morning expressed it: they did not object to fighting against the French, but they strongly objected to fighting by the side of the Prussians. There was no help for it, however; in spite of piteous scenes at the railway-station the men had to go, and German victories soon made them forget their old sentiments and become as anti-French as the Prussians themselves. Rhŷs and I, like most of the British and American students, had been in the habit of frequenting the Café Français, where even after the war began we could still indulge our French sympathies and drink success to the French armies; but shortly after my departure from Leipzig the Café Français was attacked by the mob and compelled to change its name.

I started for the Dutch frontier as soon as it was possible to do so, but had to remain for a while at Berlin. Here I saw the arrival of the first French prisoners, including Turkos; they were compelled to march from one end of Berlin to the other while the mob insulted them and pelted them with mud and stones.

From Berlin to Holland my progress was slow. It was only occasionally that a train ran carrying civilians; it started at uncertain hours and came suddenly to a standstill for a day or two at various stations on the road. On one of these occasions I was leaving Magdeburg about midnight along with a Dutchman who also had been at the University of Leipzig. Just before starting a Prussian officer entered the already overcrowded carriage with his sword clanking behind him, and after flinging his belongings over the heads of the passengers he seated himself on the knees of my two

opposite neighbours; one of whom was the Dutchman. After a time I closed my eyes and appeared to be asleep. The Dutchman and the Prussian began to talk, when something the Dutchman said made the officer turn savagely upon him and exclaim, "We are going to conquer France; then we will eat you up; and then we will put down the *Stolz* (pride) of England!" And this was in 1870!

We saw more than enough of the prisoners and wounded who were being carried into Germany, and at last I reached Holland. There I rested for a fortnight, then crossed to England, and made my way to my parents at Lyme Regis, or rather Uplyme. It was the last time I was there, and the beauty of the scenery impressed me more than ever before, perhaps by way of contrast with Holland. Dr. Hodges, the late Rector of Lyme Regis, was dead, and with him had departed one of the notabilities of that part of the world. He had been a Fellow of Winchester, and was a representative of the best type of the country parson of the day, scholarly and hospitable, a well-to-do bachelor, "high and dry" in his Church views and at the same time a man of the world. It was at his house that I met Humphry Ward the year before I went to Oxford. I remember that one day when I was walking with my father we met Hodges, and on my father remarking how highly ruddled the sheep were in the field through which we were passing, "the Bishop of Lyme Regis," as he was familiarly termed, instantly replied, "You see how deep-red we are in this country."

It was also at Lyme Regis that I had had my last experience of a parliamentary election of the old style, before the extension of the franchise and the introduction of the ballot. The elections were far more interesting and certainly far more exciting than those of to-day, and the amount of money spent and of beer drunk at them was amazing. The body of electors at Lyme Regis was small, and correspondingly corrupt, and a certain number of them reserved their votes to the last moment in the hope of getting an exceptionally high price from the competing candidates. It so happened, however, that the agents of the two parties came to an agreement and inveigled them into the parlour of an inn, where they were well supplied with

refreshments. Meanwhile the door had been locked outside and the windows made fast, so when the fatal hour of twelve approached and the "freemen" of the borough began to think it time to get away and secure whatever money they could, they found that they were prisoners. When they eventually succeeded in escaping, the hour for voting was past, and their endeavour to get too much ended in their getting nothing at all.

I had arranged with two of my friends to go to Brittany in the autumn of 1870, and the war notwithstanding we determined to carry out our plan. Brittany seemed remote from the German frontier, and when we left England no one realised that the French collapse would be so complete. A storm which fell upon us shortly after our departure from Southampton obliged the steamer to put into the harbour of St. Pierre, where accordingly we landed and spent a pleasant week in the island of Guernsey. Then we went to Jersey for another week and afterwards proceeded on our way to St. Malo.

The Bretons realised the nature of the German invasion quite as little as we did, and excepting that the young men had been called away to fight, everything was going on as usual in the country. But we had not been long there before there was a sudden change. Paris was invested by the enemy, and there were reports that Prussian Uhlans had been seen ominously far to the west. When we returned from St. Pol de Léon to Morlaix, we had to wait several hours for the arrival of the Paris express, and when it arrived there were the marks of bullets on some of the carriages. It was the last train which had left the Paris terminus of the railway to the west, and it had been fired upon as it steamed out of the capital. However, we went on to Auray, and the prehistoric memories of Karnac and Gavr Ynys made us forget the events of the present.

We were recalled to them on our departure from Auray. Our landlady was in tears. "No one remains," she said, "except old men and children to protect us from the Prussians." Official restrictions began to multiply; we could not leave a town without a *visa*, or enter another without military permission. The word "spy" was more than

once heard, and when we came back to Vannes from a day's expedition to the site of Abélard's monastery we learned that there had been a hostile demonstration in front of the hotel during our absence. Next day we proceeded to Nantes, and there met the tide of refugees which was flowing from Paris and its neighbourhood. It was now some time since the siege of Paris had begun; Gambetta had not yet escaped in his balloon, and there was no recognised central government in the country.

The morning after our arrival at Nantes I set out to visit the Cathedral and Citadel, leaving my companions, who did not like the aspect of affairs, in the hotel. After examining the Cathedral I made my way to the Citadel, which happened at the time to be garrisoned by troops. With the thoughtlessness of youth I tried to enter it, and finding that was impossible walked slowly round the building. As I turned away my shoulder was touched, and I saw two soldiers behind me and behind them an excited mob demanding the blood of the Prussian "spy." I was informed that I was arrested by order of the Commandant, before whom I was forthwith brought.

There was no one in Nantes who could read English, and my passport, therefore, in spite of the French *visas*, was useless. The only hair I had on my face was an incipient moustache of a tawny colour, a sure indication that I must be of Teutonic origin. My examination took place in the guard-room at the entrance to the château, while the mob peered in through the bars of the window with noisy outcries. The ladies of the establishment came in to see the interesting young prisoner. I happened to be wearing a pair of new kid gloves, and one of them after looking fixedly at the gloves, remarked, "He is of good family: I am of good family myself and can recognise those who are the same." Finally, however, I was adjudged guilty, and was taken out into the courtyard at the back of the guard-room and placed against a wall while a soldier was told off to shoot me. My day had not yet come, however, and at that moment the wife of the Commandant begged that I should be allowed a second examination. This had hardly begun when the room was entered by the son of the Commandant who, immediately

upon seeing me, declared that he was well acquainted with me and could assure all present that I was really an Englishman. For this mendacious statement he subsequently took great credit, telling me that his chief friend was an American and that consequently "j'aime tous les Anglais." We actually did become friends subsequently, and kept up a correspondence with one another for some years, until he was killed in Algeria.

The young fellow's word was accepted by his father and the other officers, and I was set free. But it was necessary to protect me from the mob, and I was accordingly sent back under an escort to the hotel, where sentries were placed outside the rooms of my two companions and myself. I was invited to dine with the officers that evening at their mess, where a toast was drunk in my honour, and the Commandant remarked, "It was fortunate that the incident had happened at Nantes where there were officers who were men of education and sense, and not at a place like Angers where there was no one of the sort." I could not help thinking, however, that in spite of the men of education and sense the "incident" very nearly had a fatal termination for me.

Much has been written about what fills or ought to fill the last moments of a condemned man. I can only say that in my own case it was as unlike as possible what one could suppose. The only thought which filled my mind to the exclusion of everything else was: "What a nuisance it is: I shall lose my dinner!"

We made our way back to St. Malo as best we could. The towns were filled with refugees from the east, and the whole population was in a panic state of terror St. Malo was practically the only port now open for those who wished to take refuge in England. The decks of the steamer were piled high with their luggage, the ladies occupied all the available space below, and the gentlemen had to stow themselves away as best they could among the baggage on the deck. Fortunately, the night was stilly and warm, although October was now well advanced.

Shortly after my return to College, H. T. Riley, who had been appointed by the Historical MSS. Commission to examine its muniments, arrived there. Riley had begun

life by translating the classical authors for Bohn's Library—work which he told me had brought him from first to last something like £3000; he was now one of the leading authorities on the mediaeval manuscripts and records of Great Britain. History ended for him, he further told me, with the battle of Bosworth Field; "man as we meet him is so vile that if we are to study his history it must be sufficiently far back for the meannesses of his nature to be concealed." In preparation for Riley's arrival I was asked by the College to look through the documents and other papers preserved in the Muniment Room and arrange them in some sort of order for him.

I found the Muniment Room full of early documents, but little care had been taken of them. Riley afterwards calculated that it contained altogether about 30,000 documents, a far larger number than any other similar collection with which he was acquainted. But there were broken panes of glass in the window; a big fire-place and chimney where a fire was never lit but dust and dirt entered freely, and piles of old papers lying thick with dust upon the shelves. Among them were papers of the highest interest, and some which went back to a period before the Norman Conquest. The North-country Fellows of the College seem to have put every scrap of writing that came to them into the Muniment Room, but once there never to have looked at it again. There were letters from Sir Joseph Williamson and Cardinal Pole, Orders from the Parliamentary Commission which sat at Winchester after the capture of Oxford in 1646, including increasingly peremptory commands that the conversation at dinner and on the other public occasions should be in Greek "or at least in Latin," as learned men who had recently come from the Continent had been unable to understand or be understood; an inventory of the plate that was delivered to Charles I. for the necessities of the siege, together with a list of the military posts assigned to the members of the College, and an account of the conversion of the College itself into a military hospital; besides early Computi or bursarial rolls and numerous deeds and similar legal documents, in one of which Richard I. refers to his imprisonment in Germany. The College had been founded by Robert of

Eglesfield, the Confessor of Queen Philippa, who had nothing wherewith to endow it except his living of Brough near Carlisle and a gold-mounted drinking-horn; the Queen, however, came to his assistance, and induced her husband, Edward III., to bestow upon it among other things God's House at Southampton with all its endowments. These included the alien priory of Monk Sherborne, which had been a cell of the abbey of St. Viga at Cerasy in Normandy before the separation of Normandy from France in the reign of John. The result of Edward's gift was that the records and muniments of God's House were transferred to Queen's College, the earliest-known Computi or records of daily expenditure being among them as well as various deeds relating to the mother abbey, and in some cases going back to the tenth century. I made copies of most of the early deeds for Riley, which he published in the Appendix of the Fourth Report of the Historical MSS. Commission (1874, pp. 451 *seq.*).

All through the winter the siege of Paris and the vain attempts of the French to stem the torrent of German invasion caused all other topics of interest to fall into the background. Riley expressed himself forcibly on the subject. I remember his saying at a luncheon-party where his wife was sitting opposite to him, "Before I would surrender Paris to those rascally Germans I would eat" —looking across to his wife—"yes, I would eat my wife!"

One of my brother-Fellows, Markheim, who had been elected the year after myself, was in Paris with his family throughout the siege, and as soon as it was over he hastened back to College, bringing with him his cat which he had managed to preserve. Puss was a fine Persian, but whether or not it was the result of his sufferings during the siege, he had a very bad temper and so was not popular among Markheim's companions. I owe to Markheim my first introduction to Maspero as well as others of the young scholars and Orientalists of Paris. We were all of us of about the same age, keenly interested in the same subjects, ardent reformers of all things under the sun, and each of us with an organ which we believed was going to revolutionise the

world of learning. In Paris it was the *Revue Critique*, in London the *Academy*.

As soon as the Long Vacation began I went to Munich and put up at the Hotel of the Four Seasons. It was still the period when the fashionable German dinner-hour was one o'clock, and landlord and visitors sat at the same long table. My next-door neighbour was a Baron from a neighbouring castle, who told me that the late proprietor of the hotel was a noted connoisseur of wines who had filled his cellars with the rarest and best vintages such as the Kaiser himself did not possess ; that he had died recently, and that his son who had succeeded him was drinking the old wines out as quickly as possible. "And I," he added, "have come to help him. The hock I have before me is more than a hundred years of age and is the last representative of the most famous of hock vintages. Yesterday there were twelve bottles of it in the world, to-day there are eleven. I am unable to drink the whole bottle at dinner and the wine would be spoilt if kept uncorked, so I should be much obliged if you would help me to finish the bottle instead of my leaving it to the waiters." I did so, and found the wine the nectar of the gods such as I have never tasted again. Instead of leaving Munich as soon as I intended I remained till the last bottle was finished.

Before I left I was joined by the Honourable Mr. Grey and his two sons whom I had known in Oxford. We drove together to Ober-Ammergau where the celebrated Passion-play, which had been interrupted by the war the year before, had now been resumed. It was still unspoilt by advertising, excursion trains or tourists ; the good villagers who gave us hospitality refused to take any remuneration, as that would have destroyed the religious merit of their action ; and the play was performed in the open air with the blue sky overhead and the green trees round about the theatre. On the other hand much of the acting was very crude, and the peasant spectators sometimes shocked an educated Northerner's feelings of reverence. They drank beer and sucked oranges, and the throwing down of the bag of shekels by Judas, who was the comic character of the play, was the signal for shouts of laughter. But the *tableaux vivants*

were exceedingly good, and the chorus of angels was impressive.

The performance occupied the larger part of the Sunday, and on the following day we continued our drive through the Tyrol. The country inns were clean and the food simple but excellent; the railways had not yet penetrated the mountains and the flood of tourists was still in the future. We came across fine specimens of old furniture which had made their way from the neighbouring castles to the inns in revolutionary days; in one case there was a magnificent sixteenth-century ebony cabinet inlaid with ivory which Mr. Grey vainly attempted to buy; in another case his chamber utensil was a bowl of pure crystal.

At Salzburg where we rejoined the railway my companions parted from me and I went on to Vienna. The old city-walls had not yet been demolished and the princely buildings of modern Vienna had not yet been erected. Then I proceeded to Buda-Pesth and the great plain of Hungary which was glowing with heat and ripening corn. The farms served also as country inns, and in the evening, after a day of riding or driving, dinner was eaten outside the house under the shade of the trees, listening to the music made by the ever-present gipsies and watching the dances they performed. In return they expected what was left of the bottle of wine, which was both good and cheap but sufficiently strong not to be drunk at a sitting by the ordinary traveller. I wanted to learn something of the Magyar language, as I thought it might help in the decipherment of the early Sumerian language of Babylonia.

My sojourn in Hungary, however, was cut short by an attack of fever, and I thought it prudent to hurry off to Trieste, where I remained till I had shaken it off. Then I took the steamer to Venice, which I saw for the first time under a summer sunrise slowly appearing with its towers and domes out of the blue expanse of the Adriatic. It was a vision never to be forgotten, and the many times that I have since seen the city in the grasp of winter fog and rain, with the gilt, as it were, off the gingerbread, and all things looking desolate and shabby, have never been able to efface it.

After leaving Venice I joined Walter Pater at Verona,

and we paid visits together to Padua and Mantua. In fact the object of his journey to Italy this particular summer was to study the paintings of Mantegna at the latter city. Then I went to Brescia and the Italian lakes, and finally found myself at Geneva, where I had arranged to meet Dr. Appleton, the editor of the *Academy*.

The Alpine Club had just started a hotel at Chamonix, which they had placed under the management of one of their guides, from whom it took its name of the Hôtel Couttet (as it was then written). Here we established ourselves along with Leslie Stephen and Miss Thackeray. The only other lady in the hotel besides Miss Thackeray was an American, who had married a Frenchman named Louvrier. He and his wife had been in Paris during its siege by the Germans and the Communist terror, and they had come to Switzerland for change and rest. On their way to Chamonix the unfortunate husband had been kicked in the stomach by a mule, and had been carried into the nearest hotel, which happened to be the Couttet, where he was lying in a precarious condition. At the *table d'hôte* the two ladies were placed opposite one another at the head of a long table, the rest of which was occupied by about thirty gentlemen. The first evening we were there we heard Madame Louvrier saying in a strident voice to Miss Thackeray, "Ah, my poor husband! he is lying upstairs just like a baby. He has been kicked in the entrails by a jackass!"

I had promised to go back to Paris with Bathe, but on returning to Geneva received what proved to be erroneous information that he was going by way of Metz and had already started. Accordingly I followed as I supposed in his track, hoping to overtake him at Metz. The journey proved a fatiguing one. The railway line had not been restored beyond Belfort, and there consequently we were all turned out of the train, and had to find what accommodation we could in the neighbouring hotel. There was still a large hole in the wall of my bedroom which had been made by a German shell and had not yet been repaired. The food was more than indifferent, but it was compensated by plentiful supplies of excellent champagne which had been left behind by the Germans and could be bought for a few francs. The

following day I took a carriage for the nearest point at which the line was in working order, and eventually reached Metz, after seeing Gravelotte with its clusters of newly made graves. Metz had not yet recovered from the effects of the siege; it was exceedingly dirty and the rooms were swarming with vermin.

At Oxford I was now a College tutor. We had experienced a sudden shock in the death of one of my colleagues, Richard Robinson. Robinson had been a special friend of mine; he had been one of the members of the Oxford Anthropological Society and had been elected to a Fellowship at Queen's three years before myself. Though not yet thirty years of age he had amassed a prodigious amount of learning, especially as regards the social history of Great Britain in the Georgian era; in fact few men had so extensive a knowledge of the pamphlets and similar literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. His death was a loss to history; as Mark Pattison wrote: "What knowledge has perished with him!" The tutorship which fell vacant in consequence of it was offered by the Provost to me.

I was now at work on my first book, a *Comparative Grammar of the Assyrian Language*. I wrote to Trübner asking him to publish it, which he agreed to do, and a warm friendship grew up between us which continued to his death. His hospitable house in St. John's Wood, where I often stayed, was the resort of the leading Orientalists, British and foreign, as well as of most other students of language. Mrs. Trübner was intimate with George Eliot, and I was thus brought into contact with the Leweses. About this time Appleton moved to London and settled on Hampstead Heath, as he found it difficult to carry on his editorial work in Oxford, and when not staying with Trübner I generally, if in London, enjoyed the hospitality of his comfortable "cottage," which was also a gathering-place for the leading writers of the day. The Holidays and Du Mauriers were his near neighbours, and I once excited Mrs. Du Maurier's reproaches by bringing back with me from the London shops a railway rug of bright mauve colour, which, however, has since been of considerable use to me, as I can always track the porter who carries it in the midst of the densest crowd. I well remember

the big Newfoundland dog which appears in some of the pictures of *Punch*.

My *Comparative Assyrian Grammar* was published in 1872. Meanwhile I was beginning to be a weekly contributor to the New York *Independent*, and not long afterwards became also a contributor to the *Times*. Chenery, the Lord Almoner's Professor at Oxford, was at this time the editor of the *Times*, and the amount of space allowed to articles on Semitic subjects was generous.

A few Oxford scholars—D. B. Monro of Oriel, Tozer of Exeter, and five or six more—who were interested in philology now formed a small society, which met once a week in one another's rooms to listen to lectures, or rather papers, read by the members to each other. Each member in turn occupied a term with the subject he had chosen. In my own case the result was my *Principles of Comparative Philology*, which Trübner offered to publish, and the first edition of which accordingly appeared in 1874. In it I challenged some of the prevalent dogmas of comparative philology, and in the last chapter insisted on the importance of what I called the principle of analogy. Under the title of assimilation this was afterwards taken up by Brugmann, Osthoff and others, and has become one of the corner-stones of linguistic science. It has long since been recognised that assimilation is an even more potent principle of linguistic change than phonetic decay. One of the results of the publication of the book was a friendship with Sir Henry Maine, into whose hands a copy of it had fallen. He was much interested in what he was pleased to call its "new range of vision."

In the summer of 1872 my friend Mr. Geldart asked me if I could accompany him to Karlsbad, to which he had been ordered by his doctor. I found Karlsbad somewhat depressing. The town lies at the bottom of a sort of crater, from which the vapour of its hot baths rises into the air like a cloud of smoke. Pritchard, our Oxford Professor of Astronomy, was taking the waters there that summer, and when I asked him afterwards how he liked the place, his reply was, "It is the devil's cauldron, inhabited by the children of Belial." It seems that his relations with the landlady of his lodgings had not been altogether satisfactory.

Pritchard was famous for his girth, which was immense. When Professor Sylvester, the mathematician, was tempted over to Oxford from America, both he and Pritchard were made Fellows of New College. Sylvester was an eminent mathematician, but he prided himself, not upon his mathematical attainments, but upon his poetical powers. He had a theory that poetry was a form of mathematics, and that he was its destined reformer; with this in view, therefore, he wrote sonnets, the words and lines of which were intended to illustrate his mathematical principles. On one occasion while dining at the high table in New College he told Pritchard, who was sitting near him, that he had just been composing a sonnet in his honour which he intended to publish shortly, and which began with the line, "Dome-like thyself, thou dwellest in a dome," the dome being that of the University Observatory in the Parks One summer morning Thorold Rogers when passing Pritchard's gate found the Professor standing there reading the *Times*. "Here," said Pritchard, holding out the paper, "is a laudatory article upon myself." "Been buttering you, have they?" shouted Rogers. "The less *you* have of that, I think, the better."

During our stay at Karlsbad I left Geldart for a week in order to pay a visit to Prague, and rejoined him in time to start for the Upper Engadine, where he was to undergo his "Nachkur." At that time Samaden and St. Moritz were the only two localities where there were hotels; Pontresina was hardly more than a name and the railway came to an end at Chur. The inhabitants had a saying, "Engadina, terra fina, se non fosse la pruina," and I found it true to my cost, for I had not been at Samaden more than a couple of weeks when lung-trouble obliged me to descend hurriedly to Chur and amuse myself there with the early ecclesiastical vestments preserved in the Cathedral until Geldart was able to join me. Then we set out to Paris, which was still scarred with the marks of the Commune. The blackened ruins of the Tuileries rose to the west of the Louvre; the Rue Royale had not yet been rebuilt, and the Hôtel de Ville on the southern side of the Seine was a tenantless waste. So, too, was the Bois de Boulogne. On our way to England we rested for awhile at Amiens.

After 1872 I found myself a good deal in London. Now and then I stayed with Appleton at Hampstead, and on one of these occasions Don Pedro II., the Emperor of Brazil, arrived in London, and Sir Joseph Hooker gave a garden-party in his honour at Kew, to which I was invited. The Emperor, whose zeal for knowledge, and more especially for copies of scientific papers, was insatiable, was talking to me about Assyrian discoveries when Professor Clifford strolled up and was introduced. "I hope to visit your Museum soon," said the Emperor. "I shall be very pleased to see your Majesty there, provided you do not come at seven o'clock in the morning," was Clifford's reply. A day or two previously the Emperor had knocked at the gates of the British Museum at that hour and was much astonished to find there was no one there to receive him.

Many years later, after Sir Joseph's retirement, he was dining with me at Oxford, and remarked that "you can always know your age by looking at the obituary column in the *Times*. When you are young you can read it with indifference; then comes a time when every day you see a familiar name, and that means you are middle-aged. Finally there is a period when you can again read the column with equanimity because all your friends are dead. And that," he added, "is the period of life to which I am now arrived."

Another house which opened its hospitality to me was Abbey Lodge, the residence of Mr. Ernest de Bunsen. Mr. de Bunsen, who had married an English wife (Miss Gurney), was immersed in his Messianic studies; these had led him into the bypaths of chronology and the origin of the zodiac, and so interested him in Assyrian decipherment and the newly founded Society of Biblical Archaeology. Abbey Lodge stands in Regent's Park, and on coming down to breakfast on the first occasion of my visits to it (in 1873) I could not help noticing on the table a glass butter-dish filled with something that was inky-black. "Ah," said Mrs. de Bunsen, "I see that you are looking at our honey. Our bees used to feed on the flowers in the Zoological Garden, but lately they have taken to feeding on those in our own garden, with the result that you see. But I can assure you that though the honey is black, it has the ordinary taste."

During the Franco-German war De Bunsen had volunteered for service on the hospital staff, and was lodged in the house of a French lady. The Frenchwoman supposed him to be English, and became extremely confidential. One day, however, a member of the Prussian staff arrived and claimed him as a countryman. "Surely he is not a Prussian?" asked the Frenchwoman anxiously. "Yes, madame," was the reply. "Peste!" exclaimed the Frenchwoman and rushed away, never coming near De Bunsen again. His duties at the Berlin court necessitated his being in Berlin from time to time, and on one of these occasions (about 1890) he wrote to me: "Protestantism in Germany is dead. The only form of religion which has any vitality in it is Catholicism."

Through the De Bunsens I came to know Dean Stanley and Sir Charles Nicholson, whose house, the Grange, at Totteridge was full of sculptured and inscribed stones from Asia Minor—afterwards for the most part lost in the disastrous fire which destroyed the Grange—as well as of the residue of his Egyptian collection, the greater part of which he had given to the Museum at Sydney. A large portion of the collection had been excavated by himself at Memphis.

Mr. Henry de Bunsen, my host's younger brother, was in Anglican Orders, and a devoted friend and admirer of the Dean of Westminster. He held the living of Donnington, and I remember his telling me how that upon his returning to it from his last holiday the principal farmer in the parish had informed him that during his absence an "idolatrous ram" had been erected there, by which he meant an hydraulic ram. I had once, when a small boy, seen the famous Baron von Bunsen, the father of my friends, and I have an indistinct recollection of the Prussian ambassador as a little man with a big round head and bristly hair that stood up over it.

CHAPTER V

THE MEDITERRANEAN AND THE CARLISTS

In 1872 as soon as the Michaelmas term was over, J. S. Cotton, who had been elected to a Fellowship at Queen's College, and I went off to Rome and Sicily—"two hare-brained fellows," one of our colleagues said, "who might be expected to be next heard of in Central Africa." It was our first visit to Italy. Pusey travelled part of the way in the same train as ourselves, but for ascetic reasons he chose to go third-class, and his poor lame son, Philip, whom he took with him, had more than enough to do in looking after his father's needs.

Before I was awake the morning after our arrival in Rome, I had a visit from the Chevalier Parker, the famous Oxford publisher, who was at the time carrying on some of his excavations among the ruins of the ancient city. As he was shown into my bedroom while I was still in bed my visitor was naturally a little embarrassed. Vaux, the numismatist, had given me a letter of introduction to Arthur Severn, who occupied a flat over the Fountain of Trevi. I saw a good deal of him while I was in Rome, but had considerable difficulty in getting him to talk about Keats; he preferred to talk about Shelley and still more about his "dear old friend" Pio Nono, and more especially the brief period when after the occupation of Rome by the Garibaldian troops he himself had acted as British Consul and representative of the British Government. The fact was that Severn was now an old man and his memories of that portion of his life when he was the companion of Keats had become faint.

The capture of Rome by La Marmora, he informed me, had been planned long before in Lord Palmerston's Cabinet

in London ; a favourable opportunity only was wanting, the other European powers remembering that the outbreak at Rome started the revolutionary troubles of 1848. The slight resistance made to La Marmora was due to the fact that he was backed by the moral forces of England, and telegrams were passing every ten minutes between Severn and the Home Government, encouraging the assailants in every possible way.

From Rome Cotton and I went to Naples, where it was still the fashion to make an *al fresco* lunch off oysters at the stalls of Santa Lucia, regardless of microbes or typhoid fever. The oysters were sold at a *lira* a dozen, and were opened and dipped in lemon while the customer stood at the stall and consumed them. Vesuvius had but recently been in eruption, and when we made the ascent of it the lava-stream was still smoking, with the charred stump of a tree or the blackened walls of a cottage protruding from the middle of it. The ascent of the cone was particularly fatiguing, as it was knee-deep in loose ashes, and for every step forward we seemed to take two steps back.

At Naples we met Winterbottom, an Under-Secretary of State in the Liberal Cabinet, who died a year afterwards at Rome. He and Cotton were one day discussing the proposed " Spoliation " of the Universities on the part of the Government, when Cotton instanced the City Companies, with which no one attempted to interfere. To this Winterbottom replied, " They have more wisdom than Oxford or Cambridge ; let them become Conservative and they would soon be seen to be an abuse."

One of our expeditions was to Paestum, where we feasted our eyes for the first time on a Greek temple. The expedition occupied three days and was accompanied by a spice of adventure. There was no railway in those days, a good part of the road had to be traversed on horseback ; it was not long after an English artist had been captured and held to ransom by the brigands, and we were not allowed to leave Naples, or rather Salerno, except in charge of an armed escort. Our food had to be taken with us, and our sleeping quarters were in a deserted hut. But the temples of Paestum as we then saw them made amends for all discomforts. They arose in

all their beauty out of a jungle of weeds and brushwood, silent and solitary, beyond the reach of human habitation and life. When I saw Paestum again a few years later I wished I had allowed my old impressions of it to remain undisturbed. Now I was carried by train from La Cava; there was a restaurant and station just outside the walls of the ancient city, all greenery had been cut away so that everything looked spick and span, the temples were imprisoned within walls where *custodi* stood demanding a fee, and the visitor was pestered by hawkers of picture-cards and forged coins. Verily the romance has died out of the world!

The steamer carried us to Messina, and from thence we made our way slowly to Syracuse. Syracuse still lay beyond the round of the tourist, and the primitive hotel housed us in a palatial room, the size of which was rendered the more striking by the diminutive proportions of two bedsteads and a washstand, the only pieces of furniture it contained. We spent a very enjoyable time, however, at Syracuse, of which I gave an account in the *Fortnightly Review* along with copies of the enigmatical characters incised on the walls of the rock-chambers of Epipolae.

Owing to blood-feuds and maffeism we could not get any one to take us from Syracuse into the interior of the island, and accordingly went on board a small coasting-steamer which landed us at Porto Empedocleo, whence we walked up the cliff to Girgenti. Girgenti was a good deal more primitive than Syracuse, and wherever we went we were followed by an admiring but orderly crowd of men and boys. Penetrating into the interior proved to be as impossible at Girgenti as it was at Syracuse; to Syracuse, therefore, we returned, intending to take the steamer from thence to Malta and Tunis and so visit the ruins of Carthage.

The steamer arrived early in the morning of the day after our return. I came into the breakfast-room before my companion, and there found a young midshipman who had just come by it from Malta and was hurrying back to England in consequence of his father's death. He knew my naval brother, and we had a long conversation, in the course of which he told me that his ship had been stationed for some weeks at the Piraeus, and that he had found Athens a

very delightful place. When Cotton appeared, therefore, I said to him, "We will not go to Carthage, but to Athens." "All right," he replied; "then we must return to Messina"; which we did forthwith. There we found a cargo-boat bound for the Piraeus, on which we were allowed to take our passages on payment of £10 each. The only cabin at our disposal was of the most diminutive size, and neither in it nor elsewhere in the ship was there any provision for washing, so we arrived at our destination in a fine state of dirt. As for the food, the less said about it the better; but there was a plentiful supply of good marsala on board, and we had provided ourselves with a tin or two of biscuits. The worst part of the boat, however, was that it floated on the water like a cork, there being no cargo on board, and unfortunately the mouth of the Adriatic is not the most placid of seas in the winter months. Our feelings may be divined, therefore, when we saw the Acropolis rising up against the starry sky about six o'clock one morning; soon afterwards we were rowed ashore, and our portmanteaux laid on a piece of bare rock that served as a Custom-house. Presently the Custom-house officers appeared on the other side of them; we stood looking at one another for a minute or two, and then by mutual understanding some coins were transferred to the hands of the officials, and we were allowed to hail a carriage, place our luggage on it and drive off to Athens.

At the Hôtel des Étrangers a bath and a good breakfast made us forget the troubles of the voyage. At the *table d'hôte* lunch my next neighbour was a young Greek who spoke English fluently, and offered to show us some of the sights of the city. It was Mr. Gennadios, since so well known to the English world, but not as yet in the diplomatic service, and a very efficient guide he proved. Some years later (in 1879) I was able to return the compliment at Oxford, where he was spending the week-end with the Pattisons. At that time he was the Greek *chargé d'affaires* in London, and the newspapers happened to have been full of a visit of the Shah of Persia to Europe. Gennadios told me that a few weeks previously he had been at a dinner at the Mansion House. The servant who announced the guests to the Lord Mayor asked him his name. "The *chargé d'affaires* of

Greece," replied Gennadios. "I beg your pardon, sir," said the man. Gennadios repeated his title, whereupon the servant, after looking puzzled for a minute, announced him as "the Shah of Greece."

Gennadios was not the only sufferer on such occasions. When Schuvalof was Russian ambassador he attended a dinner at the Mansion House just at the time when there were somewhat strained relations between the British and Russian Governments, and when he was introduced as "Count Shovel-off" he was inclined at first to regard it as an intentional insult. But he was soon consoled by finding that the Austrian ambassador, Count Beust, was introduced as "Count Beast," and the German ambassador, Count Münster, as "Count Monster."

Athens, as Cotton and I saw it, was still Greek, and the shadow of Bavarian misrule had not altogether vanished. The Greeks still distinguished Greece from "Europe"; the fez was the common head-dress, and the fustanella was constantly seen in the streets. There was, in fact, little communication with Western Europe, except through the *Messageries* steamers which stood for a couple of hours off the Piraeus during their fortnightly voyages between Marseilles and Constantinople. Their arrival was always a matter of uncertainty, and when we left Athens we had to spend a couple of nights waiting for the steamer in an indifferent inn at the Piraeus, unable to take off our clothes. When the vessel eventually turned up, it was about one o'clock in the morning.

Northern Greece, and more especially Attica, was still overrun by brigandage. One of our expeditions was to Marathon, but the Government would not let us start without an escort of thirty soldiers. I remember thinking that their muskets as we clambered up through the brushwood of Pentelikon looked as if they would be more dangerous to us than any number of hypothetical brigands. One morning we took a walk to the hill of Kolonos, then separated from the city by some fields. On our return to the hotel we found the whole place in a state of uproar. In the course of the afternoon instructions arrived both from the Greek Government and from the British Legation that we were not to

venture again by ourselves beyond the precincts of the city. In later days when I came to know Athens as well as I knew Oxford, when Kolonos had been absorbed into a suburb of the town and Attica was as safe and " civilised " as Middlesex, it was as difficult for me to realise the conditions of 1873 as it was for a Londoner to realise what Blackheath and its highwaymen were like in the early years of the nineteenth century.

The Peloponnesus, however, had already been reduced to a state of order, though as yet no carriage roads had been constructed in it, and we were allowed to travel in it without let or hindrance. It was now that I had my first sight of Tiryns and Mykenae. When I returned to Oxford, I did my best to persuade my friends there to subscribe money for their excavation. But I preached to deaf ears. Archaeology still meant little more than discussion as to the attribution of Greek statuary and the comparative merits of classical works of art. Scientific excavation or a realisation that the classical age of Greece was but a renaissance still lay in the future.

My voyage " back to Europe " was unfortunate, as I caught a chill just before leaving Greece, which developed into an attack of jaundice before we reached Marseilles. My journey from Marseilles was therefore a miserable one; there were, of course, no sleeping cars, and we had to cross the Channel at night. By the time we arrived at Oxford I was fit only to go to bed, where I remained for two or three weeks in the doctor's charge. But those weeks were memorable to me, for they brought me François Lenormant's *Études accadiennes*, a systematic grammar and exposition of the Accadian (that is Sumerian) language of ancient Babylonia, based upon my article in the *Journal of Philology*. I thus found myself not only suddenly famous, but also acquired a friendship which I valued much more. Lenormant was one of the most learned, brilliant and versatile scholars of the day, and Assyriology owes him a very large debt. His loss to learning was great. He died at a comparatively early age, hounded to his death by German jealousy. He had been wounded in the siege of Paris, but the wound had healed, and when I first knew him he was a big, burly man, apparently in

the rudest health. I last met him in Magna Graecia, where he was collecting materials for an exhaustive work on the ancient cities of the locality, which he was destined never to complete. The hardships of travel re-opened the wound, and the moment was chosen by the younger Semitic students of Germany, who had neither his learning nor his abilities, to launch a campaign of calumny and abuse in which he was accused of scientific dishonesty. They attained their end, and were left free to plunder his works and appropriate his discoveries.

Before the Lent term was over my eyes had completely broken down, and it was with considerable difficulty that I managed to get through the necessary duties of my tutorship during the term that followed. As soon as it was over I left England for St. Jean de Luz. My friend, Mr. Wentworth Webster, had married a German lady and was now Chaplain there. His duties were light, his congregation numbering about twenty only, and as he wished to see his father in Wiltshire I agreed to take his place during the summer months. The last Carlist war, so-called, was going on at the time, and St. Jean de Luz was filled with the correspondents of the London newspapers, who, however, seldom patronised the Church services.

It was really neither a war nor a struggle on behalf of Don Carlos. The Basques were fighting for their *fueros* or privileges of which the Madrid Government wished to deprive them, and the fighting was of a purely guerilla character. The Spanish Basques only were supposed to take part in it, but as a matter of fact their brethren on the French side of the frontier were almost as active as themselves. During the three months that I was in that part of the world there was a good deal of fighting, but except where the attacking party had the advantage of shelter, the forces on the two sides were careful not to approach too near to one another, so that in spite of the amount of ammunition that was expended the casualties were exceedingly few. Most of the killed were shot in cold blood after being taken prisoners. Among the few who were killed in fair fight were two Irishmen; one was killed outright, the other was brought in dying, and as he was a Protestant though fighting on the

Carlist side, I was called upon to bury him. I can never forget the scene : it was in a little village in the wilds of the Pyrenees, and as he had been a Carlist officer he was not only allowed to be buried in the village churchyard, but the Basque curés from far and near came to the funeral. One fat old curé held an umbrella over my head while I read the Anglican service, in which they seemed deeply interested.

I had rather a startling experience of the ways and wiles of the newspaper correspondent. As I was passing through the market one morning a great uproar was going on ; the voices of the Basque peasants were raised in angry controversy and they seemed inclined to fly at one another's throats. Capt. C., the correspondent of the *Standard*, happened to join me, and as he knew no Basque asked me to discover what was the matter. I found that a woman had started that morning from the neighbourhood of San Sebastian with a donkey-cart containing 16,000 sardines. On her way to the French frontier the cart, donkey and sardines had been commandeered by some Carlist soldiers, and she had arrived at St. Jean de Luz in a state of frenzy. There while her friends had taken her part, the Carlist sympathies of the crowd had caused most of them to find excuses for the robbery : hence the disturbance. " Good ! " said Capt. C., " I must telegraph home." So off we went to the telegraph office at the railway station, where he concocted a telegram to the effect that a great battle had been fought in which 16,000 prisoners had been taken. The prisoners were the sardines.

A little later, with two French companions from Bayonne, I made an expedition to the chief Carlist camp, which was at the time under the command of an ex-priest who had the reputation of being exceptionally cruel. On our way back to France the illness of one of them obliged us to spend a day in the village where we had stopped for the night. I learned that its name was Bidarray, and that brought to my recollection a curious story I had been told about a survival of phallic worship in a village of that name. With a little difficulty we extracted the information that there was a very holy " Saint " on the summit of a mountain not far off, to whom the Basque women made pilgrimages when they

wanted to obtain offspring, and with still greater difficulty we secured a guide. Leaving our sick friend behind, accordingly, we made our way over some rough mountain paths, which involved wading through two streams and climbing up to a considerable height, and arrived about noon in front of a shallow cavern in the limestone rock. Facing the entrance was a large stalagmitic formation in the shape of a phallus. This was the Saint! The women, we were informed, rubbed themselves against it, and "the Saint" had far-reaching powers. The last "foreigner" who had visited it was a Frenchman, who had insulted it—or him—by an indecent act, the result being that he was found dead in his bed next morning. And this primitive worship was still going on in 1873 within measurable distance of Paris and Madrid! At another village on St. John's Eve a basket-work figure was constructed filled with live snakes, straw and other inflammable materials. These were set on fire, and as the snakes darted their heads out through the interstices of the basket-work in their attempts to escape the fire, the peasants danced round the figure. It offered a curious analogy to the similar figure which the Druids were said to have erected every year and filled with human victims who were burnt to death like the serpents in Basque-land.

At St. Jean de Luz a bonfire was made on St. John's Eve just outside the western entrance of the Cathedral, in the centre of which a fir tree was planted. After a service in the Cathedral the priests left the Church, followed by the Mayor and Corporation with lanterns in their hands, and after walking round the bonfire once or twice, one of the officiating priests pronounced some words which I could not catch, and the pile was set on fire Then came a rush on the part of the spectators, who seized the burning brands and carried them off to their homes. There they marched with them round the house in the belief that it would thus be protected from witches and witchcraft for the rest of the year. At Ciboure on the south side of the river the gipsy population suspended greased pigskins from the trees in the public garden, ropes being stretched from one tree to another, and the skins were then set on fire.

Before leaving St. Jean de Luz I paid a visit to M. Antoine

d'Abbadie in the beautiful château he had built above Hendaye. Owing to a quarrel, however, with the municipal authorities there was no road to it, and my luggage had accordingly to be carried up the hill on men's backs. D'Abbadie was proud of his old Basque ancestry; but the scientific world knew him as an Abyssinian explorer and Ethiopic scholar. He had spent thirteen years in Abyssinia, where he came to know most of the languages and dialects spoken there, and where also he acquired the famous collection of Ethiopian MSS. which he bequeathed to the Bibliothèque Nationale. As I was at the time meditating a new edition of the Book of Enoch, and the collection contained several unpublished copies of the work, I spent many hours in the spacious library. During the long period of his travels in Abyssinia and the neighbouring regions he lost all touch with Europe, and his mother sent a younger brother to discover whether he were alive or dead. But the brother followed his example and no letters from him reached France.

The whole interior of the château was reminiscent of its owner's travels. One of the rooms was decorated in close imitation of a room in the palace at Teheran, and the walls of the hall and staircase were frescoed with representations of scenes in Africa at which he himself had been present. Connected with the château was an observatory, for D'Abbadie was an astronomer as well as a linguist. One of the telescopes in the observatory was pointed to the summit of the Pic du Midi, and as the château intervened between it and the object towards which it was directed a pipe-like aperture was run through the whole length of the building. In the middle of the observatory was a quicksilver well, for the purpose, as D'Abbadie expressed it, of recording "microscopic earthquakes." D'Abbadie had an extraordinary power of learning to speak other languages, derived, he maintained, from his Irish mother: only once, he told me, had the power failed. He was visiting Brazil, and on the voyage had beguiled the time by studying the Portuguese grammar and dictionary. After a few weeks' residence in Brazil he found that his valet was beginning to chatter Portuguese fairly fluently, whereas he himself was making little progress. "How is it," he asked, "that you have

managed to pick up Portuguese so quickly, while I am still so backward in spite of the books I have been studying ?" "Perhaps it is just on account of the books," said the man. "Perhaps it is," thought D'Abbadie ; so he threw away his books and experienced no further difficulty in learning to speak the language of the country.

At the beginning of September my old Oxford friend, F. W. Percival, joined me, and we went, first to Lourdes, and then to the various summer resorts of the Pyrenees. An aristocratic pilgrimage, which was really a thinly veiled Legitimist demonstration, was taking place at the time, and it was taken for granted that we also were adherents of Henri V. and prepared for anything that would subvert an anti-clerical Republic.

Before we left the Pyrenaean region we turned out of the road in order to visit St. Bertrand de Comminges. The town stands in a beautiful position, within the walls of the old Roman citadel, and the view from the cloisters of the Cathedral is well worth the trouble of a visit. But my particular object in visiting the place was to see the dragon which St. Bertrand had slain, and which now hangs on the western wall of the Cathedral. It is, of course, a small crocodile, brought from Egypt in the days of the Crusades. A similar dragon formerly adorned the walls of Amboise. Most of the carved screens in the villages of the island of Rhodes are adorned with a representation of a famous French knight of Rhodes, Dieudonné by name, who was credited with having slain a dragon, the skin of which was hung on the walls of Amboise, where it remained till the walls were destroyed in the time of Louis Philippe. The representation goes back to the Roman age in Egypt when it became the fashion to symbolise the overthrow of evil by good by a picture of the god Horus spearing a crocodile—a symbol of the evil one—while standing over him. When Egypt was Christianised Horus naturally became St. Michael or St. George.

The old and picturesque city of Carcassonne was another object of our travels. It was still the embattled city of the age of the Black Prince, the new town outside the walls being as yet in embryo, and the only inn the place possessed was

unspeakably dirty. Even a cup of coffee was not procurable in it, and when my companion appeared in the morning after a night of suffering he was hardly recognisable. The townspeople averred that their city had once been governed by a giant named Carcas who erected a bell in the Cathedral (!), called accordingly after him, and that when the bell was heard for the first time they all shouted " Carcas sonne ! "—hence the name of the place.

After visiting Narbonne, Nîmes and Arles, and neighbouring places of note, we finally returned to Paris early in September.

Paris was suffering from an epidemic of cholera. The day after my arrival I called on the Masperos, and was shocked to learn that Madame had died of the cholera an hour or two previously. She was an Englishwoman, and the mother of the Tonquinese scholar Henri Maspero. A few years later Maspero married again, this time a French wife, whose eldest son, Jean, was one of the most promising of Byzantine and Coptic scholars, and alas, one of the early victims of the war.

I struggled as best I could through the Michaelmas Term of 1873, and as soon as the Christmas vacation commenced hurried off to Coblenz, where the oculist, Dr. Meurer, had agreed to receive me in his Klinik. It was a miserable time ; the Moselle and even the Rhine were frozen over, and for some weeks I was kept in a dark room, while Meurer examined and experimented upon the eyes and burnt the lids with lunar caustic. I shall never forget the spectacle presented by the old bridge across the Moselle after the thaw took place, the blocks of ice brought down by the current being piled behind it one on the other, till they overtopped the parapet.

While I was at Coblenz I had a curious experience of German martinetism. The officer in command of a regiment which was taken every Sunday to divine service in one of the churches considered that the minister's sermons were too protracted, and accordingly issued an order that they should not exceed twenty minutes. The following Sunday the preacher insisted upon finishing his discourse in spite of the fact that the officer had stood up in front of him holding

an open watch in his hand. He was accordingly brought before the military authorities and reprimanded. The following Sunday he offended again. On this occasion he was fined. Before I left Coblenz he offended a third time, and now he was put into prison.

At last Meurer informed me that he had discovered the cause of the trouble with my eyes, but that there was only one man who could do anything for them, and that was Dr. Liebreich. Liebreich was now settled in London, and to him accordingly I went. As I have already stated, his treatment was a complete success, and thanks to him I have been able to do more work with a pair of imperfect eyes than most people are able to do with a pair of perfect ones.

CHAPTER VI

OLD TESTAMENT REVISION

WITH the spring of 1874 a new life began for me. I had recovered my sight, and could once more mix freely with the world of modern culture. At the Max Müllers' and Pattisons' I met a goodly number of the distinguished men and women of the day, the Max Müllers' house being more especially a gathering-place of Americans and foreigners. It was there that I met Charles Kingsley, whose wife had been a Miss Grenfell and aunt of Mrs. Max Müller. Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," intensely shy, mild-mannered and venerable, with the unmistakable look of a New-Englander, was another acquaintance I made at the Max Müllers' (in 1870), and it was with them that Emerson passed his few days in Oxford during his last visit to England (May 1874). Emerson, tall, slightly stooping and a little deaf, was now old, and to a large extent had lost his memory, and when Max Müller introduced me to him as an Assyriologist he not only took it into his head that Assyria was another name of Persia, but insisted that it was so throughout the evening. In the middle of dinner he interrupted the conversation by asking me across the table if I would describe the throne-room at Teheran. It was in vain that our host assured him that I had never been in Persian lands, and before the evening was over Emerson had asked me the same question again.

Mark Pattison was the recognised leader of a small but increasing number of students who maintained that the primary function of a University as opposed to a school or college was to encourage research rather than success in examinations or in a political or professional life. Know-

ledge was to be cultivated for its own sake, not for that of the honours and emoluments it might bring. It was a new doctrine to a world that was priding itself upon having swept away all the abuses of the past by the simple expedient of competitive examination and by substituting the commercial system of the *bourgeoisie* for patronage and the claims of inheritance.

Pattison was himself more especially a student of the literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, of certain departments of which he possessed a unique knowledge. Late in life, after he had become Rector of Lincoln College, he married Miss Strong, young, worldly-minded and brilliant. She was, in fact, about half his own age, fond of society, but at the same time well-read and herself a student of French art and literature. But it was an ill-matched marriage; fond as he was of his wife, Pattison was too old to divest himself of bachelor habits and idiosyncrasies, and "Mrs. Pat," as her friends used to call her, had married him from ambition rather than from love. He had himself a presentiment of what the result would be. Mrs. Hatch, Dr. Edwin Hatch's wife, told me that one afternoon he called on her, and, with his somewhat hawk-like nose pointing even more than usual towards the earth, began conversation with the words, "Mrs. Hatch, I am a fool." "Oh, Mr. Rector," she replied, "that is impossible." "Yes, I am," he answered, "and what is more, I am an old fool; I have just proposed to Miss Strong and she has accepted me."

Pattison was meticulously careful in all that he wrote, as regards both matter and style. His influence was mainly exercised through his writings; in front of action he was paralysed. In this, as in most other respects, he was the antithesis of Jowett, the Master of Balliol, who was the representative and leader of the opposite party in University politics. For Jowett the University, of which Balliol was the solar centre, was a sort of finishing school, or rather the nursery and stepping-off ground for a career of social or political distinction. Knowledge was desirable only in so far as it enabled a man to "get on in the world." At one of the Balliol wine-parties of the day, some verses, erroneously ascribed to Mackail, were sung which passed in review the

various dignitaries of the College. They began, of course, with the Master :

Here am I ;
My name is Jowett ;
What is knowledge ?
That I know it.

I'm the Head
Of Balliol College :
What I don't know
Isn't knowledge.

When the lines were repeated to Pattison he exclaimed, " How clever the young men are nowadays ! They find out at once what it has taken us years to discover." One of the leading Oxford advocates of the duty of research, and consequently one of Jowett's chief opponents in the Hebdomadal Council, was Professor Rolleston, who remarked to me one day after a stormy meeting of the Council : " It's no wonder that Jowett opposes scholarship and learning. He has never produced anything except his translation of Plato ; and *that* proves his ignorance of Greek."

Jowett, however, in spite of his cherubic features, was shrewd and well acquainted with the ways of the world. On two occasions only have I known of his being nonplussed. On one of these he was staying with one of the Eton Masters, who had invited his boys to breakfast to meet the distinguished guest. Jowett was very silent throughout the meal, as was his wont when not called upon to entertain members of the high official or aristocratic world, and when they rose from the table, one of them—a good-natured fellow and the son of a country squire—thinking that the stranger must have come from the country, and that his silence was due to the fact that the topics of conversation, philosophic and the like, had been above his comprehension, went up to him and said, " It's been very stupid talking, sir, hasn't it ? How are the crops doing in your part of the world ? "

On the other occasion a Balliol undergraduate was laid up with typhoid fever and his sister came to Oxford to nurse him. Jowett kindly offered her a room in his house, and there she remained until her brother was convalescent. On leaving she thanked the Master for his kindness to her and

added that she was emboldened by it to make a further call upon him: "would he marry her?" Jowett got up from his chair, walked up and down the room in an agitated fashion and began to stammer out that it was impossible. But he was much relieved when she went on to explain that what she meant was that she was going to be married in a few weeks' time, and wanted him to perform the ceremony.

Pattison came to me one afternoon in a white heat, the only time, in fact, when I saw him in a state of excitement or temper. There had been a meeting of the Council and an exchange of words on the part of Pattison and Jowett. Jowett, it seems, had gone so far as to say that study for its own sake was a waste of time: "and it was to *me* that he dared to say this," exclaimed Pattison, "yes, to ME!" By that time the movement for the endowment of research was beginning to make some way in the University as well as in the world of letters generally, and at Oxford it became the fashion to classify our friends as either "Researchers" or "Educationalists." Pattison, more especially, was supposed to dream of a University where there were no undergraduates, where the democratic clock was put back, and the endowments all devoted to the advance of science, literature and art. At Lincoln the undergraduates enlivened their wine-parties by singing some verses which began:

> Said the Rector with much candour:
> "If there is a thing I hate,
> 'Tis that pestilential nuisance
> Called an undergraduate."

But, as I have said, the Rector was unfitted by nature to be the leader of a party. The organisation of the movement was undertaken by Appleton, and the *Academy* became its mouthpiece.

I had now, as I have already noted, begun to write for the *Times*. The Editor of the *Times* when my first articles were contributed to it was still Delane, but it was with the Sub-editor, Stebbing, alone that I was brought into contact. Shortly afterwards Delane was succeeded by Chenery, an eminent Arabic scholar, the translator of the Arabic poet Hariri, and Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic at Oxford.

Naturally we became great friends, and naturally also Oriental subjects were allowed a considerable space in the pages of the paper.

I was further busy correcting the proofs of a paper I had sent to the Society of Biblical Archaeology on the astronomy and astrology of the Babylonians. It was the first time that translations had been given of the astronomical or astrological cuneiform tablets from the library of Nineveh, and an attempt made to fix the signification of the technical terms used in them. Dr. Birch, also, the Head of the Oriental department in the British Museum, was starting (in December 1873) the First Series of *Records of the Past* containing translations of Egyptian and Assyrian inscriptions, and a good many of the Assyrian translations were contributed by myself. Every Monday, moreover, after my College lectures of the morning were over, I used to go to London and there lecture from five to six on the Assyrian Grammar and Syllabary, returning to Oxford after a *table d'hôte* dinner at the Savile Club.

Dr. Birch was a Chinese scholar as well as one of the most eminent of Egyptologists. He once said to me that if the traditional reading of the Chinese characters had been lost he did not believe that the decipherment of them would have been possible. The fact that he was himself one of the most acute of hieroglyphic decipherers made his opinion on the point all the more weighty. In 1881 I was lunching with Professor Lepsius at Berlin, and the conversation falling upon Birch he remarked: "When we get an Egyptian inscription of a new class we wait until Birch has deciphered it; then we can proceed to its philological analysis." Birch possessed to the full the old "John Bull" belief in the superiority of England and the English to the rest of the world, and only once in his life did he venture abroad. He was then sent to Rome on Museum business, but finding himself a little out of sorts the morning after his arrival there, he at once repacked his trunk and travelled home. One result of this was an exaggerated scepticism in regard to Egyptian antiquities which he had never seen except in the hands of dealers or the cases of a Museum. He once remarked to me that he doubted the genuineness of "three-

fourths" of even his own British Museum collection of scarabs, and that what he considered one of the most valuable objects in the Egyptian department had been found in a drain in that institution. *Apropos* of this, Rylands, the secretary of the Society of Biblical Archaeology, added that he had always regarded the Museum "as a great institution for the secretion of knowledge."

Birch was fond of discussing politics, more especially the Russian question. He maintained that the British Government ought to make alliance with China and see that its military administration was placed like the Customs under English control. In that case the Russian question would cease to exist. The population of China is inexhaustible, and if properly clothed, armed, fed, drilled and officered would make the best soldiers in the world. Russia would have more than enough to do in looking after its eastern frontiers, and India and Afghanistan would be left to themselves. In all this subsequent history has shown that Birch was right, given the premiss. But unfortunately the Customs and the Army were very different things. England had no excuse, political or economical, for interfering with the military affairs of China, and the Manchu dynasty was still upon the throne with its garrisons of Manchu soldiers distributed through the country and jealous of encroachment upon their privileges.

In the course of the year 1874 the University appointed me its representative in the Old Testament Revision Company. Our sessions lasted for a fortnight each, and we met four times a year in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster. The Chamber had been recently renovated under the auspices of Dean Stanley, and its cedar-wood fittings still retained their scent. Above the fireplace ran a text from Scripture selected by the Dean: "Jerusalem which is above is free." Convocation, it must be remembered, met in the Chamber. It reminded me of an Oxford story about Stanley while he was Professor of Ecclesiastical History. One Long Vacation he found himself the only canon in residence at Christ Church. Goulburn who was in London wrote to ask him if it was necessary for him to come from London to preach in his room at the Cathedral. Stanley telegraphed

in reply: "Hosea vi. 6" (I desired mercy and not sacrifice). When I first became a member of the Revision Company Bishop Thirlwall presided over it, but he died very shortly afterwards and his place was taken by Lord Arthur Hervey, the Bishop of Bath and Wells.[1] A prominent member was Dr. Kaye, narrow, intense, with the temperament of a Torquemada, but withal a good Hebraist of the old school. As an undergraduate he had been an intimate friend of Mark Pattison; then he went to India, and many years afterwards on his return to England he called on the Rector of Lincoln. The interview did not last long, and after he had gone Pattison remarked: "How Kaye has changed!" But it was Pattison who had changed.

Kaye had a living not far from Sanday's, before Sanday came back to Oxford as professor. The first time Sanday met him was at a dinner-party. There was a pause in the general conversation such as not unfrequently took place at those stately ceremonials of the Victorian era, and Sanday was somewhat surprised at seeing Kaye lift up his eyes and exclaim in an uncompromising voice: "The Lord have mercy upon us miserable sinners!"

Dr. Ginsburg, the Massoretic scholar, who used to sit next to me at our sessions, delighted in "making Kaye mad," as he expressed it, in the course of our discussions. On one occasion Kaye left the room, declaring he would never return to us; but night brought with it better resolutions, and he returned next morning with an apology.

Ginsburg, as his name indicates, was originally a Jew, but he became a Christian, took Anglican Orders and married in succession three wives, each, it was said, richer than her predecessor. I knew only the last, who was a very pleasant hostess and a woman of considerable ability. She and her husband were exceedingly hospitable, and had a

[1] Thirlwall nearly ruined his career by a translation of Schleiermacher whose German "neologisms" were regarded with horror by the religious world of Great Britain. An early friend of his whom I met at his house in Pulteney Street, Bath, after his resignation of his bishopric, told me that immediately after his appointment to the bishopric Lord Melbourne sent for him and said: "I have done you a favour by presenting you with a bishopric; now I want you to do me a favour in return." Thirlwall having expressed his readiness to bestow it, Lord Melbourne asked: "Then what the devil made you translate Schleiermacher?"

special liking for episcopal society. Once when I was staying with them in their house near Virginia Water they had a large dinner-party, at which the two Bishops of Winchester and Ely were present as well as Hepworth Dixon. Some dainty dish caused a pause in the conversation, and in the general hush we heard Hepworth Dixon laying down to his neighbour in his oracular voice: "It is a well-known fact that the highest ecclesiastical caste in all countries has always been polygamous."

In his ponderous work on the various readings of the Massora, Ginsburg was assisted by a Hungarian Jew whom Mrs. Ginsburg found somewhat difficult to train to the ways of civilised Christendom. One evening he had accompanied Ginsburg to a bachelors' dinner, and on his hostess asking him next morning if he had enjoyed himself, he replied: "Oh, *so* much! We did smoke all the evening, and there were no ladies there." Ginsburg shared Dr. Johnson's antipathy to Scotchmen—it is said that no Jew can live in Aberdeen—and on one occasion when some obscure point was carried by the votes of the Scotch members, he shouted out, "*You* may call that Scotch theology; *I* call it swindling."

Aldis Wright, the secretary, and Archdeacon Harrison, suavest of men, were, however, always ready to check explosions, and Harrison generally had a fund of stories wherewith to divert the attention of the company. One of them, I remember, related to a chaplain at Christ Church in his early days who invariably substituted "sons of Balliol" for "sons of Belial." Another related to Robert Lowe. The evening before the resignation of the Gladstone Cabinet (in 1874) the Ministers had a farewell dinner together, and Lowe, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, was called upon to say grace. Folding his hands, accordingly, he repeated, to Gladstone's horror: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." It was said of Lowe, by the way, that as an undergraduate at Oxford, his short-sight, occasioned by his albinoism, obliged him to hold his face so close to the examination papers that his nose rubbed out what he had written in a previous line before the ink could dry. But he could make an excellent after-dinner speech; the second-best speech of the kind I have ever heard was made by him at a dinner of the Mercers'

Company; the best speech being one delivered by Lord Granville at one of the dinners of the Royal Academy.

After the establishment of the Old Testament Revision Company the Americans determined that they also would have one of their own, though as the expenses of publication were borne by the presses of Oxford and Cambridge they could do no more than submit suggestions and criticisms to us. They particularly objected to the use of the word "corn," since that signified Indian corn in the United States, and Indian corn was unknown in the West until after the discovery of America. Sometimes, however, their criticisms were less well founded; they wanted us to change, for example, the rendering "these eight did Milcah bear to Nahor," in Gen. xxii. 23, on the ground that it sounded like "did milk a bear."

Besides the Americans the converted Jews in London thought that it was incumbent upon them, too, to form an Old Testament Revision Company, or rather "Association," on the ground that they alone knew how to translate Hebrew properly, and they graciously signified their willingness to co-operate with the official Company. Soon afterwards they sent a specimen of their labours in the shape of a revised version of Genesis, in which it was said that "Isaac went out to botanise in the fields."

I utilised my visits to London for Revision purposes by copying the cuneiform tablets of Assyria and Babylonia in the British Museum, many of which were still uncatalogued. It was a curious sensation, that of cleaning and reading a document which had not been read since the destruction of Nineveh 612 B.C. There was no students' room at the time, and I had accordingly to work in Dr. Birch's room, which was a sort of rendezvous for the orientalists and archaeologists who happened to be in London. One of my most frequent companions was Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch, till lately the Professor of Assyriology in Berlin, who was preparing materials for his Assyrian Dictionary. I had, however, first made his acquaintance in Oxford, where he had called upon me with his mother. After sitting down he began to apologise for interrupting me and said that he wanted to see "Mr. Sayce, the Assyriologist, who had written an Assyrian

Grammar." I had some difficulty in persuading him that I was the man in question. He afterwards told me that he had expected to see a venerable gentleman with a white beard.

Delitzsch was a friend of George Smith, at that time the assistant-keeper of the Oriental department, to whose genius and assiduous labour Assyriology owes so much. Smith was self-taught and had been a printer, but he was one of those men in whom native genius, combined with painstaking work, makes up for the want of education. His salary, however, was small, and he had a large family and a wife who was inclined to spend money, and one day he remarked to me: "A literary man ought never to marry, for in these days it is not allowable to make use of the water-butt."

Smith became known outside the narrow world of Assyriology by a paper which he read before the Society of Biblical Archaeology at the close of 1872 on the Chaldaean Account of the Deluge. The fact that the story of the Deluge as recounted in the cuneiform tablets of Assyria and Babylonia resembled the narrative in Genesis, not only in its main outlines but even in details, came as a shock to the theologically minded public and produced a corresponding sensation. One result was that the *Daily Telegraph*, under the enlightened editorship of Edwin Arnold, sent Smith out to the site of Nineveh to recover—which he did—from the ruins of its library some of the missing portions of the story. This was followed by a renewed interest in Assyrian excavation, and the British Museum was stirred up to send Smith out on its own behalf in the next two years. Just after his return from the *Daily Telegraph* expedition I was in the Museum with Fox Talbot, the inventor of "Talbot type," and one of the pioneers in Assyriology, when Smith was showing us certain tablets he had brought back with him. First a lady visitor and then a gentleman gathered round the case where we were standing. They ventured to ask some questions which Smith answered, and after thanking him were moving away when the lady by a sudden inspiration said: "Are you Mr. Smith?" "My name *is* Smith, Madam," he replied. "What, not the great Mr. Smith?" and they both insisted upon having "the honour of shaking hands" with

him, the poor man, small, shy and modest, blushing meanwhile to the roots of his hair.

Smith died while on the way home from his third expedition to the site of Nineveh. He had not been as successful as usual with his excavations that winter, and friction had arisen between himself and his men. He was, moreover, troubled with dysentery, but an exaggerated sense of duty towards the British Museum made him hurry home when quite unfit to do so, and he died on the way in a peasant's hut near Aleppo. That very afternoon Delitzsch, while returning through Oxford Street, from the British Museum to his lodgings, suddenly heard the voice of George Smith calling to him by name, and in the belief that it was really his friend who had returned unexpectedly to London, he spent some time in searching the crowd around him. Next morning he told Dr. Birch of the occurrence, which had naturally affected him much.

Somewhere about this time Dean Stanley was once more permitted to preach in the University pulpit at St. Mary's, and all the Oxford world went to hear him. His sermons were always at once scholarly and eloquent, intellectual treats, in fact, to those who heard them. The second sermon of his which I heard was characteristic. It was preached on Trinity Sunday, and the Dean took as his text: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one God." In the course of it he described "the typical Christian," and gave as his examples "Socrates and St. Paul, Spinoza and St. Francis, Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott." But in certain respects he was singularly naïve: Goldwin Smith's well-known parody of a Newdigate prize-poem on Nebuchadrezzar's grass-eating adventure,

> The King surveyed the unwonted food,
> And said, It may be wholesome but it is not good,

was invented for Stanley's benefit in the University College Common Room, and Stanley's reply was: "Well, after all, the lines are not so bad." Stanley's handwriting, however, was so bad that he could not always read it himself, and he once told me that his sermons in Westminster Abbey were usually written out for him by his wife. On one occasion

Dean Burgon received a note from him which really contained an invitation to dinner; Burgon, however, could not read it and solved the difficulty by replying: "Many thanks for your note. Come and dine with me this evening."

Stanley was nervously afraid of sitting in wet shoes. Upon entering his stall at Westminster one Sunday he found his boots were soaking, and, accordingly, under the shelter of his surplice, pulled them off. At the end of the service he tried to get them on again, but the task was a difficult one, as they had shrunk considerably. Choir and congregation waited and wondered why the Dean was so long absorbed in prayer. He meanwhile, with his head enveloped in his surplice, was tugging at his boots, and finally had to limp through the Abbey with one boot half on and the other altogether off.

Ecclesiastically, of course, Burgon and Stanley were the antipodes one of the other, and Burgon, who was the vicar of St. Mary's, was one of those who protested against Stanley being allowed to preach there. Tall, black-haired and dark-featured like his Smyrniote mother, intensely narrow and full of sternly repressed emotion, he would have made an ideal Torquemada had there been a Spanish Inquisition over which to preside. As the hour-long University sermons preceded the parochial service at St. Mary's he mercifully allowed no more than five minutes for what he called his sermonettes, but into them he poured the essence and the vitriol of an extended discourse. Shortly after the institution of a School Board Miss Smith, Professor Henry Smith's sister, was elected a member of it: this was particularly obnoxious to Burgon who in his next sermon preached on the visit of the angels to Abraham. "And where was Sarah," asked the preacher, looking intently at Miss Smith who sat just below him; "why, where she ought to have been—*in the tent*." Another object of his dislike, and not altogether undeservedly, was the new lectionary. When the first Sunday came on which its use was prescribed, he concluded the first lesson with the words: "Here ends the First Lesson; though why it should end here I'm sure I can't tell."

As an undergraduate Burgon had seen a good deal of

Dr. Routh, the centenarian President of Magdalen, for whom he had an unbounded feeling of respect and reverence. After taking his degree and before leaving Oxford he asked Routh to give him some piece of parting advice which he might treasure up for ever. Routh told him to come to him again next morning. Burgon was unable to sleep all the night from thinking of the oracle he was to receive, and appeared next morning at the exact moment fixed for the interview. And all that the oracle said was : " Verify your quotations." The last time I saw Burgon was shortly before his death, when he was paying a visit to Oxford. He was sitting on the curb-stone in the High Street, his tall, lanky figure clad in a doctor's gown, and with a group of small children around him.

Routh, of course, I knew only from hearsay, but there were many stories about him when I first came to Oxford. He lived within three months of his hundredth birthday, and would not have died then, it was said, had he not fallen from his library steps when looking for a book. In 1901 I was lunching with Canon Tristram the botanist and Palestine explorer, and we happened to be talking about " links with the past," a subject on which a good many letters appeared about that time in the *Times*. Tristram told me that in his younger days he had been lunching with Routh, another guest being an undergraduate who had recently returned from the Continent. " Yes," said Routh, " I too travelled on the Continent when I was a young man, and I was present at the coronation of the last king of Poland." This would have been Stanislaus II., who was elected king in 1764. " The chair on which you are sitting," added Routh, " belonged to Dr. Parr."

Tristram's story made me look up some of the documents relating to my own family, and I found that here too the links with the past were not numerous. My father was born in 1804, and at the age of seventeen he attended the funeral of my great-grandmother, who was born in the same year as her husband, 1739. As a small boy of seven or eight the latter had been taken to see Lord Lovat, then a prisoner in the Tower, who had been born in the year of the Restoration, 1660. History, in fact, can be handed down through an

astonishingly small number of witnesses, and when the witnesses are illiterate and stationary its fidelity to details is remarkable. I once had a striking testimony to this when I was staying with a friend at Banwell Castle. There was a small Roman speculatory camp on his estate which I induced him to excavate, and he placed the work under the superintendence of his oldest workman, of the name of Drake. After starting the work I had a conversation with Drake, who told me that "a Roman tea-urn" had been found on the spot many years before when he was a boy; and then seeing me looking at Bledon Down, which jutted out into the Bristol Channel some distance off, he added: "They say it had its name from a bloody battle there with the Redshanks." Redshanks was the name given to the kilted Highlanders in the Lowlands, and in Somersetshire it must go back to the time when Welsh raiders came over from the opposite side of the Channel, and still wore the kilt. This takes us back to the twelfth century at the latest.

Routh first started Green's interest in English history. "Johnny Green," as we used to call him, told me that as a boy in Magdalen College School he received a prize upon one occasion. The prizes were given to the boys by Dr. Routh. When Green came up to receive his, Routh said to him: "Boy, shake hands with me." Green did so. Then he said: "Boy, remember that you have shaken hands with a man who has seen Dr. Johnson." Green was so impressed that on his return home he read all he could about Dr. Johnson; this led him to read about Dr. Johnson's contemporaries and eventually English history in general; and "the result has been," he added, "the *Short History of the English People*."

Another story told me by Green was sufficient to make Routh, who was a profound Patristic scholar, turn in his coffin. Green had written an article for *The People's Magazine* in which he stated that the Church of Chrysostom was still the Church of Keble and Selwyn. This article had to pass the approval of certain members of the Committee of the S.P.C.K., and it happened that the printer had transformed Keble and Selwyn into Kubla and Seluina. An eminent Archdeacon to whom the article was referred

returned it with the note: "Every Anglo-Saxon scholar is of course acquainted with the well-known Saints Kubla and Seluina, but would it not be well to explain to the general reader who they are?"

Vaux, the numismatist, who had been Keeper of the Coins at the British Museum, and was in the future to be Secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society, was now living in Oxford, engaged in cataloguing the University collection of coins, and we used to see a good deal of one another. I remember his telling me a story of Thorold Rogers, which was eminently characteristic of the Oxford Professor. A letter which he had sent to the *Times* was left unacknowledged and unprinted. Thereupon Walter, the proprietor, received a note which ended as follows: "You began life, Sir, as a printer's devil; you are fitly ending it as the devil's printer." After this no more letters of Rogers were neglected. Vaux himself was the victim of a pun upon which Isaac Taylor was wont to plume himself. They were sitting next to one another at a dinner at Greenwich, and Vaux took several helpings of soup and fish. Then came an entrée of chops, which he refused. Whereupon Isaac Taylor remarked: "Vox faucibus haesit: Vaux has stuck at chops!"

Appleton and I had planned a tour together during the summer of 1874 in the Orkneys, where Colonel Balfour had asked us to visit him at Shapinsay Castle. I spent a few days with him first of all at Hampstead; and while there lunched one day with the Bishop of St. Asaph. Mrs. Hughes informed me that the previous evening they had been at the Lord Mayor's dinner, where she had sat next to a well-to-do alderman who remarked to her that he "wished he were Archbishop of Canterbury." "Why?" said she. He, thinking that it was Mrs. Tait, the wife of the Archbishop, and that he had "put his foot into it," answered, "Because then I could give large dinners." "Could you not do so now?" said Mrs. Hughes. "No," was the reply; "no private individual can give dinner-parties large enough to allow of turtle soup."

I was retailing this shortly afterwards to the Master of Pembroke College, and he capped it with the story of a lady relative of his who had been invited to a city banquet. Next

to her was a portly citizen who was drinking, or rather devouring, his turtle soup in grim silence. She herself did not like fat, and accordingly had carefully transferred two large pieces of turtle fat to the side of her plate. Suddenly and without a word her neighbour stuck his fork into the two pieces and put them into his mouth. Then, equally without a word, he took out his purse, extracted a half-sovereign, and solemnly laid it by the side of her plate.

Appleton was detained by work at the *Academy* office, and consequently I started for the north without him. On my way I visited some of the English Cathedrals—Peterborough, Ely, Lincoln, York, and Durham. At the latter place I met an American lady, a Miss Prince, who was a friend of T. G. Appleton, Longfellow's brother-in-law, and she repeated to me a remark made to her by him just before she left America: "Enthusiasm is the salt of the earth; fanaticism is the devil's interpretation of it."

I spent a few days at Melrose, and stayed there at the Abbey Hotel, just beyond the ruins of the Abbey. While sitting one evening on a bench outside the hotel I was joined by an American, who told me he was on his road from Edinburgh to Glasgow, but his guide-book had enjoined him to stop at Melrose, and he was accordingly doing so. Presently he happened to look up and see the Abbey. He stared at it for a moment or two, and then turned to me with the remark: "Those ruins are very dilapidated; why doesn't some one repair them?" He evidently had no idea that it was just on account of the dilapidated ruins that the guide-book had advised him to stop at Melrose.

The remark brought to my mind what had been said a summer or two previously by an American lady who was exploring the cloisters of Magdalen College at Oxford with a party of friends. They wandered up one of the staircases and there found an unbarred door opening into rooms occupied by a Fellow who was in residence at the time. Of course they opened the door, and entering the room had advanced to the centre of it before they perceived that the owner was buried in the depth of an armchair in the corner. Thereupon they stopped short, and a lady who was in the

foreground apologised for the intrusion, adding: "I'd no idea these ruins were inhabited."

I spent some time in Edinburgh, where I had never been before, in the hope that Appleton would join me. Robert Louis Stevenson, lanky, young, and as yet unknown to fame, was my cicerone, and a very efficient one he made. Appleton had recommended me to his care with a card of introduction, on which he had written: "Please be very kind to the bearer of this," and very kind he proved to be. But I never met him again. Tired of waiting for my companion I made an expedition to the western Highlands, then went through the Caledonian Canal—where the Falls of Foyers had not yet been drained away by a water company—climbed up to the vitrified fortress of Craig Phadrick above Inverness, where St. Columba had met and converted the Pictish king, and finally found myself at Golspie, at that time the terminus of the railway. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, whom I had met at the De Bunsens', were still in London, but their chaplain, Dr. Joass, was in residence at Dunrobin Castle, a mile or two distant from Golspie, and he showed me all the treasures of the Castle and grounds. A short time previously a neolithic site in the grounds had been partially excavated, and chert knives were still to be found upon it, one or two of which were presented to me. Joass told me that his first visit to the Castle was made when he was a boy, and had little idea that he would ever be a chaplain there. He and his parents were shown over the place by the housekeeper, who eventually took them into a small room opening out upon the main staircase in which one of Canaletto's Venetian pictures was hanging above the mantelpiece. This she pointed out to them, with the further information that it was "called a candle-light picture, because it could best be seen by candle light."

Appleton joined me at Golspie, and we proceeded by coach to Thurso. It was a night journey, and the interior of the coach was small and very hard. Fortunately we were the only passengers, but on arriving at Thurso at half-past five in the morning I felt so stiff and uncomfortable that, instead of going to bed like my companion, I took what I intended to be a short walk. I had not gone far before the

rain came down, and I vainly tried to obtain shelter first at the hotel and then at other houses. Every house was barred and shuttered, and no amount of bell-ringing and knocking could arouse any of the inhabitants from his matutinal slumber. Eventually I discovered an upturned boat, and under it I remained for an hour or two until some of the good people of Thurso began at last to bestir themselves. Since I have lived in Scotland I have learned to understand why late rising is the fashion there.

From Thurso to Stromness we had to go in a very small, very overcrowded, and very unsteady steamer. The only incident of the voyage I remember was the multitude of birds which swarmed over the face of the Hoy cliffs. At Stromness we duly visited the Stones of Stennis and inspected the runic inscriptions left in the ancient tumulus of Maeshow, which the Norse pirates once made their winter quarters. Then we proceeded to Kirkwall, where the Cathedral looked massive and imposing, though the restorer had not yet visited it, and green mould covered the walls and columns of the interior. We left Kirkwall for Shapinsay in a sailing boat early in the afternoon of a cloudless day, and expected to reach the Castle in time for afternoon tea. But in mid-channel a dense fog came on, and after floating about in it for two or three hours we thought it was time to ask the boatman and his boy if we were not near our destination. The reply was that they did not know where we were, and that they were afraid we had been carried out to sea by one of the many strong currents of the channel. Fortunately there was a break in the fog shortly afterwards, which revealed the unpleasant fact that we were drifting on to a reef at the eastern extremity of the island. The boatman, however, now knew where we were, and we were rowed back to Shapinsay, where we arrived late at night, and found our host in a considerable state of anxiety as to our safety.

Over the fireplace in one of the rooms of the Castle where we used to sit after dinner was a contemporary portrait of Milton. Many stories were told at these evening *séances*, of which I remember but few. One of them related to Thackeray. He had said bitter things about Aytoun's literary work, and meeting him one day asked him what was

his opinion about his *Lectures on the Four Georges*, which had just appeared. Aytoun answered: "I think you seem more at home with the four Jameses," with whom Aytoun's poems are chiefly concerned. A short time before our visit the Prince of Orange had been in Shapinsay. On learning there was but one criminal a year in "the county" and but three policemen, he asked: "Have you not a *grande armée*?" "No," replied Colonel Balfour. "Many gensdarmes then?" "No." "How then do you reap your crops?"

Appleton declared that the story of the oracle delivered by Routh to Burgon which I have given above was incorrect, and that it was to Goldwin Smith that "the friendly word of advice" was given, the advice itself being: "Endeavour to attach yourself to a person of position." Probably both versions were equally the invention of an Oxford which was untroubled by examinations or social questions, and so had leisure for the exercise of its imagination. At any rate the story as retailed by Appleton clearly goes back to the advice said to have been given to a young bachelor of arts by Gaisford, the famous Dean of Christ Church: "By all means pursue your study of Greek. It was the language spoken by our Lord; it places you in a position of superiority over those who do not know the language; and a knowledge of it opens the way to places of emolument and dignity."

Another story told us by Appleton was about Green, the historian. He and Appleton were members of an Oxford dining club known as the "Old Mortality," and at one of its dinners Green, on being twitted with having signed the Thirty-nine Articles, retorted: "One kiss does not make a marriage." Appleton also told us a story of John Murray (the Third) while he was still proprietor of the *Academy*. Appleton as editor had published an article in it in which the authorship of the Book of Daniel was ascribed to several different writers. Murray thereupon called upon him in a towering passion and wanted to know how he had "allowed the *Academy* to give its sanction to a distinct breach of copyright!"

Colonel Balfour's garden was protected from the winds by a series of dykes, above the shelter of which no trees could grow. In fact, the only trees I saw in the Orkneys were at

Kirkwall, and how they had managed to grow there no one could say. After spending a few days on Shapinsay we made a tour of the Orkneys under Colonel Balfour's leadership in a small steamer, visiting their ruined castles and early Keltic churches, their brochs and other prehistoric remains. In Westray we found Mr. G. Petrie excavating near the ruins of Notland Castle. He told us a story of Arrowsmith the geographer, who was out with an exploring party when they were overtaken by a heavy shower of rain. Wet feet being complained of, one of the party suggested that they should be rubbed with brandy. "Put it into your mouth," said Arrowsmith, "and it will soon find its way to your feet."

We took a steamer back to Aberdeen, where we arrived about midnight in a storm of wind and rain. There were no lights whatever; the boat was overcrowded with passengers and cattle, and the disembarkation was a scene of crushing and confusion, screaming and cursing, in the midst of which a woman had her arm broken. Next day we started for Braemar, where Professor Bain had secured lodgings for us.

I did not remain long at Braemar, however, as I had promised to visit Dr. Muir, the Sanskritist and elder brother of Sir William Muir, in his new house at Merchiston. He was at the time lying under theological suspicion as the anonymous author of *Supernatural Religion*, which had recently introduced the New Testament heresies of the so-called Tübingen school to the British public. At Muir's I met Dr. Donaldson, whom I had long wished to see, as his work on "Christian Doctrine in the First Three Centuries" had made an impression upon me in my undergraduate days. I did not see him again until after he had ceased to be Principal of St. Andrews and had come to spend his old age in the neighbourhood of Oxford.

After leaving Edinburgh I went to North Wales, where I stayed first of all with Rhŷs, who was now married and living at Rhyl, and then at the Palace at St. Asaph, which for many years was a home to me in the late summer. While there, Rhŷs's elder daughter was christened, Miss Jane Hughes and myself being two of the god-parents. We wanted the parents to give her the choice of two names, but

Rhŷs declared that the single name Myfanwy was good enough, as it had been the name of the Welsh goddess of the dawn.

Professor (now Sir W.) Boyd Dawkins was excavating the limestone caves on Mrs. Herbert Wynn's estate at Cefn, near St. Asaph, and finding in them palaeolithic flint implements and bones of quaternary animals, as subsequently set forth in his *Early Man in Britain*. Along with the Bishop's eldest son, who was Professor of Geology at Cambridge, I spent a day now and then at Cefn, and Mrs. Wynn used to tell a story of a "snap-shot" being taken of me when I chanced to be holding the skull of a neolithic man which was in her cabinet. Her son was the heir of Sir Watkin Wynn, familiarly known as "the Prince of North Wales," whom he succeeded in 1885. Sir Watkin was exceedingly popular among his Welsh fellow-countrymen, and was in constant request as president or chairman at Eisteddfodau and other meetings, though he was a very poor speaker. But he made up for lack of words by stuffing his pocket-handkerchief into his mouth while the audience cheered lustily.

The predecessor of Bishop Hughes had been Dr. Vowler Shortt, pious and amiable, but somewhat vain, and who had committed the unpardonable sin of being an Englishman. There were consequently a good many stories current at his expense. He was fond of catechising and would make catechising tours, repeating in each school the same questions. On one of these occasions, Morgan, a neighbouring rector, whose anti-Saxon bias had embittered him against the Bishop, determined, as he expressed it, "to stop the nonsense." Accordingly he told the children that the Bishop was coming to examine them and would ask them certain questions, and as he wished them to do particularly well he would teach them the answers they must give. The Bishop arrived, and after expatiating on the theme that each of us has been assigned his station in life by a higher Power, he began his questions, concluding finally with the question: "And who made me a Bishop?" One and all the children shouted in unison: "Lord John Russell!"

On another occasion "besetting sins" were the topic of inquiry. In the course of his exposition the Bishop, who

was fully aware of his own weakness, called vanity by his friends, said : " We all have our besetting sins ; even I, your Bishop, have mine ; what do you think it is ? " The boy he was addressing, opened his blue eyes widely and replied : " Droonkenness ! " It was the only sin of which the poor boy had heard.

Dr. Hughes was the first Welshman who had presided over a Welsh diocese since the reign of Queen Anne. Wales was supposed to be a centre of Jacobitism, and accordingly Welsh bishoprics, deaneries, canonries and even fat livings were deliberately filled by the Whig governments of the Hanoverian kings with Englishmen, none of whom could speak a word of Welsh, and many of whom never came near the Principality. It was little wonder that by the middle of the eighteenth century Wales had almost lapsed into a state of heathenism. The Welsh, however, are naturally a religious people, and when Wesley and his disciples came among them they turned to them from a Church which had become to themselves a stepmother. When Dr. Hughes first came to St. Asaph he was an advocate of disestablishment ; the Welsh people had ceased to belong to an alien Church.

But with his appointment a new era began. Gradually Welshmen took the place of Englishmen in the cathedrals and parishes, and Welsh services were introduced and sermons preached in the Welsh language. Crowded congregations, so the Bishop told me, filled the churches where, when he first came to the diocese, the congregation consisted of the families and households of the rector and squire, with the addition of a few English visitors, and before his death he became convinced that a time would come when the religion of Wales would be once more Anglican.

In September the second meeting of the International Oriental Congress took place in London. There I met for the first time French and German Orientalists whose names had long been familiar to me, and made many and lasting friendships. The first Congress had met in Paris, but it had done little more than start the organisation, the future character of which was left to be determined at the second meeting. Dr. Birch presided over this, and the Lord Mayor

gave a dinner to the members at the Mansion House. A large majority of the foreign members were French, but various other nationalities were represented, including eight representatives from Japan, where only six years previously the revolution had inaugurated the new Meiji era. Two sections were devoted to ethnology and archaeology, Sir Richard Owen being President of the first. In his address he referred to his recent visit to Egypt, and after describing the civilisation and art of the Fourth Dynasty, remarked by way of parenthesis: "About this time, according to the margins of our Bibles, the world was being created." It was Sir Richard whom some years later I heard say at a dinner-party: "I always find it easier to find a place for the lower orders of creation than to find one for myself."

Grant Duff presided over the section of archaeology. I was dining with him one evening during the Congress week when conversation fell upon Lord Beaconsfield. He told me that Disraeli claimed descent from the Spanish family of Lara, and one day pointed to a Spanish book in his library, saying: "That contains the history of my family." In allusion to this his brother member of Parliament for Buckinghamshire, happening to meet him on the pier at Dover returning from a visit to France, greeted him in the words of Byron: "The chief of Lara is returned again; and why had Lara crossed the bounding main?" "And," added Grant Duff, "Disraeli did not like it." In subsequent years I heard two other stories about Disraeli from Grant Duff. One was that Disraeli once met a young Jew at an evening party in whom he became much interested. On parting from him he said: "Carry out your aspirations and you will succeed; there is one thing our race has never learnt, and that is, to fail." The other story was of a remark made by Disraeli to a friend of Grant Duff, not long after Disraeli's return from Berlin. They were standing on the steps of the Athenaeum Club, discussing recent political events, and Disraeli said: "Yes, I look forward to the day when the centre of the British Empire shall be Delhi." Disraeli was an Oriental, and alone among British politicians has realised that the British Empire is an Oriental Empire,

Great Britain, so far as being a world-power is concerned, being, as the Germans say, Great India. At a dinner-party at the Trübners' one of the guests told us that when Lord Napier of Magdala's title was being discussed, Lord Beaconsfield suggested that it should be Rasselas.

Disraeli was now Prime Minister, the Conservative party under his leadership having at last obtained a majority in the House of Commons. I had already shed the Radicalism of my younger days and attached myself to the chariot-wheels of Disraeli's "Tory-Democracy." But in truth I had never been a disciple of the fashionable Radicalism of the day. Looking back I now see that I was too much of what is called a Kelt ever to have accepted the shibboleths of middle-class Radicalism. It was essentially a reflection of the Teutonic spirit, smug, unimaginative and narrow. It was based on the commercial principle of competition, which exalted the individual at the expense of the community. Against this and the spirit which lay beneath it I instinctively revolted; my first contribution to the movement in favour of the endowment of research was an attack on the system of competitive examination, and the burden of the University sermon which I preached at St. Mary's in 1876 was a protest against individualism. Though like other young men of the day I believed that the British Constitution needed far-reaching reforms, the old Keltic "clannishness," with its common action under a leader, and devotion, not to abstract law, but to a person, was much too strong to retain me in the fold of a John Stuart Mill. On the one side I possessed in full the Keltic love and respect for antiquity, and on the other a belief in a form of government which should combine the democratic element of common action with its control by "the great man"—the man, that is to say, who is best fitted to direct and command.

One result was that my Liberal friends used to maintain that though I called myself a Conservative I was nevertheless far more revolutionary than themselves. They could not understand why I should advocate the restriction of the Universities to the aristocrats of intellect, the disestablishment of the Church, the grant of Home Rule to Ireland (in the days when it did not yet mean an independent republic),

or female suffrage; in fact, as regards the last subject, Humphry Ward once accused me of being a Radical in disguise.

It was equally in vain that I tried to point out to them that their "Liberalism" meant the rule of ignorance and incompetence in the first place, and in the second place, the degradation of the mass of the people into mere soulless "hands." That every one is born "equal," with equal rights and powers, is contrary to experience as well as to the primary laws of the universe, and the efforts of puny man to enforce such a doctrine can lead only to disaster. On the physical side, where the healthy are mingled with the blind and sickly and where the long-lived are often the most incapable, the inequalities are appalling; on the social side, where the fool can enjoy advantages denied to the intelligent, they are just as striking; while on the intellectual side the differences are still more marked. And it is just on the intellectual side that political action is determined. The rise and fall of civilisation are dependent on whether or not the world is to be governed by reason and knowledge.

Some years ago the French Academician Faguet published a book entitled *Le Culte de l'Incompétence*, which caused a considerable sensation and passed through many editions in France. With inexorable French logic he pointed out that the rule of the majority meant the rule of the most ignorant and incompetent portion of the community, and that the more developed the democracy the greater that ignorance and incompetence must be. The individuals called to power have not even the early education and inherited traditions of a long line of earlier rulers. A great commercial concern would soon come to hopeless disaster were it entrusted to such ignorant and untrained hands as those of the politicians of a democracy.

Art and learning alike demand wealth, leisure and education. They are essentially aristocratic luxuries; history and experience alike prove that the mass of mankind have neither the brains nor the taste for them. The ordinary man is destructive rather than constructive. Like the bees in a beehive or the ants in an ant-hill he seems to have been

created to carry on that corporal labour which under the direction of " the gifted few " provides the outward framework of culture and civilisation.

Modern democracy, in fact, is built on a form of civilisation which is wholly mechanical. Hence the loss of the personal element, and our modern dependency on the acquiescence of " Labour." An Egyptian engineer whom I once knew, and who was thoroughly acquainted with European engineering science, nevertheless believed that at the back of his steam-engine the power which made the machinery revolve was an *afrita* or " spirit," like the " spirits " which the early chemists saw in wine. In the civilisation of to-day the place of the *afrita* has been taken by the impersonal " hand," who has become as much a part of the machine as the iron wheel itself. But just as the civilisation of to-day is dependent upon that wheel for its continuance, so too is it dependent on the dehumanised " hand " who works it. And thanks to mechanical invention this dehumanised " hand " can create almost in a moment world-wide combinations, for space has been bridged by telegraphs and railways and aeroplanes, while at the same time the means of destruction have been multiplied. The " vril force " of Lord Lytton's imagination has become a reality ; possibly the day is not far off when the rest of his story will also be realised ; and swallowed up by the monster it has brought into being, our so-called civilisation will share the fate of all those which have existed in the past.

Is man never to possess a satisfactory form of government ? The best government the world has yet seen was that of the Roman Empire under the Antonines ; and that hardly lasted three generations and was followed by the reign of Commodus. Our modern civilisation is of mushroom growth, and may pass away as quickly as the mushroom. A hundred years ago here in Great Britain we were but beginning to pass from being an agricultural to being an industrial country, from a society which was bound together by human ties and duties to one in which the relation between class and class is that of commercial materialism. A new factor, moreover, has entered into the life of humanity ; man

has learnt to fly, and the far-reaching social and political consequences of this lie in the near future.

All this I vaguely felt some fifty years ago, and it was not wonderful, therefore, that I preferred the " Oriental visions," as they were termed, of Disraeli to the complacent Liberalism of the Victorian era. Behind those Oriental visions lay the inheritance of an old civilisation, a civilisation from which we had derived our own spiritual life, and which had been a civilisation based on culture and not machines. It had recognised the facts of nature and experience, and in its own way had attempted to reconcile the rule of " the great man " with the individual freedom and prosperity of the multitude. " This purple's lined with the democracy," wrote Mrs. Browning of Napoleon III. ; she might perhaps have written it of the later Roman Empire. It was at all events the key-note of Disraeli's policy.

Disraeli had realised, as I have already said, that in so far as being one of the Great Powers of the world is concerned, Great Britain is Great India. The British Empire is an Oriental Empire ; apart from our possessions in the Orient we should be much in the position of Holland. Unfortunately a democracy is wholly unfitted for governing an Oriental empire ; least of all a Western democracy, and the problem Disraeli set himself to solve was how to combine the continuance of an Oriental empire with the existence of a democratic government at home. He himself remained an Oriental to the last, much as he endeavoured to conceal the fact, not only from others, but from himself as well, and one of the results of the endeavour was an affected cynicism. Cynicism is usually the mask worn by intense belief and feeling.

It is a pity that he had no Boswell to chronicle his sayings. He once told a friend of Thorold Rogers that John Stuart Mill " always reminded " him " of a first-class finishing governess," and his remark after the publication of the Greville Memoirs was : " Greville was more conceited than I should have thought possible ; yet I have read Cicero and known Lord Lytton." His most exquisite speech, however, was to Queen Victoria immediately after the appearance of the *Life of the Prince Consort* : " Madam, had I possessed

your Majesty's power of composition, I should never have deserted literature for politics." It is little wonder that he was irresistible at court.

Disraeli, however, was not always allowed to have it all his own way, and upon one occasion at least he met his match in Lady Salisbury. The Sunday after the retirement of Lord Salisbury and two of his colleagues from Disraeli's Cabinet of nine neither he nor Lady Salisbury were at church. Disraeli met Lady Salisbury a short while afterwards and asked after the cause of the absence. "We were engaged upon a sum," was the reply, "and simple as it seems were unable to bring it out right, though we puzzled over it all the morning and so missed church." "Why, what was it?" asked Disraeli. "You will think it absurdly simple; it was merely a sum in subtraction, what is left when you take three from nine; but for the life of us we could find no remainder."

Disraeli's father, Isaac Disraeli, was not so happy. When he heard that his son had written a novel he inquired what it was about? "Oh, about dukes and the like," was the answer. "Dukes!" said old Isaac Disraeli; "what does my son know about dukes?" But a time came when his son not only led reluctant dukes in his train, but also was able to create them.

I met Lord Beaconsfield once only when we were staying in the same country house. It was after the disaster of 1880, and he was a dying man. Usually he breakfasted in his room; on one occasion only did he join the family party in the dining-room. There he sat throughout the meal in grim silence except for one solitary remark. His hostess asked him if he slept. "Sometimes," he replied with a slight emphasis, and relapsed into silence again. Lady Dorothy Neville informed me that in earlier days he would sit by her side for half an hour or more without uttering a word.

Oscar Wilde once told me that an evening or two before he had been at a party at which both Disraeli and Gladstone were present. Gladstone was discoursing vigorously to a group of guests in a corner of the room when Disraeli happened to stroll up to them. At once Gladstone moved away, and as he did so, Disraeli whispered, "The wrath

of Achilles!" The behaviour of the two men was characteristic.

Gladstone and Disraeli were, in fact, the antithesis one of the other. Gladstone would have made an excellent Archbishop of Canterbury; he made a very bad Prime Minister of the British Empire. His mind was essentially theological, not to say casuistic; even his interest in Homer was theological rather than philological, archaeological or literary. But he was catholic in his tastes and studies, with an astonishing power of assimilating what he read. Socially he was very attractive, as he was not only a good talker but also a good listener. His chief defect was an entire lack of humour.

The first time I met him was at Sir Henry Acland's, soon after my return from my travels in Greece with Cotton. Something I said about Mykenae caused Gladstone to exclaim, "Then I have been mistaken!" The next day Max Müller who had been present said to me, "You ought to be proud of your achievement yesterday; you actually made Gladstone say that he was mistaken."

I met Gladstone frequently after this and breakfasted with him once or twice in his house in London, besides receiving letters, or rather post-cards, from his busy pen. One of the breakfast-parties chanced to be on the morning when the newspapers announced the Anglo-Turkish convention and the British occupation of Cyprus, and in the course of conversation I alluded to the fact. "Yes," replied Gladstone, "I have never been forgiven for the surrender of the Ionian Islands to Greece." It was a curious illustration of Gladstone's intense egoism, his belief that whatever happened had some reference to himself, that he was, in fact, the prime mover in it, even though, as in the case of the Ionian Islands, he had been merely the agent of the British Government.

When I was staying in Zante in 1877 I was told a story about his visit to Corfu upon that occasion. The Greek Archbishop called on the British Commissioner—or the British Commissioner called on the Greek Archbishop, I do not remember which—and Gladstone at once fell upon his knees in the expectation of receiving a benediction. The

Archbishop did not understand what the Englishman wanted; at last, however, it dawned upon him, and he put out his tongue to pronounce the benedictional words. As he did so, Gladstone, who had come to the conclusion that no benediction was going to be pronounced, started up impulsively, with the result that his head came into contact with the chin of the Archbishop, whose tongue was nearly cut in two.

CHAPTER VII

MAKING FRIENDS

THE year 1875 found me busy. My tutorial work in College naturally occupied much of my time. I was writing regularly for the *Times* as well as the *Independent* of New York, every Monday afternoon I spent in London lecturing on the Assyrian script and grammar, in connection with which my elementary *Assyrian Grammar and Syllabary* was published by Messrs. Bagster & Sons, and I had to spend a good deal of time in London attending the sessions of the Old Testament Revision Committee. At Oxford we had started the Junior Scientific Club. which met at dinner twice each term and was intended to form a sort of complement to the long-established Ashmolean Dining Club of which I was elected a member a year or two later. It was as a guest of the Junior Club that Dr. Graham Bell gave the first exhibition in this country of the telephone when he came to England in 1877 in order to exhibit his invention. He was staying at the time with Professor Moseley, of *Challenger* fame, and as the dinner of the Club was at Brasenose that evening, the telephonic wires were installed in the great quadrangle of the College.

At another dinner of the Club a few years later Professor Blackie threw a bomb-shell into the ranks of the mathematicians. Blackie was in the habit of coming to Oxford for the " Balliol dinner," and sometimes on these occasions stayed with me at Queen's. I took him to dine with the Club, and during the dinner he enjoyed himself to his heart's content among the " science men " in whose company he was sitting. After dinner we moved into a double drawing-room, and Blackie and I accidentally found ourselves in the one which at the moment was occupied only by a group of mathe-

maticians. Imagining that they were of the same kidney as his immediate neighbours at the dinner-table, and by way of continuing his conversation there, he began, "Mathematics is the science of nothingness!" The words were followed by the silence of consternation.

Blackie was an interesting character, with that touch of innocent vanity which often accompanies a strong personality. I shall never forget a scene I once witnessed when I was staying in his pleasant house at Oban in 1876. It was a Sunday afternoon and I was sitting reading, half-hidden by the curtains, in the bow-window of the drawing-room. The Duke of Argyll, whose yacht had just arrived, came to see his old friend. As he was ushered into the room, Blackie rose from the other end of it, tall and erect, with his grey-black hair floating over his shoulders, and advancing silently, bent down to the Duke, short and red-headed, and kissed him solemnly on both cheeks. And then he said, "My dear Duke, I am very glad to see you." It was irresistibly comic.

In the spring of 1875 I paid visits to Dr. Payne Smith, who was now Dean of Canterbury, and Dr. Aldis Wright at Cambridge. The Dean told me a story of the Lord Chief Justice. Conversation had turned upon French words which have no equivalent in English, and some one remarked that *canaille* was an example of these. "No, indeed," said the Chief Justice, who had not forgotten Kenealy's abuse of him in the House of Commons a few evenings before, "we have the very word in English, though we pronounce it *Kenealy*."

The story can be matched by Lord Westbury's remark about Serjeant Ballantyne, whose morals were said to be somewhat doubtful, while his miserly habits were well known. "I cannot understand," said Lord Westbury, "why Ballantyne should be so careful of his money; he cannot take it with him when he dies, and if he did, it would melt."

I had a very pleasant time at Trinity College in Cambridge, where I made friendships with Lightfoot, King and H. A. J. Munro, which lasted until their deaths. The first evening of my visit we dined with Professor Bonney. A year before I had met H. Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General, at afternoon tea at the Pattisons', where we had been together for

about half an hour and had exchanged a few remarks. On arriving at Professor Bonney's rooms we were informed that another non-resident guest besides myself was expected, but that as he was likely to be late we were not to wait dinner for him. Accordingly we sat down at the table, a vacant place being left opposite to me on the right-hand side of our host. Just as fish was being served the absentee arrived ; it was Professor Fawcett, who naturally did not know that I was present, and owing to his late arrival was not introduced to me. Yet a few minutes later, after hearing me speak to our host, he turned towards me and said, " Is not that you, Mr. Sayce ? " His memory was, indeed, extraordinary, and blindness had rendered his hearing more than usually acute. Thanks to his memory and his wife, who was a second pair of eyes to him, he once told me that his want of sight never inconvenienced him except when he was making a speech. He could not see the faces of his auditors and consequently did not know whether he was tiring them or not. I have even seen him riding alone in the country, but it was before the age of motors and bicycles.

One of Fawcett's stories related to a Liberal friend of his who was canvassing the borough of Lymington. There was a shoemaker in the town, an extreme Radical, like most other shoemakers, but who had always voted for the Conservatives. So Fawcett's friend came to him and said, " Would it not be a comfort to you to give one conscientious vote before you die ? " The shoemaker admitted that it would be a great comfort to him to do so. " Well, then," said the other, " what do the Tories give you ? " On his saying that it was £25, the Liberal candidate offered him £10 and the comfort of giving one conscientious vote before he died. To this the shoemaker answered that though it would be a very great comfort, yet he was a poor man and had several children. " If there were an election every year," he added, " I would be very glad to vote for you, but I can't afford it with these long Parliaments."

Another story related to Lord Derby, who after forming his Cabinet remarked, " There ; I've put three Dukes in, and if they won't do, I'll try three footmen."

Aldis Wright capped this with a story of Christopher

Earle, who, it seems, a few days previously had met Baron Rothschild at a railway station. Earle happened to be wearing a shabby overcoat, and the Baron remarked upon it. "Well," said Earle, feeling his coat, "it isn't very new certainly; what will you give me for it?"

A morning or two after Bonney's dinner I was walking in Trinity College garden with the Master, Dr. Thompson. We stopped for a few moments in sight of St. John's; whereupon the Master told me that when he showed Burgess the chapel of St. John's College which had been built by his rival Sir Gilbert Scott, saying at the same time that it was considered a fine example of English Gothic, Burgess replied, "You don't mean English Gothic, but Scottish." Thompson thoroughly enjoyed the answer. It was not so very long previously that coming away from Professor Seeley's inaugural lecture he had said, "I had no idea we should miss Kingsley so soon."

Soon after my visit to Cambridge I spent a few days with the Roopers at Old Windsor, and there heard of an unfortunate misplacement of words on the part of their late curate. He was a very estimable young fellow, but slightly conceited, and as he was leaving the curacy he had been presented by the parishioners with a testimonial in the shape of a ring. The previous Sunday he had appeared in the reading-desk for the last time, and allowing his hand with the ring to fall gracefully over the side of the desk he began the service: "If we say that we have no ring we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us." I was reminded of what I once heard the curate of St. Saviour's at Bath say when reading the Commination Service on Ash Wednesday: "Though our skins be as red as scarlet, they shall be made white as snow."

My life in Oxford as College tutor had now fallen into a more or less regular routine. I never had any faith in the Oxonian superstition as to the necessity of muscular exercise for those who worked with their brains; "Work while you work and play while you play, but don't burn the candle at both ends," seemed to me a maxim of common sense; but when the weather was sunny I enjoyed an afternoon walk, and it was usually taken with either Liddon, Bradley, who had moved from Marlborough to the Mastership of

University College, or Ruskin. On Sundays it became my regular custom to lunch with Professor Henry Smith and his sister, followed by a walk with Neubauer.

Ruskin was now in his prime, and his conversation when he was with his friends was a delight to hear. He had his rooms at Corpus, where priceless pictures were laid against the wainscot with their faces to the wall. I remember well a certain day in March 1875, when in the course of a walk he told me that the day before a friend was saying to him, "Do you not believe this?" "I never believe," answered Ruskin; "I either know or do not know." The building of Keble College made him give up his customary afternoon walk in the Parks, as the sight of it "made him sick." The architecture of his own pet Museum on the opposite side of the road, however, had once aroused a similar feeling in Alfred Tennyson when he saw it for the first time. He was walking with Max Müller, and after gazing upon it for a moment or two he exclaimed, "It is perfectly indecent!"

I saw the Ruskin of my early memories for the last time in the spring of 1877. It was the day before I was starting for Spain with William Ingelow, Jean Ingelow's brother, who had come to Oxford to make arrangements about the journey. He and Ruskin were accordingly dining with me in my rooms along with Robert Laing (better known in after-days as Cuthbert Shields), who was an intimate friend of Ruskin, and we were looking forward to a cosy dinner. That morning, however, the Marquess of Tavistock had turned up and had practically asked himself to dinner, much to my annoyance, as Ruskin disliked the company of uncongenial strangers and before accepting an invitation to dinner always stipulated that none should be present. At first, therefore, conversation at the dinner-table was somewhat strained and Ruskin immovably silent, until fortunately the Marquess made some commonplace remark about the immorality of slavery. At once Ruskin was in arms, and burst forth into a long and eloquent discourse on the law of nature, and therefore of God, which had divided mankind into those who supplied the brain and those who supplied the machinery, with the result that progress in culture and art was possible only where this law was recognised, and the

unskilled took his place in the social organism along with the bees of the bee-hive or the ants of the ant-hill. As Ruskin left me he said : " How I wish I could be going with you to Spain." " Why not come ? " I said. " I am too old," was the reply ; " I was fifty-six years of age a month ago, and all that remains for me now is to die." The words were prophetic, for I never saw the old Ruskin again. His illness that spring was one from which he never recovered, and the Ruskin who was subsequently brought back to Oxford with the unshorn face was as much changed outwardly as he was inwardly. There came a time when Sir Henry Acland said to me, " We made a mistake in bringing him back." But the lectures of the new Ruskin were far more crowded—mostly with school-girls, it is true—than those of the earlier Ruskin had been. I attended one of them, which seemed chiefly to consist in waving a peacock's feather until it broke, and a few days later happened to meet the lecturer, who began to complain about the attendance at his lectures. " But," I said, " I was at your last and had some difficulty in finding a seat, the room was so full." " Do you think I don't see who are *not* there ? " he answered.

Somewhere about this time I heard Matthew Arnold describe a visit that had been paid to him by Ruskin. The latter chanced to say to him, " I know you think me a fool." " Of course I did," said Matthew Arnold, " but I only answered him, ' My dear Ruskin, I think you a man of genius.' "

Around Matthew Arnold's own person many stories, of course, revolved. One of them was told me by Max Müller. Arnold was met by a friend one day in Bond Street and asked what he had been doing. " Only having that perpetual miracle, my hair, attended to," was the reply. The hair was both black and thick. I think, however, the best story I ever heard about him was told me by Mrs. Sellar, to whom he described his wife as " a charming woman ; she has all my graces and none of my airs."

Dr. Bradley spent part of the summer one Long Vacation at Headington, taking charge of the parish in the absence of the Vicar. A day or two after his return to Oxford he told me that among the parishioners was a family the father and

mother of which belonged to " the Peculiar People," and refused to let their children be vaccinated. The father, who was an agricultural labourer, was accordingly sent to prison, as he could not pay the fine imposed upon him, but with the understanding that he should be liberated as soon as the children were vaccinated. Accordingly Bradley went to the wife and endeavoured to persuade her to allow the operation to be performed. It was all in vain, however. A few days later he had a visit from her brother who lived in a neighbouring parish and told Bradley that he " would bring her round." And that he did, the children being vaccinated before the end of the week. When Bradley asked how he had managed to persuade his sister, he said there was nothing easier ; he merely quoted Scripture : " Thou shalt not kick against the pricks."

One of Bradley's stories about his experiences as a schoolmaster holds an imperishable place in my memory. He had told a boy fresh from the wilds of Dorset to turn into Latin the sentence, " A blind man does not see." The boy was allowed a dictionary, and after a long period of incubation produced the following : " Transenna homo medicina non video." He had looked out " blind," but unluckily had lighted on the substantive instead of the adjective ; he had misread " dose " for " does," which gave him " medicina " ; while " homo " and " video " speak for themselves. In the earlier days of my College tutorship I had to lecture on Pass Latin Prose, and it was a continual source of wonder to me what the undergraduates—most of them from public schools —had been doing all the years they had been at school. That they had learnt no Latin goes without saying, but they seemed equally ignorant of their own English language, and the first thing I had to impress upon them was the difference between subject and object.

Liddon had been saying some hard things about Jowett's influence upon the religious beliefs of his pupils, and a story came to me of an event that happened in Convocation, which I can give only as it was told. I did not often attend the Meetings of Convocation, and when I asked Liddon whether there was any truth in the story he evaded the question. In one of his Convocation speeches, it was said, he had referred

to " the souls that had been lost through Jowett." Whereupon Henry Smith began a speech in reply as follows: " Few of us are in the fortunate position of Dr. Liddon in having the *entrée* to the infernal regions. He has stationed himself, it would seem, at the entrance to that abode and has listened to the plaintive lamentations of the souls as they flew past him: ' Jowett and Jowett; Jowett and Jowett.' "

At one of my luncheons with Henry Smith he told me that he had been a Sunday or two before at Worcester Cathedral, where he had been given a seat in the stalls immediately behind the choristers. In the middle of one of the Canticles the small surpliced imp below him chanted:

> Who's this coming up the aisle ?
> She's a regular snorr-ter !

to which the corresponding imp on the opposite side returned the response:

> Hold your tongue, you son of a gun !
> It is the Bishop's dorr-ter !

Another of Henry Smith's stories had to do with Alexander von Humboldt. The King of Prussia remarked that there were two classes of persons, Huren and Professoren, who could never be satisfied with any pay they might get. " As to the first class," replied von Humboldt, " I can only bow to your Majesty's superior knowledge." I have heard the story told in Germany of the King of Hanover instead of the King of Prussia.

Henry Smith was of Irish descent and possessed in full the Irish readiness of wit. Once when I was at the Athenaeum Club, Sylvester—equally famous with Henry Smith as a mathematician—happened to be there too. It was the luncheon hour, and Sylvester was in the coffee-room surveying the table of cold dishes. Henry Smith touched him on the shoulder and said: " Shall I tell you what you are thinking about, Sylvester ? You are looking at that boar's head and saying to yourself, ' Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian ' ! "

It was in that same coffee-room that Dr. Jeune, about a year after his appointment to the bishopric of Peterborough, was asked by Rolleston how he was getting on in his new

office. "I have learnt to suffer fools gladly," shouted the Bishop in a voice that was heard from one end of the room to the other. Jeune was a man of intense ambition. Dr. Appleton told me that he and Appleton's father had been undergraduates together and great friends, and that upon one occasion Jeune flung down the volume of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* which he had been reading and exclaimed, "I would give an eternity of perdition for one year of that man's fame!"

Once only did I see Henry Smith nonplussed. It was shortly after the death of Grote, the historian—"the great G.," as his wife called him—and his widow came to spend the week-end in Jowett's "lodgings," "the den of lions," as it was popularly termed. There was a dinner-party on the Saturday, and when the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room we found that Mrs. Grote, who was slightly lame and accordingly used a stick, was preparing to play the piano. As soon as the performance was finished, Henry Smith, who was standing behind her, polite as ever, exclaimed, "Thank you so much! Do allow me to move the piano a little from the wall; it is so near the wall that I am afraid it must have interfered with your execution." Whereupon Mrs. Grote turned round on the music-stool, grasped her stick which was lying beside her, and facing Smith, who was now in late middle-age with grizzled hair, exclaimed, "Young man, do you mean that I don't thump hard enough?"

Arthur Grote, the historian's brother, was a member of a small dining club consisting of members of the Athenaeum who were interested in the Orient, and to which I was elected immediately after my election to the Athenaeum itself. The only rule of the Club was that every member who was in London on a Sunday should dine that evening at 7 o'clock at the Club, where we had a special table and a special *menu*. The *menu*, in fact, was invariable: we began with mulligatawny soup; then came fish, turbot if procurable, followed by a huge dish of pilaff, the concoction of which was superintended by James Fergusson, the architect. Some biscuits and dessert ended the repast, the only drink allowed being champagne. Besides Grote and Fergusson the members

were Vaux, who was now Secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society, Edward Thomas the numismatist, Thos. Chenery, the editor of the *Times* and Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir Henry Layard, Lynch, who owned the Euphrates steamers, the Earl of Enniskillen and myself; but we were allowed to invite guests.

I was elected a member of the Athenaeum by the Committee, my sponsors being Herbert Spencer and Matthew Arnold, and it was the greatest boon ever conferred upon me. It gave me a delightful home in London, where I found all the books and periodicals I needed as well as the society I most enjoyed. And the boon came very unexpectedly, just when my work on the Old Testament Revision Committee necessitated my being a good deal in London. Between the Athenaeum and the Savile Clubs, of the latter of which I remained a member until it migrated into the fashionable purlieus of Piccadilly, I saw most of the interesting people of the day. At the Athenaeum Matthew Arnold was good enough to act as guide and mentor, and I remember his saying as we walked up the staircase, " You are the youngest member of the Club ; you must not shock its susceptibilities by running up the stairs ! "

In the summer I persuaded Cheyne, who was at that time a Fellow of Balliol ignorant of Jerahmeel, to join me in an expedition to the old cities of Etruria, and we left for Nice in the middle of June with the original edition of George Dennis's *Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*, one of the most delightful archaeological books ever written, in our portmanteaux. We spent three pleasant days at Nice, which was still confined to the old town, where the mouth of the Paillon had not yet been covered over and the fashionable streets to the west of it were still unbuilt. I imagine railway communication with Italy was not yet completed, since we drove from Nice to Spezzia. Menton, or Mentone as it then was, was just beginning to start its hotels, San Remo was still the little Italian town on the top of the hill, and Bordighera was merely a group of palms. I shall never forget our view of Monaco as we looked down upon it from above. There it stretched away into the blue water of the Mediterranean with an equally blue sky overhead, separated from

the obtrusive buildings of Monte Carlo by gardens and olive plantations. The shabby gentility of Condamine was still a thing of the future.

Spezzia attracted my companion, who divided his time between Shelley and Leopardi, while I found consolation in the marble quarries of Carrara. From Genoa we started on our journey proper, and passed an exceedingly pleasant month among the tombs and museums of Etruria. I shall never forget the view from Cortona over the Thrasymene Lake one glorious evening in July. At Perugia we dined with the Cavaliere Evelino Waddington, who was good enough to send us next day to his country house at Gubbio, where his factor looked after us. At dinner we met the Etruscan scholar Count G. Conestabile, who insisted upon my carrying off a copy of his big book, *Dei Monumenti di Perugia*. The Cavaliere told us that when as a young man he was passing the winter at Rome, a ball was given by the English bachelors there and he was deputed to distribute the tickets to the Roman nobility. When his stock of tickets was almost exhausted a gentleman came to ask if he had two tickets left for a certain Marchesa and a certain Marquess. Waddington asked if the lady were good-looking. "The most beautiful woman in Rome," was the reply. The tickets were accordingly given and the ball took place. Waddington was informed that a lady and gentleman were endeavouring to enter the rooms, but had forgotten their tickets. He went to see who they were, discovered that their names were the same as those to whom the tickets had been given, brought them into the ball-room, danced with the lady and finally married her.

At Gubbio (the ancient Iguvium) he informed us that out of a population of 6000, there were no less than 2600 who had *entirely* subsisted on their weekly doles from the monastery. In addition, each of the twenty monks had kept a family of his own, so that when the monastery was suppressed 2800 paupers were thrown loose upon the town.

The new Italian Government was at the time in the full flush of its zeal for reforming everything, its old monuments included, and we were fortunate in seeing the frescoes of Assisi before they were repainted. Orvieto was still un-

touched and would have been the better for a little cleaning. Nevertheless even then I was more impressed by its Cathedral than by that of Siena, where we had been a week or two previously. Many years later, when I was at Orvieto with Barnabei and Stillman, and the seventeenth-century abominations had been cleared away from the Cathedral under Barnabei's direction, I realised that my instincts had been right. But the inn at Orvieto was so unspeakably bad that Cheyne and I were driven away from it sooner than we had intended. Before ten years were over that same inn had become a modern first-class hotel. Art might have suffered from the revolution in Italy ; comfort certainly did not.

One day at Florence we were visiting the Laurentian Library when the sub-Librarian who was accompanying us pointed out an " Inglese " who was working at a manuscript in a recess. It was Professor Mahaffy of Dublin, whom I thus met for the first time. His name, however, was well known to me, and it so happened that just before I left England I had received for review in the *Academy* his latest book, *The Prolegomena to Ancient History*. As I often told him afterwards, it was the best book he ever wrote, and that is saying much. If any corroboration of my opinion is needed, it is the fact that it was the only one of his books which had what he considered to be a poor sale.

Cheyne and I were conscientious travellers and left little unseen in Etruria. We finished with an excursion to Ancona, as we were bent on making a pilgrimage to the Holy House of Loreto. I shall never forget our journey along the Adriatic coast ; the noise made by the train was entirely drowned by that made by the cicalas. The Holy House is within a vast Cathedral and is surrounded by a wall of marble pierced by great gates of bronze and adorned with scenes in relief by the artists of the Renaissance. A deep furrow has been worn in the marble step which runs round the wall by the knees of the pilgrims ; two peasant women were circumambulating it upon their knees when we were there. For those who appreciate the Renaissance the reliefs alone are worth the trouble of the journey.

Cheyne parted from me here and returned to Oxford, while I went to the Italian lakes and then, as a glass of water

I had imprudently drunk at Ancona had given me a mild typhoidal attack, on to Meran and the Lower Engadine. On the way I joined Canon Liddon. A friend who was with him had many stories to tell of Bishop Wilberforce. One of them related to a case of tea which had been sent to him by Peake, the M.P., and which he asked the Bishop to come and taste. He did so, and upon being asked what he thought of it replied, "It has a fine Pekoe flavour." On another occasion, when he was staying with the narrator, and a dinner-party was in prospect, shortly before the guests arrived, he whispered to his host, "Can you give me a sketch of your dinner-table?" This was done, and the Bishop kept up an unceasing flow of conversation with each person at the table as if he had been intimately acquainted with them all his life. Before going to bed he requested a similar sketch of the breakfast-table next morning. At the breakfast-table, however, was a young man who had been omitted in the sketch, but who claimed acquaintance, which the Bishop was not disposed to allow. "Why, don't you remember?" said he; "I am the son of your host at X——." Such forgetfulness was a crime; but the Bishop was equal to the occasion, and answered at once, "Ah yes; I recollect it well now: but you have planted out your face since we last met." It was in the days when it was not yet the fashion among the young men to imitate the shaven faces which the Americans borrowed from their Red Indian predecessors.

On my return to England Mahaffy came to stay with me, and thus a friendship commenced which lasted to his death. He was at once a brilliant and a sound scholar, unrivalled in his powers of conversation, and full of a keen interest in all branches of learning and knowledge. When I first made his acquaintance he was familiarly known as "the Admirable Crichton," for besides his scholarship he was a first-class musician, a good cricketer and an excellent sportsman and fisherman. He was also, as I found, a loyal and faithful friend, ever ready to give his help, and sometimes more than help, to those who needed it. He did more than any one I know, I will not say to popularise ancient Greek life and thought, but to make them lifelike and intelligible; at the

same time he has left an enduring monument of himself in his pioneering work on the Greek papyri for which he received the rare honour of being elected into the company of the Italian Lincei. He was a dangerous opponent to provoke to controversy, for he not only possessed a vast store of "curious learning," but was also a philosopher and logician quick to discover the flaws in his adversary's armour. He had, too, in full the Irish gifts of wit and repartee. I remember his once, in a moment of inspiration, defining an Irish bull as "a pregnant bull." Famous as a raconteur he was welcome everywhere, and no one enjoyed more than he did visiting the country houses of Great Britain, where he found ancient traditions, good manners, interesting personages, excellent cuisine and, not unfrequently, splendid libraries. Among his many accomplishments was a knowledge of early-printed books, and he delighted to spend hours with the *incunabula* of the Queen's College Library and of my own private library in Edinburgh.

I had been repeating to him the stories I had lately heard of Bishop Wilberforce, and he capped them with another. The Bishop was staying in a house where there was a young lady who professed ardent High Church beliefs and was particularly respectful to the Bishop. On the first of January she greeted him with the salutation, "A happy Circumcision to you, my Lord, and many of them!" Was the story the invention of Wilberforce or of Mahaffy?

Another of his stories was about Coghlan, who at that time was a popular preacher in London. Coghlan was attending a (Protestant) clerical meeting in the south of Ireland where a paper was read on St. Peter. The author was a youngish parson, a good deal in advance of his companions, who had been studying the Bible and had made the discovery that though, of course, St. Peter was not "the first of the Apostles," he was at any rate an eminent one. When the paper was finished, an old clergyman rose and said that they had been listening to an underhand attempt to inculcate Popery, and he was sorry to be obliged to state his conviction that the author of it was a Jesuit in disguise. Thereupon another clergyman arose and said he could not agree with his esteemed brother who had just sat down; in

his opinion the paper did not inculcate Popery, but Atheism. Then a third intervened and declared that there was no cause for disagreement between the last two speakers; Popery and Atheism were really at bottom one and the same thing, and while the paper was being read he could not but notice how craftily and subtly they were both insinuated in it.

Mahaffy had another story of Dr. Henry, the famous Vergilian scholar, who said that he was bringing out a fresh volume on Vergil and asked whether Mahaffy thought it would be advisable for him to draw in it a comparison between Christianity and Paganism. "In favour of which?" said Mahaffy. "Of paganism, of course," was the reply. "Then," answered Mahaffy, "I would advise you to say nothing about it."

A little while before, John Morley had been holding up John Stuart Mill to him as an object of admiration. "Was it not a noble thing," said he, "for a man to go out as an apostle into society?" "Yes, and make martyrs of his friends," replied Mahaffy.

The movement for the endowment of research and the diversion of the funds of the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge from prizes for clever youths to the increase of knowledge was now beginning under the energetic organising zeal of Appleton and the inactive leadership of Mark Pattison. The "science men" supported us in the hope of securing some of the endowments for the advancement of physical science, and we clamoured for a Commission which should abolish prize fellowships, multiply Professorships, and introduce the disinterested study of all those new subjects of scientific research which the new age was bringing into the world. I was one of Appleton's earliest recruits, and he and I opened the ball together in the *Fortnightly Review*, then under Morley's editorship—he with an article on the "Endowment of Research as a form of Productive Expenditure" (October 1874), and I with an attack on the system of Competitive Examination (June 1875). Chenery, the editor of the *Times*, was sympathetic, and the *Academy* naturally became the organ of the movement.

It was inaugurated by a meeting in London, followed by

a dinner, which was attended by a distinguished and brilliant company of the leading scientists of the day. I have forgotten the speeches ; all I remember is a remark made to me at dinner by Huxley to the effect that he was against the abolition of lectures, as he found that the endeavour to make a subject intelligible to others " served to clarify " his own ideas about it. Perhaps my reason for remembering the remark is that it coincided with my own experience.

After the meeting came the publication of a volume of *Essays on the Endowment of Research* (1876), edited by Appleton and with an introduction by Pattison, to which I contributed two articles. Thanks to Appleton's editorial position the book was reviewed in every conceivable paper and periodical, including a long review in the *Times*, and generally, of course, in words of praise and favour. But, alas, the advertisement failed ; the public did not buy the volume, and I received my first lesson in the fact that reviews have very little influence upon the sale of a book.

But though the book did not sell, the endowment of research became a question of practical politics. At Lord Salisbury's initiative a Commission was appointed to reorganise the studies and endowments of the Universities, and more especially to make the funds of the Colleges available for University and Professorial purposes, and a new attitude towards learning and knowledge grew up among the younger members of the University. For several years the struggle went on between the old and new conceptions of the chief end and object of a University, but by the time the Commission had finished its work and its recommendations had become law the main points for which we had contended were recognised on all sides, and in many cases the governing bodies of the Colleges proved ready to be considerably in advance of the Commissioners themselves. The good-natured satire of Dodgson's *Hunting of the Snark* was taken for what it was worth, and so far as the Oxford world was concerned the " unpractical " reformers of 1875 came to be considered the advocates of very practical truisms. But the discussions that had taken place in the secrecy of College meetings had been long and sometimes bitter ; in my own College my Welsh brother-Fellow, Brown, and myself had

initiated the system of obstruction before the days of Parnell, and more than once had kept our companions from their dinner by a stream of irrelevant talk. The closure had not yet been invented.

In 1876 I was elected a member of the Club. The Club is a small and select body of twelve members which dines together twice a term and was founded in the days of the French Revolution (1790) by a few Oxonians who were suspected of revolutionary principles. If the suspicion were just, however, such principles must have been shed long ago, and for the last century the Club has been a body of a most respectable kind. When I joined it, among the members were the Dean of Christ Church (Liddell), Henry Smith and Montague Bernard, who were shortly to become the Secretary and Chairman of the Universities Reform Commission, Coxe (Bodley's Librarian), and Prestwich, the Professor of Geology. Bonamy Price, who was now Professor of Political Economy, was added to it soon afterwards. He was a short, little man, always as it were upon wires, and a renowned talker whose laugh could be heard, it was said, from one end of Oxford to the other. On one occasion it happened by accident that the three great talkers of the University, Rolleston, Thorold Rogers and Bonamy Price, were all dining with me. Of course they talked one against the other, but Rolleston remained the victor. Rogers' voice was like that of Danton, which could be heard across the Seine, and his Oxford friends were in the habit of asking, not if one had seen, but if one had heard him ; Bonamy Price laughed shrilly between one sentence and the other ; but Rolleston flowed on like a brook without stopping for breath between his sentences.

Bonamy Price had known Wordsworth well, and at the first Club dinner after his election he told us that he once asked the poet what he meant by the line in the " Ode to Immortality " : " Fallings from us, vanishings." Wordsworth's reply was that he had often been obliged to push hard against some external object in order to convince himself of the existence of an external world. It was this to which the line was intended to refer.

A few days later I was retailing this to our Provost (Dr. Jackson), who, as I have already stated, had been a

friend of Wordsworth. He now told me that he had also been acquainted with De Quincey—or Quincey, as his name actually was. De Quincey settled in the Lake district in order to be near Wordsworth, but although he walked daily up and down in front of the latter's house he was never able to obtain an introduction to him. Afterwards he occupied Wordsworth's cottage himself. When his anonymous *Confessions of an Opium-Eater* first appeared, some of which were not very creditable to the penitent, Jackson hastened to assure him that he had never divulged any of the accounts De Quincey had given of his past life, and that the publication of them must be due to the indiscretion of some one else. "Do not make yourself uneasy," answered De Quincey. "I invented them myself."

During the Christmas vacation (1875–76) I spent a week or two with Isaac Taylor in his new living and comfortable Rectory at Settrington, near York. The ground was covered with snow; so we spent most of our time indoors, poring over Etruscan inscriptions. His book, *Etruscan Researches*, had been published the year before. The only other house we visited was that of his neighbour, Lord Middleton. Lady Middleton was a niece of Miss Gordon Cumming, who was staying with her at the time, and was full of her discovery of a "serpent-mound" on the bank of Loch Nell, near Oban, which was similar to the famous serpent-mounds of America. When I visited it, however, some years later, it had been excavated, and it had been found that the supposed body of the serpent was a natural formation; it was only the head which was an artificial tumulus of the neolithic epoch. Lady Middleton was also a friend of Miss Bird, the traveller. She told me that, like Queen Victoria, Miss Bird never felt the cold, which will explain the little discomfort she seems to have experienced in certain of her journeys that would have killed the ordinary mortal. Once she arrived at Lady Middleton's on horseback on a day of biting east wind and snow-drift with nothing under her riding jacket except a thin shirt.

CHAPTER VIII

THE PROFESSOR ABROAD

In the spring of 1876 Max Müller resigned the Professorship of Comparative Philology, as he wished to devote the rest of his life to his editorial work in connection with the "Sacred Books of the East." At the same time he asked for an increase in his editorial salary which should be equivalent to a pension. The University, however, did not see its way at the moment to provide the pension, and a temporary arrangement was accordingly made which was to continue for three years, the salary of the Professorship being divided into two halves, and a Deputy-Professor being appointed who should receive one of the halves. I was elected to the Deputy-Professorship, and found my duties sufficiently light to allow me to retain my tutorship in College. By way of a preliminary to my professorial work, Bunting, the editor of the *Contemporary Review*, published an article of mine on "The Jelly-fish Theory of Language." It was about this time that in a walk with Max Müller we fell to talking about Charles Kingsley, and he told me that he had been staying with the Canon a few days before his fatal illness and that Kingsley had then informed him that he now knew all he cared to know about natural science and intended to devote himself to philosophy. Consequently he wanted Max Müller to recommend some German who might live in the house and read Kant to him. It was a curious illustration of the Teutonic cult which was then sweeping like a wave over this country and a little later over America.

In June Appleton and I went to Ireland in order to stay with Mahaffy in his pleasant country house at Sutton, near Howth. His hospitality was unbounded, and we were

introduced to all the mysteries of Trinity College and his numberless Irish friends. Chief among them was Father Healy, celebrated for his wit, and one of the old type of Irish priests who had been educated abroad before English Liberalism had established and endowed the narrow semi-education of Maynooth. We dined one evening with Father Healy, and heard story after story, only one of which remains in my memory. It was by way of illustrating an Irish bull. Two Irishmen were walking together in the dark when one of them fell into a pit. The other peered down it and cried in agony: "Och, Pat, tell me if you're kilt entirely!" "No," was the reply; "I'm not kilt, but I'm spacheless!"

It was the beginning of a long and pleasant acquaintanceship with Father Healy. Some years later Mahaffy and I were dining with him along with Lecky, the historian, who belonged to the somewhat silent and "dour" class of Irishmen who take life too seriously to perceive the humour of it. When we entered the little dining-room a long line of claret-bottles was arranged all along the wainscoting and I asked the Father if this were his wine-cellar. "No," he replied indignantly; "and they will all have to be drunk before you leave me to-morrow." And so they were. Eventually in the early hours of the morning an old china bowl was placed in the middle of the table, the necks of a number of bottles were knocked off and their contents poured into the bowl, while Lecky looked on with sad and wondering eyes. The first time I went to Egypt (in 1879) I was starting from Cairo for Assuan in one of Cook's steamers and had just sat down to lunch when I discovered to my astonishment that my next neighbour was Father Healy, who was travelling with a friend, D'Arcy by name. I ordered a bottle of wine, but the waiter brought me instead some water; whereupon I expostulated with him. Healy immediately turned round to me and remarked: "It's all right; we used to be taught, 'Ex nihilo nihil fit.'" His companion D'Arcy was a diligent student of books; when an excursion took place he remained on board the steamer and read all about what we were to see in his guide-books. It saved a dusty ride in the sun, and the guide-book was more trustworthy than the dragoman.

While we were staying with Mahaffy William Wilde,

Oscar Wilde's elder brother, took us to the famous tumuli of New Grange, near Drogheda, which had been opened by his father, Sir William. Lady Wilde was still alive, and I well remember her long, gaunt figure reclining on a horse-hair sofa in her house in Merryon Square. Mahaffy accompanied us to Monaster Boyce and New Grange, and one day, when our conductor was not within hearing, told us of a dinner-party given by Sir William Wilde, at which he had been present, when Lord Spencer was Viceroy of Ireland. The Vice-regal party were among the guests, and Lady Spencer sat on Sir William's right. The dishes were placed on the table in the old-fashioned style, and when the cover was taken off the soup-tureen, Sir William put his thumb into the tureen and sucked it. A plate of soup was offered to Lady Spencer, which she refused. "Why don't you take the soup?" asked the host. "Because you have put your thumb into it," was the reply, which was heard all down the table.

While we four gentlemen were in the chamber of the largest of the tumuli we were joined by two young ladies who had entered it like ourselves by crawling on their hands and knees through the low passage that led to it. They introduced themselves to us as the daughters of the owner of the large house which we had passed shortly before reaching the tumuli; their father and mother had seen us passing, and had sent them to invite us to dinner when we had finished our inspection of the antiquities. It was an illustration of the old far-famed Irish hospitality, very acceptable in a country of vile inns, but soon to vanish under the influence of Land Acts and the like. Our would-be hosts did not know who we were, but rightly judged that if we were interested in the prehistoric antiquities of the country we must be fairly presentable.

We had a good dinner, and at last the time came when we said we must return to our hotel at Drogheda. "That is impossible at this late hour." "But," we said, "we have left all our luggage there." "That is of no consequence," was the answer; "your beds have been prepared for you, as well as your night-gowns"; pyjamas had not as yet migrated from the tropics to these islands. And so there we remained.

Later on Mahaffy accompanied Appleton and myself and another Fellow of Trinity College to Donegal and Armagh, where the Archbishop entertained us, and I finished by paying my first visit to the Giants' Causeway. On one of our long drives through the wilds of Donegal a frightened calf got in the way of our car, and as the road was narrow, blocked our path until at last Mahaffy managed to seize hold of the animal's tail and retain it in spite of the creature's struggles until we had passed. The sight of the Professor of Ancient History tugging at the calf's tail while it kicked and struggled with him was one not to be forgotten.

I went from Ireland to Glasgow, and from thence to Oban, where Blackie had asked me to stay with him. While I was there we joined Dr. Æneas M'Kay for two or three days in the island of Iona, where the population was still primitive. Clifford turned up with a party of Cambridge undergraduates and amused Blackie by his boyish spirits. Shortly afterwards I made my way to North Wales.

Whether it was this year or not that the Eisteddfod was held at Wrexham I do not remember, but it was on that occasion that an incident happened which made me feel proud of my countrymen. The contests in prose and verse and the musical entertainments that characterise the Eisteddfod took place in a large tent which held about 3000 persons. Only one end of it, above the daïs reserved for the official members of the assembly, was protected by a shell of wood. One evening, while Madame Patey was playing, a violent thunderstorm suddenly broke upon us, and the rain soon penetrated the canvas of the tent where the Welsh democracy sat patiently in its holiday clothes. But no one moved or made a stir until the music was finished, and then for the first time umbrellas were erected and cloaks and overcoats produced. What a contrast, I thought, to what would have happened on the other side of the Border, if, indeed, it had been possible to find there any audience at all of the same social class for the music and singing to which we had been listening!

In London I now saw a good deal of Prince Lucien Bonaparte. He was the son of the Prince of Canino, that elder brother to whom Napoleon I. owed in the first instance

his imperial power. Like his father of the same name, Prince Lucien never intermeddled with politics ; his interests were in philology ; the debt owed to him by Basque philology is incalculable, and the scientific study of the English dialects received from him a large part of its first inspiration. It was our common interest in Basque that originally brought us together, and one of the most valuable presents I have ever received was his gift of a complete collection of his publications upon Basque. A considerable portion of his income was devoted to the cause of philology. Unfortunately it was not large. When Napoleon III. became Emperor he gave a Senatorship to the Prince, but with the establishment of the Republic that was lost to him. Unlike Napoleon III., he had a strong family resemblance to " the Great Emperor."

He was proud of the fact that he had been born at Worcester. But in spite of his British birth and philological attainments he never became a master of the English language or its pronunciation. But he was a good Welsh scholar, and one summer night when I had been dining with him and he was accompanying me towards midnight to a Metropolitan railway station he burst into a Welsh song, his deep, sonorous voice echoing through the deserted streets of Bayswater and astonishing a policeman whom we met on the way. Like the rest of his family he was somewhat of a Voltairian, and one day he gave me an account of an encounter he had just had with Cardinal Manning. Manning, it seems, had been trying to " convert " him ; he stood it for some time, but at last " shut up " the Cardinal by saying : " Your Eminence, *I* was a Catholic before I cut my teeth ; you were not a Catholic until you had lost all yours."

Dr. Littledale was now reviewing the novels for the *Academy*. Hitherto he had been known to the world as a theologian of the Anglo-Catholic school and a writer of hymns, and his new rôle was therefore a surprise to some of his friends. But he was an Irishman with all an Irishman's versatility and sense of humour, and in spite of his lameness and spinal trouble was imperturbably cheerful. One day in the winter of 1877 I was dining with Green, the historian, who was a friend of Littledale, and heard from him a good

many stories about his friend. One related to the way in which he lost his first curacy. He was participating in a high Ritualistic celebration of the Eve of St. Lawrence's day. A hymn of a gloomy description had been specially composed for the occasion, but to the horror of the officiating priests and choristers when they entered their stalls they found on the desks before them, instead of the hymn they expected, another beginning: "'Twas the night before Larry was stretched." It is needless to say who was the culprit. At a later date, when Littledale's youthful spirits were supposed to have been sobered, he was called upon to write a service for the consecration of an Anglican convent. At the last moment the Mother Superior came to him, wringing her hands and exclaiming: "Oh, what *shall* we do? the kitchen has been forgotten!" "No matter," said Littledale; "I will add a prayer for the kitchen." So he took his pen and wrote: "'God sends meat!' *Response*: 'And the devil sends cooks.'" I remember that Green also told me that just before the meeting of the Oecumenical Council at Rome, the city was filled with placards, printed by a Liberal, announcing the assembling of a "Concilium Immorale." The printer had forgotten the *t*.

Another of my new acquaintances was Dr. Humphry Sandwith of Kars fame, from whom Humphry Ward derived his Christian name. He told me that when he first went to Constantinople, as a young physician, to make his fortune, he used to sit after the fashion of the place and time day after day in a French druggist's shop, waiting for some patient to turn up. But none came, and he found himself reduced to his last shilling. In this extremity he observed an old woman, well muffled up, enter the shop and engage in a long and subdued conversation with the druggist, who at last said: "No, no, you must not come to us for such things; we Franks can have nothing to do with a business of this sort." The old woman, however, persisted, and finally the druggist pointed to Sandwith and said: "Well, try him; perhaps he will do what you want." She then turned to Sandwith and informed him that a certain Pasha wanted to poison his wife; but for this a Frank doctor was absolutely necessary as the lady was related to the Sultan, and he alone would be

unsuspected. Sandwith thought to himself: "This is an opportunity not to be neglected," and accordingly told the old woman to conduct him to the Pasha's house. Arrived there, the Pasha informed him that his favourite wife had taken to wasting away till she was almost a skeleton, and he was so unhappy about it that it was quite necessary she should be poisoned. Again Sandwith thought: "This is an opportunity not to be neglected," so he turned to the Pasha and said: "Let me see her." He was taken to the harîm, where he made a speedy diagnosis of the lady's case, and returned to the Pasha, saying: "You may trust me; your wife shall die in a fortnight; but we must go to work slowly in order to obviate suspicion. I shall send a mixture every morning which your wife must take." "She shall be made to take it," was the reply. At the end of the fortnight Sandwith came to the Pasha with the news: "Your wife is dead." The grateful Turk rewarded him on the spot, and introduced him to the practice which made his fortune. The unfortunate lady had been in the last stage of consumption, and the mixture she had taken was really composed of chalk and water.

A year or so later, when the "Bulgarian Atrocities" were agitating the nerves of the British public, I attended a meeting in Brasenose at which some of the leading Liberal politicians shed crocodilian tears over the Turkish Christians. Among the speakers were Sandwith and Freeman (not yet Professor). In the course of his speech Freeman paused a moment in order to find some suitable epithet for the Sultan. "Blood-sucker," cried Sandwith; "yes, blood-sucker," said Freeman, and from that day forward the term became the Sultan's title in the Liberal press.

Gladstone now began his famous "Atrocities campaign," and the British public, forgetting for a moment its internal politics, about which it might be supposed to know something, threw itself fiercely into the "Turkish question," about which it knew less than nothing. Feeling ran so high that eventually I judged it prudent to decline one of Freeman's invitations to Somerleaze on the ground that we should "only quarrel over the Turks." However, Freeman was accustomed to opposition on my part; his Teutonic theories,

as I used to tell him and Green, were contradicted by the names and physical and temperamental characteristics of both of them, Freeman being a typical "Red Kelt" and Green a neolithic survival. The ancestors of both must have been Saxon serfs. In course of time, however, even Freeman found himself constrained to yield to the accumulating archaeological and anthropological evidence, and his answer to my Presidential Address to the Anthropological Section of the British Association in 1887 was virtually a renunciation of his old views. He there explains that he had never meant that the British race was Teutonised, but merely the British nationality (*Four Oxford Lectures*, 1887).

Once, while I was staying with him, we were sitting over his library fire one cold morning in March, both of us recovering from bronchitis, when he made a remark which sank deeply into my recollection. "I have never been able to understand," he said, "how a religion can be true, and yet not universal." The remark ignored the fact that truth can only be relative in this world of ours; absolute truth doubtless ought to be universal, but the finite mind in a finite universe can attain merely to fragments and reflections of the Light which "lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Freeman's attitude of mind explained his historical theory, which rested on one line of evidence, or supposed evidence, to the exclusion of everything else.

It was in the spring of 1877 that I went to Spain with Professor Fowler and William Ingelow. We first visited Barcelona and Tarragona, and then proceeded slowly down the eastern coast, where, among other places, I wished to see Castellon de la Plena, as an interesting "Iberian" inscription had recently been discovered there about which I wrote an article for *La Academia*; it was this which led to my being elected an Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of History of Madrid in 1883.

After leaving Valentia and Malaga we spent some time at Granada and Cordova, and then proceeded to Gibraltar. There I found that Colonel Pearse (whom I had met a few months previously at the Trubners') had just discovered an image of the sun-god cut in the summit of a cone-like block of stalagmite in St. Michael's cave. The image represents

the face of the sun, about twenty-six inches in diameter, surrounded with rays and with the cheeks painted red. The block of stalagmite is about fourteen feet high, and some four feet up it is a deep niche, three feet long, intended for offerings. The image is interesting, as being one of the few authentic monuments of the Phoenician age of Spain which have survived. The Colonel also showed me some intaglios from the neighbouring site of the ancient Carteia, but none of them belonged to the Phoenician period.

I crossed over from Gibraltar to Tangier in a small tub-like steamer, one of my companions being a young English officer, who told me that in consequence of being heavily in debt he had been obliged to leave the British army and accept a post offered him by the Maroccan Government. He had undertaken to remodel the Maroccan army and equip it in European fashion, and he further told me that although he was leaving all his friends behind him and going to a country where he knew no one, where he was unacquainted with the language and a stranger to the religion, nevertheless he felt so happy that when he got up in the morning his first impulse was to sing. It was the future Kaid Sir Harry Maclean. When I next saw him, at Queen Victoria's jubilee, he was an elderly, silent, depressed man, prematurely aged and difficult to recognise as the cheery young officer of 1877.

At Tangier there was already a hotel, kept by a negro named Martin, who had been a cook on board the Duke of Edinburgh's ship. It was clean and comfortable. From Tangier it was possible to make expeditions on horseback into the interior of the country, which was still under the control of a fairly strong ruler and not yet fallen into a state of hopeless anarchy. South of Tangier is a great forest full of magnificent ferns, through the length of which it takes two or three days to ride.

The Customs administration was still very primitive in Marocco. When I left Tangier I took with me three large cases of native pottery wrapped in rugs from Fez. The Customs officials, grey-bearded and venerable, were squatted in a line on a sort of daïs; three tall black slaves carried my cases on the top of their heads and marched past the officials; I followed behind them and salaamed to the officials, who

salaamed in return to me, and the Customs examination was over.

I went by sea to Cadiz along with my two companions, and we then made our way to Seville, which was redolent with the scent of the orange blossom. Later on we were at the Escorial, where the books stood with their backs and titles to the wall, and there was still no complete catalogue of them. Then my companions left me, and I spent twenty-four hours within the grim walls of Avila, where it was still mid-winter, and finally joined my old friends, Wentworth Webster and Vinson, the editor of the *Revue de Linguistique*, at Bayonne.

Our agitation for the endowment of research was now beginning to bear fruit, and the Welsh College of Oxford was the first to put it into practical shape. A Professorship of Keltic was founded at Jesus College, and it was determined that it should be a "Research Professorship," of which scientific study and research, and not teaching, should be the primary object. The right man for the post already existed: my friend Rhŷs had already made his mark in Keltic philology, which he had raised in this country from an amateur's plaything into a branch of science. A small body of electors was appointed, amongst whom the College made me its representative, and Rhŷs became a Professor.

I do not remember whether it was this summer or in the summer of the previous year that he and I made our first, and last, walking-tour—for we neither of us cared for long walks—through the wilder parts of North Wales, finishing finally with Beaumaris, where some of his old friends were still alive. It was at all events during the summer of 1877 that I was at the Palace of St. Asaph along with Lewis Morris, best known as the author of *The Epic of Hades*, with whom I had been foregathering in London. He told me that he had been at one of George Eliot's "Sunday afternoons" shortly before, where Tennyson read passages from "Maud." Liebreich also was there, and when Tennyson proceeded to put on an extra pair of spectacles he said: "Allow me to adjust your glasses; I see they are a little askew." "I am not blind," answered Tennyson, gruffly. "Ah," said Liebreich, "I am an oculist, accustomed to

persons of weak sight. Your glasses are not quite right." "They will do very well," was the reply. "I can see how to put them on; I'm not blind."

Those "Sunday afternoons" were somewhat terrible ordeals for shy people. We sat in a semicircle round the fireplace, and it was startling in the midst of a pause to be suddenly asked by the hostess from the opposite side of the circle: "Mr. Sayce, what is your view of the article on the immortality of the soul in the last number of the . . . Review?" Tennyson must have recited "Maud" there more than once, as I remember his doing so when he was made to mount a sort of rostrum which had been specially prepared for him.

Lewis Morris had nothing of the poet about his appearance. He was at one time Secretary of the Reform Club, and when the first Ladies' Club in London was started in Albemarle Street and its promoters did not yet venture to exclude a mingling of gentlemen, he was one of the original members. I was lunching with him there soon afterwards, when he began talking about the advance of old age. "At first," he said, "I did not like it, but I have now discovered that it has more than compensating advantages." But he was not really what men call "old" nowadays, and I doubt had he been so whether the "compensating advantages" would have been so evident to him. The most remarkable fact I know about him was that after his death it was discovered that he had a wife and grown-up children, of whose existence no one, not even his brother, had the faintest idea. He had gone about all his life as a bachelor, staying in country houses and mixing with London society without exciting any suspicion that he was a married man. Why he should have concealed the fact it is difficult to say, as the lady was neither socially nor otherwise unpresentable, and it is still more difficult to understand how his identity could have remained unknown to his children. I have known two other cases of the same kind, but in these cases there were social reasons for concealment, and the wife, at any rate, knew or suspected who her husband was.

Besides being appointed an elector to the Professorship of Keltic I was also appointed in 1877 an Examiner in the

Honour School of Theology. The School had become a scandal to the University; a minimum of knowledge was required from the candidates; and as the examiners were not allowed a choice between inserting the name of the examinee in one of the four classes or "ploughing" him, they generally chose the first alternative. A thorough reform was accordingly needed, both as regards the work required for the examination and the examination itself. Along with the theological Professors—Pusey, Bright, Liddon and Heurtley—I was put on a Committee charged with drawing up a scheme of work which should place the School of Theology on the same level as the other Honour Schools of the University. We met once a week each term in Pusey's library, and I learned more than ever to admire Pusey's astuteness. He would have made an admirable Roman Cardinal. On one occasion he happened to be absent through indisposition from a meeting in which we had to specify the works recommended for study on the books of Samuel. Besides the so-called "orthodox" commentaries the only book in English known to me which reflected the view of modern Hebrew scholarship was a translation of one by Bertheau; I accordingly recommended it and it was attached to the list. When Pusey appeared at the next meeting he said there was one little matter he wanted to be revised; Bertheau's *Commentary* had been recommended, but were we aware that the original edition was thirty years old and that much had been discovered since then which shed new light on the books of Samuel? He hoped, therefore, that the Committee would not lend itself to the recommendation of an antiquated work. This was an argument to which I could not reply. It was true that the work had been published some thirty years earlier, though this was not Pusey's real reason for objecting to it. Had Bertheau been "orthodox" we should have heard nothing about the thirty years.

The work of the Committee extended over a year. Meanwhile Sanday and myself had been appointed examiners, with the understanding that we should make the examination a real test of theological scholarship and deal remorselessly with candidates who lacked either the knowledge, the application, or the brains to aspire to Honours. The Rev.

E. S. Ffoulkes was added as Senior Examiner, and perhaps also as a sort of counterpoise to the reforming zeal of his two juniors. He was kindly and courteous, very learned in certain departments of old-fashioned theology, more especially the history of the General Councils and minute differences of dogma. He was one of the many Oxford converts to Rome, but had refused to surrender his British individualism, with the result that the breach between himself and his ecclesiastical superiors became more and more widened as the years passed, until at last he wrote a book in which he accused the Church of Rome as being a nursery of "lies, whole lies, and nothing but lies." After this there was nothing further for him to do but to return to the Anglican Communion, and he was now Vicar of St. Mary the Virgin. He had a theory that the duty of an examiner in a *viva-voce* examination was not so much to extract knowledge from a candidate as to impart it, and as he had a kindly manner with the examinees Sanday and I usually handed those of them over to him who were hopelessly "ploughed," but at the same time were deserving of gentle treatment. One morning I was writing a note and not attending to the examination when I suddenly became aware of a question which Ffoulkes was putting to a candidate. "What do we take off," he was saying, "when we enter a sacred building? We take off our hats, don't we?" "Yes," murmured the examinee. "And why do we take off our hats?" The foolish fellow, instead of waiting to hear why we did so, muttered something about reverential reasons. "No, no," said Ffoulkes; "we take off our hats to keep our heads cool, don't we?" "Yes," answered the candidate. "And what do the Orientals take off when they enter a sacred building?" This time the candidate was wise enough to wait to hear the reason. "They take off their feet, don't they?" At this astounding piece of information the examinee looked a little surprised, but meekly answered, "Yes." "And why do they take off their feet?" asked Ffoulkes, wholly unconscious of the *lapsus linguae*. As I was one day coming out of the examination-rooms, which were still the old rooms in the quadrangle of the Bodleian Library, I fell across T. H. Green, the metaphysician. "What business have *you* here?" he

inquired. "To discover the nakedness of the land," was my answer.

In the Christmas Vacation Percival and I went to Greece. Before starting Chenery had asked me to settle in London on the resident staff of the *Times*, with a view to becoming eventually one of its sub-editors. I deferred my decision until my return to England, and meanwhile went to Greece as special correspondent, it being understood that there should be a discreet mingling of the political and archaeological in my letters. We went first to Corfu and Zante with the intention of crossing over from thence to the mainland, and spending a few days with von Luschan and Weil at Olympia where they had recently commenced excavations for the German Government. The season, however, though mild, happened to be exceedingly wet and stormy, and after spending nearly a week in Zante we were obliged to go by steamer to Patras and then ride through the rains and mud of Elis to Olympia. The rivers were in full flood, and in swimming across the Peneus one of our baggage-mules was lost, along with all its baggage. At Olympia the beautiful Hermes of Praxiteles had just been found, and the day of our arrival was signalised by the discovery of a bronze plate with a semi-oriental design which Professor von Luschan declared was a compliment to myself.

From Olympia we went to Bassae which came near to being the end of our journey. For two days and nights we had been confined by an unceasing downpour to the house we occupied in the neighbouring village, and where we sat in wet and darkness, the rain streaming through the roof and the wooden shutters closely barred to keep out the storm, while the noise and smell of the horses in the stable under our room came with ever-increasing intensity through the spaces between the planks of the floor. At last the storm cleared away just after breakfast, and we started gaily with our dragoman and a local guide for the ascent of the mountain, on the top of which rise the ruins of the old temple. The mountain was higher than I expected; the path had been destroyed in many places by the storm, and long before we reached the summit the ground was deep in snow. There was a strong wind blowing round the columns of the temple,

and it was bitterly cold. But the view from one side of the Peloponnesus to the other was magnificent, and the ruins of the temple more than repaid our efforts to reach it. Suddenly, however, a thick cloud settled upon us in the shape of a snow-storm, and the guide said it would be impossible for us to descend. To remain was equally impossible; in half an hour we should all have been frozen to death, and I said that if no one else would venture I would make the experiment. I knew that my horse was as sure-footed as a cat, and trusted him accordingly. I put the reins on his neck, he put his nose to the ground, and the others followed. We emerged safely at last from under the snow-cloud, and guide and dragoman took out their rosaries, flung themselves on their knees and gave thanks for their safety. At the village the guide had a warm reception, as the villagers, when they saw the "snow-demon" suddenly envelop the upper part of the mountain, never expected to see him again.

From Bassae we tried to strike across the country to Sparta, but the heavy rains and snow prevented us from following any of the usual routes. One day we spent in riding through the submerged plain of the Alpheus with the water up to the girths of our horses; another day we took refuge in Karytena, the most picturesquely situated of villages, built on the crests of two precipitous rocks, between which runs a deep gorge. There we had to wait some days, until the weather allowed us to move again and we had dried our soaked baggage, the water having penetrated everything, "water-proof" wraps included. A long line of braziers was ranged throughout the length of a room in the mayor's house where we were lodged, and our goods and chattels were heaped around them.

As it was impossible to return through the flooded plains, we now determined to cross Mount Lykaeôn, notwithstanding that it was deep in snow. Our muleteers brought us over in safety, however, and in the descent on the eastern side where rocks, trees and shrubs were alike buried in snow, I admired the sure-footedness of our animals who would leap down from one concealed point of rock to another without ever making a false step. Eventually we arrived at Megalopolis, or Shinân as the older people called it; the

children who went to school learnt the new "Greek of Athens," and called the place in which they lived by its new official name. The Greek peasantry were still in the full glow of their renovated patriotism, and more than one parent expressed his satisfaction that he could no longer understand his children, as "they spoke good Greek."

The ruins of Megalopolis did not detain us long, and we pressed on to Argos. Our baggage was sent on ahead of us, while Percival and myself, with our dragoman and cook, turned aside to visit some antiquities I wanted to see. The result was that we did not reach Argos till two o'clock in the morning. As we had not taken the direct road there was but little shelter on the way; the mountain-air was cold, and we rejoiced, therefore, when about nine at night we fell across a *khan* where there was a fire and a prospect of dinner. A few soldiers were sitting round a fire they had made in the middle of the floor; we joined them and watched the preparations of our cook for the coming meal. First of all a sword was borrowed from a soldier; some *kebobs* or pieces of mutton were spitted and it was laid across the fire with the hilt resting on a stone on one side and the point of the blade on another. Meanwhile some soup we had brought with us was being warmed in its tin, and a number of eggs were broken and put into the solitary basin the *khan* could supply. The result was that before very long we had two cups of hot soup, followed by an excellent omelette, and that again by perfectly cooked *kebobs*, and I wondered how many of our British cooks would be capable of a similar performance. Finally the dragoman produced some raisins from his wallet and we felt that we had had a good dinner.

My companion had never seen Mykenae and Tiryns, and my own visit had taken place before Schliemann had excavated Mykenae and revealed prehistoric Greece to a sceptical world. Schliemann's work was now being continued by Stamataki on behalf of the Archaeological Society of Athens, and with him we stayed for some days. He had just discovered a sixth royal tomb within the enceinte in which Schliemann believed he had found the remains of Agamemnon, though we now know that the kings whose bodies were enshrined there belonged to a dynasty which had

reigned several centuries earlier than the age of the Trojan war.

After leaving the Peloponnesus we paid a visit to Delphi, and from thence made our way through a fierce snowstorm to Daulis at the foot of Parnassus and so into the plain of Boeotia. One of the places we visited there was Orchomenos, where we enjoyed the hospitality of the monastery. It happened to be at the conclusion of the long Advent fast, and we dined on the night of our arrival with the Egûmenos or Abbot. Thirteen courses, mostly meat, came to the table, and though our appetites had been whetted by long days of riding and exposure to rain and cold, they failed us after a time and we could eat no more despite the astonishment and protests of our host. He went steadily through all the courses, sometimes taking a second helping. Notwithstanding the rigorous fasts of the Greek Church I was not surprised when I saw him again during Dr. Schliemann's excavations to find that his girth was largely increased.

At Athens we spent some time, as I had to see the politicians as well as the archaeologists. One day we drove to Spata, a village near Athens, where a beehive-shaped tomb had recently been discovered, belonging to the Mykenaean age and filled with objects of that period. It was a day of wind and rain ; in crossing an open field near the tomb our carriage was overturned by the wind, and the tomb itself was partially filled with water. It says much for " the open-air treatment " that neither Percival nor myself caught cold or cough or, in fact, had a moment's ill-health from the beginning to the end of our expedition ; we had a good cook and abundance of good food, and except in the towns there was no fear of " microbes." I have always found that with good, properly cooked food and country wine, the traveller *who rides on horseback* can keep well under the most untoward climatic conditions and in the most malarious of countries.

By the time I returned to England I had come to the conclusion that I did not possess the strength for the night-work demanded by service on the editorial staff of the *Times*, and accordingly determined to remain in Oxford. One of my first occupations was to send a letter to the *Academy* (March 2, 1878), on " The Art of Prehistoric Greece," in

which, though the Phoenicians still bulked largely on the archaeological horizon I suggested for the first time that "Assyrian influence entered Greece through Asia Minor." In an article contributed to the *Contemporary Review* the following December I further suggested that before the appearance of the Phoenicians the Phrygians had been the intermediaries between East and West. The suggestions were soon to bear fruit.

The letter brought me the friendship of Dr. Schliemann who was staying at De Keyser's hotel in London. He asked me to lunch with him there, and thus a friendship commenced which had a considerable influence upon my future life. It also brought me into close contact with Sir Charles Newton, whom I had met several times at Dean Liddell's table, but with whom I now became very intimate. It was also either this year or the previous one (I do not remember which) that I made the acquaintance of General di Cesnola, who was then living at Ilsington Villa, London. He had brought there all his collection of Cypriote antiquities which he wished the British Museum to purchase. I spent several days in going through them at his request and had several conversations with Sir Charles Newton about them subsequently. They were not purchased by the British Museum, however, and became one of the chief sights of the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

At a later date the General's younger brother, Major (afterwards Count) Palma di Cesnola made another large collection of Cypriote antiquities, chiefly from his excavations at Salamis. An elaborate account of these, as well as of his excavating work, was published by him under the title of *Salaminia* (1882), to which I contributed translations of the Cypriote inscriptions and a report on the numerous seal-cylinders he had found. The plates giving the seal-cylinders are an archaeological monument of enduring value, since they constitute by far the largest and most complete collection of these relics of the early bronze age of Cyprus which is as yet in print.

In the spring of 1878 I read a paper before the Oxford Dante Society on "The Etruscan Element in Dante." The Society had been founded by the enthusiasm and efforts of

Dr. Moore, and had held its first meeting in November 1876. It consisted of ten members, and among them were Cheyne and Earle. Gradually other recruits came in, and when I resigned in 1890 it was representative of all the best Dantesque scholarship in Great Britain.

In the early part of September the fourth Oriental Congress met at Florence under the aegis of the King of Italy, and the Italian Government nominated me as a delegate from Oxford. Just before I left Oxford Max Müller asked me if I would take with me a valuable Sanskrit MS. which the India Office wished to send to Florence for exhibition, but was unwilling to entrust to the post. I agreed to do so, provided it was small enough to go into my hand-bag. This, Max Müller said, would certainly be the case. It arrived just as I was packing my baggage and I found it was far too large and heavy for anything but a portmanteau. It was, however, too late to return it to London, and with some misgivings, accordingly, I packed it in my trunk. My travelling companion was Seager, who in the early days of the Tractarian movement had been Pusey's assistant, and whose secession to Rome was the final cause of Newman making up his mind to leave the Anglican Church. Seager, however, retained his British claim to the right of private judgement and up to the last maintained, not only in speech, but also in writing, the validity of his Anglican Orders. This naturally was not to the liking of his ecclesiastical superiors who, nevertheless, allowed him to hold the post of Professor of Hebrew in the Roman Catholic College in South Kensington where he was pretty safe to have no pupils. He was now an old man, and his wife had entrusted him to my safe-keeping.

An Exposition was making Paris more than usually popular, and the Calais steamer by which we travelled was crowded to overflowing. Two expresses had to be run to Paris, and we were unable to find room in the first. Consequently we did not arrive in Paris till late in the evening, which prevented us from catching the night-train to Turin and obliged us to spend the next day in Paris. Seager found himself fatigued by the journey, and so left me at Lyons ; as a delegate, however, I had to be present at the opening

meeting of the Congress, and so was compelled to press on to Italy. Early the following morning I was asleep in a carriage which was otherwise empty, when I was aroused by a violent shaking. I awoke to find the train standing still, half-way up the ascent to the Mont Cénis tunnel, and a guard appearing immediately afterwards and saying that there had been an accident which would compel us to remain stationary for some time, I returned to my slumbers. When I again awoke the sun was pouring into the carriage, so I got out of it in order to see where we were and what had happened. On the left-hand side of the line was a precipice descending into a mountain torrent at the foot of it, and one of the two engines that were drawing us was hanging suspended half-way over its edge. Had we not been crawling slowly up the ascent the whole train must have been precipitated into the abyss below. While I was looking at the scene, the doors of various carriages opened, and out of them came several of my Orientalist friends — Maspero, François Lenormant, Renan, Cordier the Professor of Chinese, and others. As Cordier remarked, the railway company seemed to have meditated making a clean sweep of the French Orientalists.

As it was, we had to wait a good many hours for the line to be cleared and a fresh engine to arrive from Turin, which we reached long after the express to Florence had departed. On the platform at Turin was Professor Naville who seized me as I emerged from the train, telling me that an Englishman had died there that morning and under the Italian police regulations must be buried at once ; the British chaplain was absent, and he had come to the station in the hope of finding me. There was no help for it ; I had to send my luggage to the hotel, and hurry to the cemetery where the funeral cortége was awaiting me.

The Congress began the following morning, so I dined at the hotel and then returned to the station for the night-express. There was a great crowd there and little light, and the hotel porter, instead of attending to my luggage, was looking after the voluminous parcels of an American family. When I came back to him after obtaining my ticket I found that instead of registering it he had lost sight of my portmanteau in which was lying the precious MS. I was unable

to wait, as the train was just starting, so my feelings can be easily imagined. At our first stopping-place I sent telegrams to Turin and Florence, and wondered whether I should ever see the trunk again.

At Florence I was met by Count de Gubernatis and W. J. Stillman, the American traveller, writer and political agitator, who was now acting as *Times* correspondent. They told me that as I was a delegate of the Italian Government and my trunk contained property belonging to the Anglo-Indian Government its disappearance was a government affair which would be communicated at once to the head-quarters of the police in Rome. The result was that it was restored to me in two or three days; of course I never inquired how it was recovered or how much bakshish was expended on the operation, but I have often pictured to myself the astonishment of the thief at finding all the police machinery of Italy suddenly set to work to recover what he supposed to be an ordinary tourist's portmanteau.

The British colony at Florence were at the time in a state of agitation over a quarrel between "Ouida" and Mrs. Ross, the daughter of Lady Duff Gordon of Egyptian memory. Mrs. Ross was a lady of somewhat masculine appearance, fond of horsemanship and of playing on the mandolin, and fully capable of holding her own. "Ouida," however, had taken an unfair advantage by publishing *Moths* and letting it be known that the novel was directed against her rival. The book was a scandalous one, even apart from its object.

A royal banquet was given to the delegates under the auspices of the Duke of Aosta in the Pitti Palace. No more delightful dining-hall could be imagined, with Greek statuary lining its walls. My next neighbour was Renan, the most charming of conversationists. His appearance was that of a fat, coarse, Breton priest, but as soon as he began to speak his charm of manner and language caused everything else to be forgotten. I shall never forget a November afternoon I once spent with him in the library of his Paris house; I was on my way to Algeria, and as we sat in our arm-chairs opposite one another on either side of the fire-place his discourse passed first from Roman Africa to Roman Christianity, and then to Keltic Christianity and the Keltic

temperament. "The Kelt," he said, "is deeply religious, but neither the Latin nor the Teuton can understand it. The religion of the Latin is a religion of the intellect, while the Teuton still believes in his Thor and Woden; the religion of the Kelt belongs to the emotions, and is therefore as sympathetic, variable and artistic as the emotions themselves."

The close of the Oriental Congress was overshadowed by a tragedy. A dinner had been given to us in the Palazzo Riccardi by the Minister of Public Instruction; that night Seager was seized by a choleraic attack and died from heart exhaustion early in the morning. He and I were staying in a hotel in which we had found Bywater, who was working at Greek MSS. in the Laurentian Library, and after dinner Stillman had been in the habit of joining us in Bywater's room, where we spent the rest of the evening, Seager taking a short stroll first of all, and then joining us when it began to get dark. The night after Seager's death the three of us were again together in Bywater's room; Seager's body was already lying in its coffin not far away, and our conversation naturally turned upon his sudden death. By degrees we passed to other subjects, and it was growing dark, when we all three simultaneously heard the handle of the door turned and furthermore saw it turning. As the door did not open Stillman rose and opened it himself; no one was to be seen from one end of the corridor to the other. The occurrence made a great impression upon him; more than once in after years he reverted to it, saying "The hand that tried to turn the handle was like that of a feeble old man." [1]

Once when he was staying with me at Oxford and we were sitting one evening after dinner in our College garden, Stillman told me that it had not been his first experience of the kind. He first came to Europe as an agent of Kossuth at the time of the Hungarian insurrection, and after narrowly escaping an Austrian prison managed to make his way to Rome. At Rome he fell into the dissipations of youth, lost all belief, as he expressed it, "in God and morality," and led

[1] Bywater always maintained that it was Stillman himself who had not properly closed the door when he entered the room half an hour or more before, and that what we witnessed was the subsequent automatic movement of the handle.

a thoroughly bad life. Eventually he agreed to elope with a certain married Marchesa of doubtful celebrity. She was to call for him after dinner in a carriage and they were to leave Rome under the cover of night. The drawing-room of the flat he occupied was double, and after packing the few things he required he was sitting in it in the half-light waiting for her arrival. Suddenly he saw his mother, who had been dead for some years, standing at the entrance of the inner room and looking at him with " a face of inexpressible sadness." The vision lasted for a short time only and then vanished. But it was sufficient. The mother's look had gone to the son's heart; he unpacked his baggage, and when the Marchesa came sent to tell her that he was unable to join her. " From that moment," he added, " I was a changed man."

Stillman has often been accused of having stirred up the Kretan insurrection of 1878. This he always denied, and maintained that he had done his best to prevent a rising. Whether this were the case or not, he was somewhat of a stormy petrel in the politics of the Eastern Mediterranean, whether it were Krete, or Montenegro or Serbia. His wife was strikingly handsome, with all the Greek characteristics of the Ralli family. I saw a good deal of him at various times, as our archaeological tastes brought us together, and travelled with him in both Italy and Greece.

After leaving Florence I spent a week at Ravenna where I had the mosaics and memories of Byzantium to myself, as there was no other occupant of the hotel. It was beautiful September weather, and the forest that stretched southward to Rimini had not yet been destroyed by fire. The morning I visited San Apollinare in Classe a violent thunderstorm happened to take place just after I had reached the church. Thereupon the driver of my " victoria " brought the carriage into the church, leaving the carriage itself in the porch and taking the horse into the nave. The horse was as much of a Christian as the English heretic, and there was nobody there except ourselves and the green moss on the floor.

In 1877 I published two courses of Lectures, one on " The Assyrian Syllabary and Grammar," which contained the substance of my lectures on that subject in London, and

the other on "Babylonian Literature," a German translation of which appeared shortly afterwards. The lectures on Babylonian Literature had been given at the Royal Institution, where the Secretary had carefully instructed me not to allow any of them to exceed three-quarters of an hour in length; "our audience," he said, "cannot stand more than that at a time." More important from the scientific point of view were three papers on "Accadian" (that is to say, Sumerian) Phonology" (*Transactions of the Philological Society*, 1877), the first attempt to grapple with the question of Sumerian phonology, "The Tenses of the Assyrian Verb" (*Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, 1877), which established once for all the tense-system of the Assyrian verb, and "Language and Race" (*Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, 1877), in which I laid down what was then a new conception, but has since become a common-place of science that language is no test of race, and that we cannot argue from race to language or from language to race.

I was now busy writing my *Introduction to the Science of Language*, which Messrs. King & Co. had asked me to do. I have always considered it one of the best of my books. Before it could be published, however, King's business was purchased by Kegan Paul who was in Holy Orders and had been a Master at Eton. I was spending a week-end with him about the time when the negotiations for the sale of the publishing business were going on, and heard a story from him about Sewell, the founder of Radley College and the staunchest of Anglicans who, while his friends were seceding to Rome, prided himself upon keeping in the *via media*. Sewell had been preaching the University sermon, and on leaving the church Wilfrid Ward, "the Ideal," remarked: "He is rightly named Suillus, 'Little Pig,' for he can never go the whole hog."

It was either in 1878, or a year or two later, that, thanks to Lord Leighton, I first enjoyed what were the pleasantest evenings of my life. For several years I was one of the favoured guests at the Royal Academy dinner. On the first occasion my two neighbours were Matthew Arnold and Mr. (afterwards Sir Edward) Poynter, and I well remember Matthew Arnold congratulating me and saying it was an

evening to which he looked forward all the rest of the year. I have heard at them the best and the worst after-dinner speeches to which it has been my lot to listen, the first by Lord Granville, the second by the Duke of Edinburgh. But Lord Leighton's felicitous sentences always made amends for the shortcomings of the worst of speakers. As a guest I enjoyed a privilege which I particularly valued, that of free entrance to the exhibition on the afternoon of the dinner. The only other visitor on these occasions was Gladstone, and consequently it was possible to see and enjoy the pictures without hindrance or distraction.

In the early part of the summer of 1878 the British Association had met in Dublin, and Mahaffy had asked me to stay with him in Trinity College while it was taking place. I crossed over to Ireland with the Huxleys, and found Mr. George Macmillan my fellow-guest. He and Mahaffy had been travelling together in Greece the year before, and he had become keenly interested in Greek antiquities. It is needless to say that the genial hospitality of our hosts made the meeting long remembered in the annals of the Association, and to me more especially it is memorable as being my first introduction to Macmillan. He and I had several conversations about the possibility of establishing a British Society similar to the French Société pour l'Encouragement des Études Grecques, of which we were both members, conversations which were to bear fruit a little later.

The Duke of Marlborough was at that time the Viceroy of Ireland, and one evening we were invited to meet the house-party at the Viceregal Lodge. I took into dinner Lady Dorothy Neville, whom I then met for the first time. She was wearing a brooch set with brilliants, in the centre of which was what looked like a small tusk. "Ah," she said, "I see you are looking at my brooch. I have had my boy Raphie's first tooth set in it. He inherits the blood of both the Walpoles and the Nevilles and ought to be a credit to them. So I am taking care to let him see as much as possible of men like Darwin and Tyndall, and to understand what sensible conversation means." When we joined the ladies in the drawing-room the Duchess asked Mahaffy if he would take a hand at whist. "With pleasure," he answered,

" provided you don't play for more than penny points." " Oh, how mean of you, Mr. Mahaffy," said her Ladyship. " Not so mean, your Grace, as not to pay your debts," was the reply. The newspapers had recently been accusing the Duchess of incurring the debts which brought about the sale of the collection of gems at Blenheim, though they had really been incurred by her eldest son (Lord Blandford). But Mahaffy was a favourite of the Duchess, and was privileged to say what he liked.

When the Meeting of the Association was over, Miss Margaret Stokes and myself made an expedition together to the rock of Cashel, which Mahaffy aptly compared to the rock of the Acropolis at Athens, and I then spent a few days with my relatives at Monainsha. There I induced my uncle to undertake some excavations that resulted in the discovery of the tombstone of Cormac, the founder of the beautiful Chapel at Cashel in the tenth century, which is now in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy.

Sir W. M. Ramsay was at that time a scholar of St. John's College, and was just about to take his degree. His interests in Greek archaeology, which were not properly appreciated in his own College, brought us together, and I already saw in him a possible recruit for a scheme of exploration in Asia Minor which was already beginning to take shape in my own mind. Meanwhile, after my return from Italy, George Macmillan and I were carrying on a correspondence about the new Society on whose formation we were bent, and to which we proposed to assign the name " Hellenic." For the moment, however, nothing could be done, as I was still examining for the Theological School, not to speak of my tutorial work, so that I had no time for other matters. They had to wait for a while.

My boyish love for things Egyptian, however, had not passed away, and the arrival of the obelisk which stands on the Thames Embankment in the early part of 1878, revived all my old interest in them. From time to time I used to meet Sir Erasmus Wilson at the Savile Club ; it was to his enthusiasm and generosity that the removal of the ancient monument of Thothmes III. to the smoke and frosts of London was due, and I well remember the air of relief and

conscious triumph with which he announced to me that it had been rescued from the storms of the Bay of Biscay.

In the December of that year I spent a few days with the Macmillans at Upper Tooting. Alexander Macmillan was still in all his pristine vigour, and in his smoking-room after dinner he used to discourse till late at night on his two favourite topics, Plato and the Psalms. One evening he told me that Lord Tennyson, on being asked whether he should name his son Alfred, answered: "I should think not! He might turn out a fool." He had a good many stories, too, of Matthew Arnold. One day they were discussing Ruskin, and Macmillan remarked that he was "a gifted genius." Whereupon Matthew Arnold rejoined: "I prefer sanity."

At the end of the summer term 1879 I resigned my tutorship, and henceforth was free to devote my time to the things in which I was most interested, and above all to explore the East.

CHAPTER IX

THE EAST AT LAST

CONSTANTINOPLE and Asia Minor were my first objective after my emancipation from my educational fetters. It was an interesting moment in the history of the Near East, and Sir Henry Layard, who was now our Ambassador at Constantinople and omnipotent in Turkish Councils, had asked me to visit him, while Schliemann had placed at my disposal his servant Nikola who had been with him throughout his Trojan excavations. Mr. Frank Calvert, moreover, who had drawn Schliemann's attention to the site of Hissarlik, and had, in fact, bought it with a view to excavating it himself, offered to be my guide in the Troad.

Before starting for the East, however, I ran up to the Highlands, to a district which had been discovered by Herbert Spencer in the days when he was an ardent fisherman, and which I had already found to be restful, bracing and picturesque in more senses than one. This was Arisaig and "Prince Charlie's country" in the neighbourhood of Loch Aylort and Loch Shiel. I had to post forty miles from Banavie to the end of the road at Arisaig, where there was a very comfortable little inn, with a sitting-room and two bedrooms, one of which was invariably reserved for "the School-inspector"; it belonged to the ex-butler and ex-cook of Lord MacDonald, who had married and provided me with the best of cooking at half-a-crown a day. I found there also a bin of old claret which I shrewdly suspected must have come once upon a time from "the big house." Our only public communication with the outside world was the fortnightly steamer from Glasgow.

When I left Arisaig it was to ride northward on pony-

back, for there was no road, to Glenelg, whence I made my way to Skye. In Skye, of course, I saw all the sights, including Prince Charlie's cave, which is interesting to geologists as it is one of the few spots in the island where the native rock is visible under the mass of cinders with which the Cuchullin volcanoes once buried all that part of the world. On returning south I stayed, first, for a few days with Creighton in his living of Embleton, where my room was in the tower of the peel-castle which formed the nucleus of the Rectory, and then with Isaac Taylor at Settrington.

Isaac Taylor was busily engaged in writing his book on the Alphabet, and a good part of our time was occupied in discussing the various questions which it had raised. One morning I was with him in his library when the question of the so-called Hamathite inscriptions turned up. These were inscriptions in a new form of hieroglyphic script which had first been detected on certain stones at Hamath. I was interested in them and had written one or two papers on the subject, in which I had come to the conclusion that they were the work of the Hittites, a conclusion verified almost immediately afterwards by the discovery by George Smith of similar inscriptions on the site of Carchemish as well as of inscriptions in the same characters on a monument at Ivriz in Cilicia. While I was talking to Taylor, a sudden inspiration came to me. I asked him for a copy of Rawlinson's *Herodotus*, and then pointed out to him that a picture in it of a monument in the pass of Karabel near Smyrna, which Herodotus believed to have been a memorial of the Egyptian Pharaoh Sesostris, presented us with a figure in precisely the same style of art as that of the monuments of Ivriz and Carchemish, and accompanied by badly copied hieroglyphs which would probably turn out to be those which I called Hittite. The "Pseudo-Sesostris" had already been recognised as belonging to the same school of art as certain figures cut on the rocks of an ancient sanctuary near Boghaz Keui in Cappadocia, the age and artistic relations of which were unknown, and about which various fantastic theories were current. Photographs of them had been taken by the French explorer and scholar Perrot: these Taylor hunted up, and we saw that not only was the art the same at Boghaz Keui, at Karabel,

at Ivriz and at Carchemish, but that the figures of Boghaz Keui were accompanied by hieroglyphs similar to those of Ivriz. It was clear that in pre-Hellenic days a powerful empire must have existed in Asia Minor which extended from the Aegean to the Halys and southward into Syria, to Carchemish and Hamath, and possessed its own special artistic culture and its own special script. And so the story of the Hittite empire was introduced into the world.

I had still a week before I had arranged to start for the East, and I spent most of this in working in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The result was a letter in the *Academy* (August 16, 1879) on "The Origin of Early Art in Asia Minor," in which I formulated for the first time what is now one of the commonplaces of archaeology, and prophesied that the hieroglyphs attached to the Pseudo-Sesostris, which I hoped to examine shortly, would prove to be "not Egyptian but Hittite."

Percival and Fowler, the Professor of Logic, had arranged to join me in Rumania, and I now started for Buda-Pesth, where I was to meet Professor Sachau, who had been commissioned by the German Government to spend a year in exploring Mesopotamia and the neighbouring countries in search of MSS., coins and similar antiquities. Dr. Schliemann also had asked me to look at certain prehistoric objects discovered in Hungary, and more especially the pottery which he thought might have some relations with that of Mykenae.

On my way to Pesth I stopped at Augsburg and Ratisbon, where the eighteenth-century torture-chamber was within hail of the dining-room of the hotel, and made one realise how much the newer Europe owes to Napoleon. Sachau and I made our way up the Danube by steamer, and picked up our two fellow-travellers at Orsova or the Baths of Hercules, I do not remember which. Then we proceeded by train to Varna where a very dirty Austrian Lloyd cargo-boat, swarming with vermin, was waiting to take us to Constantinople.

It was a very interesting moment at Constantinople. The Russian war was over; Abdul Hamid had been called to the throne by Midhat and the Young Turkish party, and

politicians were once more dreaming of their ability to settle the Eastern Question. Sir Henry Layard had stepped into the position formerly held by "the great Elchi," Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and, as I have said, was now omnipotent in Turkey. The Turks regarded him as a friend; he was acquainted with their language, habits, manners and ideas; he was, moreover, a man of extraordinary ability, full of intellectual and physical vigour, who had made his own way in the world, unspoilt by the debilitating atmosphere of the British diplomatic service. Just now he was called upon to carry out the conditions of the Convention with Turkey which had given us the possession of Cyprus, and to see that in return Asia Minor should be provided with a just and firm government.

We put up at Missiri's Hotel, which was burnt down shortly afterwards when the Byronic relics preserved in it were destroyed, and proceeded to do our duty as tourists.[1] When this was duly accomplished I left my companions in Constantinople and went to the summer residence of the British Embassy at Therapia. There was a large state dinner-party the evening of my arrival, at which most of the Turkish ministers and leading European diplomats were present. Among the guests, also, was an Alexandrian merchant, Mr. Grace, who had arrived that afternoon. When the ladies left the table, Sir Henry asked me to sit beside him, and in the course of a conversation in which I had been alluding to the brilliant assemblage around us he said, "I owe it all to my old friend Grace who is sitting opposite to us; when I first visited Constantinople I often did not know where to look for a dinner." He then gave me an extremely interesting account of an episode in his early life which is passed over, unfortunately, in his autobiography. I had already learned from James Fergusson that after his father's death young Layard had been asked by an uncle, who was a coffee-planter in Ceylon, to join him there and been provided with the means for undertaking the

[1] I gave an account of the Sultan's weekly visit to the mosque, and my examination of such antiquities as Dr. Dethier, the nominal "Director of the Museum," and one of Layard's servants could extract from the cases in which they were packed, in the *Academy*, September 20, 1879.

voyage. He had, however, always had a passionate desire for exploring the East, and consequently instead of proceeding to Ceylon by ship he started to do so by land. Eventually he found himself at the end of his resources on the eastern side of the Jordan. There he was captured by the Beduin, and for about six months was a slave in the Beduin camp. He escaped, however, and finally made his way to Damascus, where, ragged, half-starving and in Arab dress, he knocked at the door of the British Consulate. The Consul believed his story, and provided him with clean clothes and a few coins. He then made his way on foot through Asia Minor to Constantinople, living with the peasants and subsisting for the most part on their hospitality. In this way he learnt a certain amount of colloquial Turkish, and came to know the lives and minds of the peasantry and to sympathise with their condition as no other European did. On arriving at Constantinople, he told me, he called on Sir Stratford de Redcliffe—he was not created Viscount until 1852—who asked him what was his address and dismissed him after a few other questions. Not long afterwards a young Englishman, the son of a rich Alexandrian merchant, came to Constantinople with the intention of making a tour in Asia Minor and asked the British Ambassador if he knew of any dragoman whom he could recommend. "No," said Sir Stratford, "but there is a young Englishman here who, I think, would just suit you. He has been tramping through Asia Minor on foot, knows the people, and speaks sufficient Turkish for your purposes." Layard was accordingly sent for, and engaged as dragoman. Before the tour was over he had ceased to be dragoman and had become Grace's friend and fellow-traveller. He was now again provided with the means for reaching India, but on this occasion he advanced no farther than Khorsabad, north of Mossul, where Botta was excavating the remains of the Palace of Sargon for the French Government. Layard was a good draughtsman and made drawings of the objects that had been found, which he sent to London along with a statement that similar remains existed farther south, opposite Mossul, on the supposed site of Nineveh, and that if he were supplied with the requisite amount of money he would undertake

to excavate them. The drawings were shown to James Fergusson, who talked them over with John Murray, the publisher, with the result that a small fund was raised by private subscription, and before long the theological and artistic worlds of Great Britain were startled by a new revelation, while the British Museum received its first exhibition of the bulls and other monuments of ancient Assyrian greatness.

While I was at the Embassy we were poisoned by a cook who had a grudge against one of the party. We were having tea on the lawn, Hobart Pasha, who was then in command of the Turkish fleet, being one of the guests, and a delicious-looking cake was handed round. But I did not like the taste of it, and there was a curious green tinge about it which made me leave most of my slice uneaten. Those who were bolder suffered accordingly, Lady Layard more especially, who was unable to appear at dinner.

Under the Anglo-Turkish Convention Asia Minor was divided into a number of Military Consulships, the Military Consuls being Englishmen who were placed in command of a native *gensdarmerie* and entrusted with the supervision of order, justice and taxation. They were also instructed to send reports from time to time to the Government at home. Had the system been allowed to continue Asia Minor would have become a second India, so far as security of life and property were concerned ; its almost boundless mineral and agricultural resources would have been developed, and there would have been no Armenian or Greek massacres. Unfortunately, before the system was a year old, the British democracy turned the Conservative Government out of office and brought in Mr. Gladstone. At once the Eastern policy of the Beaconsfield Cabinet was reversed, the military consuls abolished, Sir Charles Wilson at Sivas being the last to be left, and Asia Minor was handed over to the tender mercies of Abdul Hamid. While I was at Therapia, however, we were all still full of hope, and Sir Henry was having almost daily interviews with the candidates for the Consulships. One of his first questions usually was " Can you draw ? " and it was explained to the candidates that Asia Minor was full of ancient monuments about which very little was known.

It is not often that historical science finds a friend among diplomats and politicians.

One of my chief objects in visiting the neighbourhood of Smyrna was to see the figure of the Pseudo-Sesostris in the pass of Karabel and examine the hieroglyphic inscription at its side. The pass, however, was considered a dangerous locality as it was the headquarters of a gang of about thirty brigands who had for some time kept the district in terror. Layard, accordingly, considered that I ought to be accompanied to it by a sufficient force of Turkish soldiers, and for that purpose it was advisable that I should have a private audience with the Sultan. Abdul Hamid was at that time a comparatively young man, who was supposed to belong to the reforming party and whose latent insanity was not yet suspected. In physical appearance he was a typical Armenian, and there was much of the Armenian in his temperament ; which was not wonderful since his mother was of that nationality, and popular rumour in those days asserted that his father had been an Armenian also. When I visited him in order to procure his personal signature to the letter which had been written on my behalf to the Turkish authorities in Asia Minor, I was struck by the furtive restlessness of his eyes. Besides the ambassador and myself the two dragomans were the only other persons present, but throughout the audience the Sultan's eyes never rested for a moment on the same object, but were continually shifting from one to another corner of the room.

On my return to Constantinople I found that Sachau had departed for Syria and Fowler for England. Percival and myself went to Dardanelles, where we were hospitably entertained by Mr. Frank Calvert first in his house at Dardanelles and then in his *chiflik* or farm close to Hissarlik. Whittaker, the editor and proprietor of the *Levant Herald*, happened to be at Dardanelles when we arrived, and gave us an account of his first introduction to Dr. Schliemann. One morning when he was in his office, a knock came at the door and a visitor entered in the shape of a little man with a round bullet-like head, very little hair and a reddish face. " You are Mr. Whittaker, I think," he asked. " Yes," said Whittaker. " I understand," said his visitor, " that you

are better acquainted with Turkish than most of the other foreigners here: how many words are there in the Turkish dictionary?" This was, said Whittaker, rather a poser, but he replied, "Well, I should not like to commit myself definitely to an answer, but I should say about so many thousand." "Thank you, Mr. Whittaker," said the little man; "in that case if I learn so many words a day, at the end of six weeks I shall know all the words of the language"; and he departed. At the end of six weeks a knock came again at the door and the same little man entered the office. "I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Whittaker," he said; "you were quite right in your calculation, and I now know all the words contained in the Turkish dictionary. Here is my card." It was Schliemann.

Calvert rode over with us to his *chiflik*, and then acted as companion and guide throughout the Troad. I gave a brief account of the results of the journey in the *Academy*, and a more detailed one in the first volume of the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*. When riding southward over the forest-clad slopes of Mount Ida we encountered a forest fire. It had been a dry season and no rain had fallen for some months. In the middle of the forest we met some peasants who informed Nikola that the wood was burning not very far from where we were, and that unless we rode hard it would reach our path. We hurried on, accordingly, and in about half an hour came across a curious sight. The wild animals of the wood, big and small, were scampering across the path in multitudes away from the flames. The heat was considerable, and the smoke already thick and disagreeable, but we managed to pass the threatened spot just in time.

At Smyrna we were met by Dennis of Etruscan fame who had recently been appointed to the Consulate through Layard's influence. The year before he had brought out a new edition, in two volumes, of his old work on the Etruscan *Cities and Cemeteries*, one of the most fascinating of archaeological books. The new edition was really a new work, of a much more ambitious character than the earlier book but without its personal charm. I had reviewed it in the *Athenaeum*, for which I wrote occasionally, and had expressed my

regret at the change in the form of the book. In some way or other the authorship of the review became known to Dennis, and from time to time he let me know that he resented my criticism. Eventually, however, we became great friends, and I made amends for past misdemeanours by helping to induce the Oxford authorities to give him an Honorary degree.

Thanks to the Sultan's letter we were honoured with an escort of some thirty men and a bey during our explorations in the ancient Lydia, and consequently did not trouble our heads about the brigands. The bey had been through the Turko-Russian war and had served under Valentine Baker. "Ah," he said, "if our other generals had been like Baker Pasha, we could easily have beaten the Russians; they said, 'Go forward,' but he said, 'Come on.'" A few years later, when General Valentine Baker was Egyptian Sirdar, Mrs. Sheldon Amos and I were having tea with him on board his dahabia; his brother, Samuel Baker Pasha, was with him, and before tea was over another Baker Pasha (Colonel Charles), who was looking after the Cairo police but was no relation, happened to come in, so that, as Mrs. Sheldon Amos observed, it was like being in a baker's shop.

It was on a beautiful summer morning that I saw the pass of Karabel, stood beside the figure in which Herodotus had seen an Egyptian conqueror, and took squeezes of the inscription attached to it. There was no longer any question as to what the characters were. They were the same Hittite hieroglyphs that were found at Hamath and Carchemish, in Cappadocia and Cilicia, and they bore witness to the long-forgotten fact that Hittite warriors had once made their way to the shores of the Aegean and carried the art and culture of the East to the borders of the Greek world. My prophecy in the *Academy* was fulfilled.

I had heard in Smyrna that a second "Sesostris" had been discovered in the pass, and this, accordingly, I examined. It had been injured by the fire of a Yuruk who had once pitched his tent against it, but it was clear that no inscription had ever existed at its side. At the time, therefore, I thought it possible that an inscription had once run across the breast, and that accordingly it was the figure referred to by

Herodotus, who describes the hieroglyphs as running "across the breast from shoulder to shoulder," but we now know that this was never the case in Hittite sculpture, and as the Greek historian makes the further mistake of placing the spear held by the warrior in the right hand instead of the left, it is clear that he is writing either from the vague memories of his youth or from hearsay.

I spent a long day in the Pass, where I discovered several other monuments of antiquity, an account of which I gave in the first volume of the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*.[1] Later on we were at Sardes, which seemed to me to be one of the most promising of sites for the excavator, and led to my urging Schliemann in later years to excavate there. The acropolis stood on a lofty ridge of soft rock which the rains have washed away into the valley beneath so that little is left of it except a razor-like edge, on which I picked up a silver dollar of the Austrian Emperor Ferdinand, dropped there probably by a traveller of the seventeenth century. After leaving Sardes we camped in the ancient cemetery of the kings and princes of Lydia on the shore of the Gygaean Lake, not far from a village of blond, light-haired Russians whose forefathers had fled from religious persecution in Southern Russia in the days of the Empress Catherine. The Turkish Sultan had allowed them to settle on the bank of the lake and follow the peculiar tenets of their creed without let or hindrance. They have never mixed with the native population or given up their own language, and they support themselves by fishing. They gave us a row in their boat, and allowed me to examine the remains of some lacustrine pile dwellings which the drought and consequent fall in the level of the water had brought to light. I was told that a Greek gentleman, M. Naumi, farmed the fishing for 4800 Turkish pounds a year.

The most striking object in the plain was the great tumulus-tomb of Alyattes the father of Kroesus, which Herodotus declares was surpassed in size only by the

[1] Also in the *Academy*, October 18, 1879, and in *Fraser's Magazine* where I started the theory—since adopted without acknowledgment in Germany—that the legend of the Amazons was a tradition of Hittite wars and conquest in western Asia Minor.

monuments of Egypt and Babylonia. The British Museum had once asked Dennis to excavate it; he spent all the money allowed him, however, without penetrating to the chamber within. Subsequently the work was resumed by the Prussian Consul, Spiegelthal, who succeeded in reaching the central chamber which is built of large blocks of polished white marble. But he found that he had been anticipated by tomb-robbers in the Roman age, if not earlier, and that all the treasures once heaped together in the tomb had been carried away. All that was left were a few potsherds, pieces of charcoal, and the upper half of an Egyptian alabaster vase of the age of the XXVIth Dynasty. Spiegelthal's excavations had been rendered possible by the assistance rendered him by Mr. Whittall of Burnabat, whose influence with the Turkish authorities at the time was very considerable. The only return that could be made to him was the fragment of the vase. In 1881, not long before his death, I was lunching with Whittall, and he was showing me his numismatic collection, which was one of the finest collections of the kind in the world. In one of the cabinets was the fragment of the vase, which he begged me to take, saying that none of his family cared for coins or antiquities, and that he knew that after his death the coins would be sold, and the fragment with its history would be thrown away and lost. Accordingly I took it with me to Oxford, where it was seen shortly afterwards by Dr. Birch who told me he had little doubt that it was one of the presents sent by the Egyptian king Amasis to Kroesus, since the fineness of the work and the thinness of the walls of the alabaster implied that it had belonged to the royal household. It is now in the Ashmolean Museum.

Later on in the month we were at Ephesus and its neighbourhood, and I shall never forget a view we enjoyed one morning above the ruins of Magnesia where we had climbed to the summit of the Gumush Dagh or "Silver Mountain," in the hope of discovering traces of ancient workings. Below us were the ruins of Magnesia and far away beyond them those of Miletus, while westward lay the island of Samos with the blue sea stretching towards the horizon, where Patmos was just visible.

During our journeyings I had caused frequent inquiries to be made for "thunder-stones," as the peasants called them, that is to say, celts and similar stone weapons of the neolithic age. I knew that such must exist in Asia Minor, but in spite of all my inquiries none were brought to me. At last the day came when we were leaving Smyrna by the *Messageries Maritimes* steamer. The vessel sailed at two; at half-past twelve we sat down to lunch. Hardly had we begun it when we were told that a man wanted to see us. It was a peasant with a folded pocket-handkerchief out of which he produced some half-dozen celts. Of course I bought them, and had hardly done so when another peasant was announced with another handkerchief and more celts. Lunch was a broken meal, for more and more peasants and celts appeared on the scene; more turned up as we walked along the quay to the steamer, and as the boat steamed away the last I saw of Smyrna was a line of men holding up pocket-handkerchiefs which contained the stone implements they had brought with them. They were not lost, however. It so happened that Dr. Edwin Freshfield arrived by the steamer by which we departed, and he entered into the fruits of my labour.

The Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies had been already started the previous summer. George Macmillan had spent a few days with me, and we had occupied our time in writing numberless letters to likely and unlikely persons who might join it, in drawing up a body of preliminary rules to be discussed at the first meeting of the Society, and in getting Sir Charles Newton to undertake the office of temporary President. After an informal gathering in my College rooms the Society held its first meeting in London on June 19, 1879, when Sir Charles as Vice-President read an introductory address. Dr. Lightfoot, the Bishop of Durham, had consented to be President, and the Society started with a long list of influential members. Among its Vice-Presidents and members of Council were all the best-known names in the classical world, and Mr. George Macmillan acted as Secretary. That post he held for the next forty years, and it was owing to his energy, devoted labour and enthusiasm that the Society not only continued

to exist but that it has become what it is to-day. In the forefront of its objects were placed archaeological exploration and excavation, not at all to the liking of the old-fashioned classical scholar whose views found expression in a review of the first volume of the Society's *Journal* in the *Spectator*.[1]

My exploratory travels in Asia Minor were intended to be a sort of introductory essay in what we hoped would form a large part of the future work of the Society. I was particularly anxious that it should devote its attention more especially to that portion of the ancient Hellenic world. I had come more and more to believe that prehistoric Greece had owed far more to Asianic influence—the influence, that is to say, of Asia Minor—than to the Phoenicians, and that whatever elements in its culture were derived from Assyria and Babylonia had come to the West through the Hittites and Phrygians. But the earlier history of Asia Minor was practically unknown. The excavations of Schliemann had shown what lay secreted under the soil and had raised problems the answers to which were still to be found. The archaeology of Greece was being well looked after by the French and German schools at Athens as well as by the Greek Government itself; what we had to do was to carry on a similar work in Asia Minor and eventually establish a school at Smyrna.

The ideal pioneer and archaeologist was already at hand in Ramsay (now Sir W. M. Ramsay). Montagu Bernard, the Chairman of the Universities Commission, offered to found an archaeological scholarship for three years, the holder of which should make Smyrna his headquarters and explore from thence the ancient sites and unknown districts of Asia Minor. After my return to England, accordingly, a meeting was held in my rooms at Oxford, under the Presidency of Sir Charles Newton, at which it was determined that the scholarship should be at once established, and that Ramsay should be the first scholar. Ramsay, consequently, left Oxford for London in order to make some preliminary studies in the British Museum. Among other things, it was now that he discovered the value of a peculiar letter used in

[1] See George A. Macmillan, *An Outline of the History of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies, 1879-1901*.

the Pamphylian inscriptions which had been previously misread.[1] Soon afterwards he started for Smyrna, and the archaeological exploration of Asia Minor was begun. When his scholarship came to an end, and he returned to England to fill Professorial Chairs at Oxford and Aberdeen, he still found means to travel and excavate again and again in his chosen land, and to induce several of his pupils to emulate his work. Unfortunately, the attempt of some of the Oxford supporters of the Society to establish an archaeological school at Smyrna was not realised, and a British school at Athens, dependent on voluntary contributions, was started and condemned to a rivalry with the State-supported schools of France and Germany. Backed by the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, Professor Jebb managed to interest the Prince of Wales in the new scheme, and a meeting at Marlborough House in June 1883, presided over by the future king, was patronised by the presence, though not by the donations, of the leading politicians of the day. Fortunately, however, the archaeological exploration of Asia Minor was not entirely neglected. The work of Professor Ramsay and his colleagues received the active support of the Hellenic Society, who not only made grants from its limited resources but published all the results in its *Journal*. The Asia Minor Exploration Fund, which raised thousands of pounds for that object, was managed by a small committee whose members were prominent on the Council of the Society, while the Secretary and Treasurer of the Fund was also Secretary of the British School at Athens.

[1] *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, i. pp. 242-259 (including a note by myself).

CHAPTER X

EGYPT AND PALESTINE

AFTER finishing my professorial work for the term, I started again for the East. This time it was Egypt which I wished to visit and so realise one of the chief dreams of my life. On my way I spent a week in Magna Graecia which the railway had just made accessible; the ancient Tarentum was being excavated to make way for the modern Taranto, the temple ruins of Metapontum were still unspoilt, and the traveller was compelled to live on *minestra* and sour wine. Then I took the P. & O. boat from Brindisi to Alexandria, commanded by a famous captain of the old school known to Indian passengers as "Magnificent George," who spent the hours of daylight in posing while four small ship-boys in white caps and jackets attended in his train.

Egypt was still Egyptian, though the representatives of the Dual Control were beginning to arrive there, among them Mr. (afterwards Sir) Alonzo Money and his wife. I happened to know them and was accordingly invited to meet Mariette, the founder of the Cairo Museum, at dinner in their house at Cairo. The house stood in what was then a long stretch of gardens and country houses extending from the present Continental Hotel to the river; the streets, of course, were unlighted, and the only carriages in them belonged to the Khedive and a few other notables, whose slow progress through them was made possible by running footmen. When Mrs. Money asked me to dinner, she added, "You will have to come on a donkey; every one here rides a donkey." Unaccustomed, however, to the manners of the place, I did not tell my donkey-boy to wait for me, and accordingly, when I left my hosts I found myself, unlike the

other guests, without any other means of conveyance than my own legs. Native and foreign Cairo alike went to bed or remained within doors after dark, and neither donkey nor donkey-boy, unless previously ordered, was to be had.

I was staying in the Hôtel du Nil and had consequently to walk through the greater part of the Muski before reaching the lane which led down to it. It is a walk I have never forgotten. The Muski in those days was protected by an awning, and the street itself covered with a carpet of dust over which the hotel omnibus was the only vehicle that ever rolled. The shops were in native style, with an oil-lamp burning above each door, and wooden shutters instead of glass, in front of which lay the *ghufara* or guardians, each on his *angarîb* or cane-bed and wrapped from head to foot in a white burnûs. In the dim light and on the noiseless dust it was like walking through an avenue of silent mummies. It is difficult to realise that it was the same Muski as the street which to-day is one of the noisiest in the world

A very pleasant society was gathered together in the Hôtel du Nil and its pretty garden, presided over by Mrs. Loftie, the wife of the historian of London, and Lady Anna Blunt, Wilfrid Blunt's wife. Among the guests was Dr. Wiedemann, afterwards Professor of Egyptology at Bonn, whose acquaintance I made for the first time. Robertson Smith was also there, and introduced me to Spitta Bey, the librarian of the Khedivial Library.

A few days after my dinner at the Moneys', we went over to Saqqara where Mariette had told us that he was excavating some tombs of the Vth Dynasty and would open one of them in our presence. It was cut in the face of a low cliff, and the footmarks on the drifted sand just within the entrance gave rise to the story of the workman who had left his imprints on the floor of an Egyptian tomb centuries before it saw again the light of day. As it was, the marks were sufficiently impressive, especially for one like myself to whom the experience was new.

I left Cairo before Christmas and made my way up the Nile. Every day was a fresh revelation to me, the cloudless skies and warm air—it happened to be a warm winter with a high Nile—gave me a sensation of life such as I had never

felt before, and for the first time since I was born I found it a pleasure to live for the mere sake of living. The fellahin were still simple and unsophisticated, and the European was still to them a sort of prince who had dropped for a moment from another world. The Nile, with its myriad sails, was still the great highway of the country, untrammelled by barrages and railway bridges. Antikas were plentiful and cheap for those who were interested in the past, and though the comforts of Europe were unattainable there were luxuries of all kinds for the rich. Above all, the monuments of ancient greatness were still as they had been for centuries, unenclosed, unguarded save by the desert beasts at night, with nothing to remind the traveller of the neatly swept ruin or cockney tea-garden at home. The huge pylons and columns of the temple rose in all their stately majesty from the plain, the brilliant colours on their walls flashed in the sunlight, and for those who would, there was always a pleasant surprise in the discovery of some hitherto unnoticed ruin or half-explored tomb.

But it was not all *couleur de rose*. Two of the provinces still bore the marks of the famine of the preceding year, and in the more out-of-the-way places the peasantry and their children still held out their hands with the plaintive cry: *loqmet êsh*, "a crumb of bread." Here and there the eastern bank was infested with bandits, of whom Dâud Pasha at Qina was getting rid by the help of "snake-bite" in prison.

From Assuan I went up to Wadi Halfa by steamer, visiting the old temples and tombs on the way and realising at Abu Simbel what human art was once able to effect. A temple has been hewn out of a mountain, and the cliff carved into the likeness of four colossal figures who sit there eternally, guarding the shrine within and looking out over the Nile with the calm of deity in their eyes. The sand was at the time heaped up above their knees and I was able to copy the scrawls cut upon them by the Greek and Karian mercenaries who rested there in that modern age when Solon was about to be born. I can never forget the sight that awaited me a morning or two after my arrival. The sun was just rising as I approached the temple. First the cliff

with its guardian giants became a rich yellow ; then a shaft of light penetrated through the entrance to the shrine, lighting up its darkness and enveloping the figure of the Pharaoh where he sat between his gods.

A little to the north a seated figure has been carved in a niche high up on the cliff, not unlike the figure of the " Niobe " on Mount Sipylos in Lydia which I had seen the previous autumn. I got the sailors to lower me to it by a rope and found a hieroglyphic inscription which showed that it was intended to represent Nefert-ari, the favourite wife of Rameses II.

At Halfa I intended to join Mr. Gordon, the English superintendent of Ismail Pasha's little railway there, in an expedition he was about to make to Khartum, but on arriving at Halfa a letter reached me which made it advisable for me to return as soon as I could. I accordingly gave up the journey, thinking that I could easily make it the next time I found myself in Nubia, little imagining how many years would elapse before it again became possible. At Assuan, or rather what in after days became Shellal, but what was then merely the site of one or two native huts opposite Philae, I spent a week arranging for a boat to take me down to Luxor. There I knew I should easily be able to obtain a berth in Cook's fortnightly steamer. The steamers had been hired from the Khedive, who would not allow any other steamcraft than his own upon the Nile ; they were little else than cargo-boats, eminently uncomfortable and a strange contrast to the floating palaces known to the " Cook's tourist " of modern days. The ordinary traveller, accordingly, preferred the dahabia.

While I was waiting at Shellal a dahabia arrived with the Miss Potters and Herbert Spencer on board, and moored off Philae. The next morning Herbert Spencer, who had heard that I was encamped on the opposite shore, came over to see me. He had grown tired of his feminine admirers and fellow-travellers and was yearning to be back once more in London and the Athenaeum Club, and he therefore proposed to join me in my homeward journey. A day or two later we went on board our boat at Assuan and had no difficulty in finding berths, or rather cabins, in the steamer at Luxor.

I learned afterwards that my cabin had been occupied by a German who had been obliged to vacate it in consequence of a virulent attack of smallpox. As I had not been re-vaccinated since I was a child, I naturally escaped all infection.

On our way to Cairo we gave shelter to Edwin Arnold and his wife and daughter who had just been shipwrecked under the cliffs of the Gebel Abu-Fôda. They were ascending the Nile in a small dahabia and a sudden gust of wind in the early morning had capsized the boat. The ladies were still in bed, and had been obliged to crawl through the windows of their cabins in their nightdresses ; Edwin Arnold and his son had managed to put on a few clothes. No one was drowned except the cook, but, so far as I could judge, the Arnolds seemed to consider the loss of their water-colour sketches a more serious calamity than that of the cook. They had to sit for several hours on the upturned bottom of the dahabia, like " sea-gulls in a row," as Edwin Arnold expressed it, before they could get on shore, and when at last they landed, cold, hungry and half-clothed, it was the eastern shore, which in those days was barren and uncivilised. Eventually, however, a dahabia came to their rescue, in which young Arnold continued his voyage up the Nile ; the rest of the family had had quite enough of it.

I had made Edwin Arnold's acquaintance a year or two previously when he was editor of the *Daily Telegraph* and feeling was running high on the subject of the " Turkish Atrocities." Our common pro-Turkish sympathies had brought us together, and I had written some articles for him, " from the point of view," as he phrased it, " of English interests." In later days when he had become Sir Edwin Arnold, the famous author of *The Light of Asia*, I used to envy him his order of the White Elephant conferred upon him by the King of Siam : it is not only the most beautiful decoration I have ever seen, which is not saying much, but it is a thing of beauty in itself.

On the morning of the day on which we were to reach Cairo the few passengers on board the steamer telegraphed to their several hotels for carriages to meet them at the quay, the number of carriages in Cairo at the time being a negligible

quantity. Shortly after starting, something went wrong with the boiler and we had to spend two or three hours under the bank while it was being repaired. The consequence was that instead of reaching Cairo before the dinner-hour, we did not arrive there till about eleven at night. Long before that hour the drivers of the carriages had come to the conclusion that we were not going to arrive at all and had accordingly returned home. Khedivial laws required the steamer to proceed at once to its dock, and we were therefore turned out of it. There were only a few donkeys on the shore; two of these we secured and our portmanteaux were fastened to their backs while we carried our bags and wraps in our hands. For once in their lives the imps of donkey-boys found the foreigners at their mercy; they jumped on to the back of the donkeys while we had to trot behind. The streets were unlighted; not a creature was astir, and we were putting up at the Hôtel du Nil in the Muski, more than two miles from the landing-place. I did not know the topography of Cairo or the Cairene donkey-boy as I came afterwards to know them, and so we did not like to lose sight of our belongings. But the faster we went, the faster went the donkey-boys, eventually urging their donkeys into a trot. The night was hot, and the philosopher's language was far from philosophic. It is needless to say that my younger legs carried me before him to the hotel, where I found that the only vacant room was a double-bedded one.

I slept but little owing to the persistent snoring of my companion. Next morning he assured me that he had not slept a wink. The illusion of insomnia was already gaining a hold upon him; it had reached its climax when I last saw him shortly before his death. We had been having lunch together, and as soon as it was finished he looked at his watch and informed me that the two hours of the day during which he was able to talk were now at an end, and that for the rest of the twenty-four hours it was necessary for him to be silent. Otherwise he could not sleep.

In the spring I returned to my professorial work at Oxford and the sessions of the Old Testament Revision Company in London. Here there were two or three houses whose hospitality I generally enjoyed. One of these was the

ever-hospitable home of Miss Jean Ingelow in Holland Park, where she lived with her two bachelor brothers. There was usually a vacant place at the dinner-table for any of her numerous literary friends who might happen to drop in, and it was seldom empty. Robert Browning was fond of coming when not engaged to a dinner-party in the higher circles of the aristocracy. I remember we had been having afternoon tea with him just after the acceptance by the Royal Academy of his son's picture, "The Fish-market at Antwerp." As Miss Ingelow remarked when we left the house, "It gave him more pleasure than all the fame which had come to himself." His son had been a disappointment up to that time; the picture proved that the genius of the mother and father had been handed on to another generation. Unhappily, Mr. Browning's eyes broke down and destroyed his career as an artist, while his matrimonial troubles affected his health. His aunt, Miss Brownlow, the most delightful of old ladies, came to look after him, and he found a consolation in reviving the lace-industry at Asolo, above Vicenza, where he had some property. One experience I shall never forget. When at Venice on my way from Egypt, I was engaged to lunch with him in the palace his father had bought there: there had been a reconciliation between him and his wife, and she had arrived at Venice a few days previously, and he wished to introduce her to me. I had been in the drawing-room for a few minutes only when I heard a hysterical shriek which rang through the whole building, and Browning entered the room shortly afterwards in a state of agitation. He told me that his wife had been seized with a sudden attack of illness. She left Venice the next day and, I believe, never saw her husband again.

Another house in London where I stayed was that of Nicholas Trübner in St. John's Wood. The Lewes's used often to be there, Mrs. Lewes (George Eliot) and Mrs. Trübner being close friends. It was with the Trübners that Mrs. Lewes came to stay immediately after her husband's death and to receive consolation; I remember her saying that the rest of her life would be devoted to his memory and the editing of his works. I was a good deal surprised, therefore, when a year or two later she married a compara-

tively young man, Mr. Cross. Trübner told me afterwards that it was due to certain letters which she had discovered in one of the drawers of Lewes's writing-desk, and which caused an entire revulsion of feeling.

Yet another house with which I was familiar was that of Professor Huggins on Tulse Hill. He was not only an astronomer and devotee of the spectrum analysis, but also a collector of Babylonian and other oriental gems, while Lady Huggins had wide artistic tastes.

I had been busy during part of the summer revising the proofs of the English edition of Schliemann's *Ilios* which was now ready for the press. Schliemann had prefixed to it an autobiography, full of interesting details relating to his earlier life. This was published as an introduction to his book, but, unfortunately, in a very emasculated form. Mr. John Murray objected to it, partly on the ground that it was unsuitable to a learned work on archaeological discovery, but more especially because it might tend to diminish the respect of its readers for the author. Schliemann bowed to the decision of his publisher. I have always regretted this, and still more that loyalty to Schliemann obliged me to return the incriminated proofs to him. There was nothing worse in them than the story of a very human youth, along with one or two statements of a wholly innocent and colourless character, such as the fact that owing to his first acquaintance with business having been at Amsterdam he always instinctively used the Dutch names of the numerals when counting mentally.

The following winter Percival and I determined to visit the islands of Rhodes and Cyprus. In November (1880), therefore, we started for Athens, spending a few days on the way at Palermo. At Athens Schliemann met us and we then crossed to Smyrna, where Ramsay was now established with his wife. Here we made some archaeological excursions together, and Percival and I then took ship for Halikarnassos and Rhodes. The modern harbour of the town of Rhodes is merely an open roadstead as in most of the Levantine ports, and landing or embarking is impracticable in stormy weather. Fortunately, we were going to stay with the British Vice-Consul, Mr. Edmund Calvert, and though

a strong wind was blowing, the Consular boat with a special crew of oarsmen managed to get out to us and convey us to the shore.

Rhodes is a pleasant place, with its narrow but neat streets paved with white pebbles, its old walls and picturesque castle. There we remained for a week and then made a tour through the island, passing in a few hours through every conceivable variety of scenery. From the monastery on the summit of Mount Artamit where we spent a night there is a superb view. Just before we came the monks had dug up a hoard of gold coins of Justinian, fresh from the Mint.

The Rhodian peasantry are well-to-do, and we found their houses clean and substantial. The first in which we lodged was a good sample of the rest. There was no window, but the door seldom needs to be closed in the warm Rhodian climate, and to the right hand of it was a large open fireplace. Opposite the door was a dais with a bedstead on either side for the husband and wife of the family. Behind the bedsteads were cupboards in the wall in which the family linen was kept. A good deal of it was embroidered and it is increased from generation to generation, each bride bringing her trousseau with her. The dais stands in a sort of apse or chancel, the entrance to which is formed by an arch of the Early English style resting on corbels. The walls of the room below the dais were lined with rows of shelves garnished with plates. I counted 387 of them, mostly modern. The so-called Rhodian plates had disappeared from the island before our arrival; the only perfect ones we managed to get being two at Lindos, for which we paid £2 apiece.[1]

From Rhodes we voyaged to Cyprus, and at Larnaka were met by Cobham, the newly appointed Commissioner. The morning after our arrival he took us to some tombs of the fourth century B.C. just outside the town, which were being excavated under his direction by a German, Ohnefalsch-Richter. Ohnefalsch-Richter had come to Cyprus as a photographer, but he was more interested in archaeology

[1] I gave an account of our journey through Rhodes in the *Academy*, January 15, 1881.

than in photography, and thanks to Cobham's support was able to turn his attention to the antiquities of the island. Unfortunately he was a German of the mannerless, vulgar and overbearing type, and the services which he would otherwise have rendered to archaeological science were consequently much diminished by his unpopularity among the official authorities. As it was, however, what scientific excavation there was in Cyprus during the earlier days of our occupation of the island was conducted by him, and he may be regarded as one of the founders of Cypriote archaeology.

Before leaving England I had undertaken to re-discover the copper mines of Tamassos and see if it would be of any use to work them again. Accordingly we left Larnaka, where the salt marsh which had made the town malarious was being filled up, and made our way to Dali, the ancient Idalion. Then we ascended into the mountainous region where the site of Tamassos had to be sought. It was a beautiful afternoon when I noticed some large mounds of copper scoriae close to a cluster of mud huts. I soon satisfied myself that this was where the mines had been, and we put up for the night in one of the huts. Before our dinner was finished a storm—long known in the island as "the great storm"—suddenly burst upon us. There had been no rain in the island for two years; now the skies were making up for the long drought. For thirty-six hours the torrents descended, accompanied by a ceaseless succession of flashes of lightning and rolls of thunder. The clay floor of the hut soon became a slough of mud, a heap of olives that lay in a corner rotted almost before our eyes, and all night long the goats outside butted against the wooden door with piteous entreaties to escape from the storm. When I opened the door next morning I looked out, like Noah, upon a submerged world. But it was impossible to remain in the hut, and as I was told that there was a village with stone-built houses about five miles distant I ordered the mules to be made ready, and we started once more on our way. It was a difficult and lengthy journey. The mules refused to face the lightning and torrential rain; every crevice in the ground had become a stream, every stream a hardly fordable river. We had to

make detour after detour, and it was late in the afternoon before we arrived at our destination.

It was also some days before we were able to leave our place of refuge and struggle downward to the coast through ruined paths and abysses of mud. There our journey was delayed time after time by unfordable rivers. We had promised to eat our Christmas dinner with Mr. Mitchell, the Commissioner at Limassol, in his newly built house ; we had to eat it in a rest-house which provided nothing save vallona acorns, and it consisted of a cold turkey-leg, the last relic of food that was left. The river in front of us was still unfordable ; if any more rain fell the river behind us would be equally unfordable, and between the two rivers crops and villages had alike been washed away.

No more rain fell, however, and at last we came within measurable distance of Limassol. There, while dragging my mule across one of the numerous chasms that had been made in the path, it turned savagely upon me and kicked me on the knee, breaking the knee-cap. By the time I reached Limassol after eight hours more of riding, the leg was in a high state of inflammation and pain. There we found the city in a condition of tumult ; the bridge had been washed away as well as a considerable part of the town ; many of the inhabitants had been drowned, and the natives declared that though they had suffered many things at the hands of the Turks they had never had such an experience as this, and that it was the fault of the English administration. They had, accordingly, telegraphed to Nikosia for the Governor and Chief Engineer to come at once and see what could be done. Meanwhile, the furniture Mitchell had ordered could not be landed on account of the storm and had been carried on to Beyrout ; the Governor and his suite were expected as soon as the roads were fit for travelling, and there was only one bedstead in the house, which was kindly placed at my disposal.

The Governor came, but not the furniture, and the excitement among the townspeople simmered down. Meanwhile, the military surgeon did not seem to be doing much good to my knee, and so I took advantage of the arrival of a small cargo-steamer at Limassol to be carried on board it and taken

to Beyrout, where Dr. Poste, the best surgeon in the Levant, was Professor at the American College. At Beyrout we put up at Bassul's Hotel, where Percival shortly afterwards left me, to return to his work in London.

Bassul had been a widower who had married a young wife. Shortly before my visit he had died suddenly, and the people of Beyrout took it into their heads that his wife had poisoned him. Not many days after my arrival, therefore, they attempted to storm the house and lynch the lady. The shutters were all closed, and for about half an hour a brisk fusillade was kept up between the defenders and assailants. Then the police arrived on the scene, and after some more firing, peace was restored. I was lying all the while on a sofa, unable to move. Upon this sofa, nevertheless, I passed some of the pleasantest moments of my life. At the foot of it was a window through which I looked up at the snowclad summit of Mount Sannin which glowed with red at the hour of sunset.

Among my neighbours in the hotel was an Englishman, Slater, of Directory fame, who had never been out of England before and knew no language but his own. In spite of this he determined upon visiting Damascus and Baalbek without guide or companion. He bought a horse, learnt one Arabic phrase and one only—" Give my horse a good feed "—and then started off on his travels. When he returned some ten days later he had seen and done everything in his programme; he had never had any difficulty in getting the peasants to direct him on his way or in giving him such food as he needed. It said much for the language of signs, and I began to wonder whether, after all, in linguistics as elsewhere, " a little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

One evening we dined with the native Mohammedan merchant, who had a house at Manchester where he spent half the year. All the rest of the company were Mohammedan Syrians, some of whom, like our host, were merchants who spoke English more or less well. In the course of the evening the question of smoking turned up, and our host said, " We Mohammedans have a saying: He who smokes tobacco looks like a hog; he who snuffs tobacco acts like a hog; and he who chews tobacco is a hog."

Under Dr. Poste's skilful treatment I soon recovered the use of my leg, and he took me up to his summer residence at Alêh for change of air. Then I made an excursion to the Dog River and the stelae of Egyptian and Assyrian kings that overlook it, and made ready for a tour through Palestine. I took with me a Syrian from the Lebanon, named Elias, who was a good cook and a fearless horseman and who spoke a little German. He thus acted as my interpreter, for my knowledge of colloquial Arabic was at that time small, and I was not an adept like Slater in the language of signs.

I travelled without tents, sleeping either in the khans, the Latin and Greek monasteries, or the houses of the natives which were generally those of the peasantry. I thus gained a good idea of the actual life of the people and had opportunities afforded me of visiting places and seeing sights from which the European Christian is excluded. But I would not advise the ordinary Englishman to follow my example, unless he happens to be pachydermatous. The filth and insects among which the peasantry live are difficult for the civilised European to realise. Fortunately the insects have no affection for me, and at Rakla on the top of Mount Hermon I have slept on a carpet of live fleas which Elias declared was a quarter of an inch thick. Fleas, however, were by no means the worst of one's nightly companions as one lay stretched on the floor of the hut or khan.

There were of course no railways in the Syria or Palestine of those days, and the only roads were one which the French had made from Beyrout to Damascus, and the very indifferent apology for another constructed by the Turks at considerable expense from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. But the Lebanon horses Elias provided made roads in the European sense of the word quite unnecessary. They were hardy, absolutely untiring, ready at any moment to gallop or trot briskly, and had a cat-like facility in clambering up and down the most slippery of rocks. I soon came to trust my steed implicitly, whatever might be the nature of the ground, knowing that he would not fall, or that if he did it would be like a drunken man who makes no effort to save himself and accordingly breaks no bones. I shall presently have to record an experience in illustration of this which none of my

readers, I know, will believe, but which, nevertheless, actually took place. Two "muleteers" looked after my modest baggage, which, however, included two cases of Lebanon claret and so raised the number of baggage-horses to three.

I first visited Damascus and Baalbek, where no German excavators had as yet set their feet. At Damascus there are several places in which the river has laid bare a section of the ground upon which the walls of the city stand; an examination of the strata showed that in each case the lowest layer did not contain any pottery earlier than the Greek period. I therefore concluded that the ancient Damascus must be represented by one of the many mounds that dot the plain to the east. One morning I spent in the great mosque, not yet injured by the fire which afterwards partially consumed it, and saw the old manuscripts which were then preserved there. While I was in the city the caravan of pilgrims arrived from Mecca.

From Damascus I made my way across Mount Hermon, visiting the various ruined temples which exist in that region, and at Hasbêya finding the remains of one that had been previously unnoticed. It had been a mild winter, and the summit of Mount Hermon, where there were a few ancient ruins and a cave-sanctuary, was almost entirely free from snow.

After leaving Banias I spent a night at Mari, a little Maronite village near Tell el-Qadi, the site of the ancient Dan. The villagers who gave me hospitality had a baby which was to be christened the following morning and they begged me to be one of its godfathers. Early in the morning the priest arrived for the ceremony. The mud-built hut was a fairly spacious one as it rested on four columns, and so was able to hold most of the population of the place besides the family donkey. In its centre, under the smoke-begrimed roof of uncut timber, was an open oven on which was set a huge kettle filled with boiling water. As soon as the priest had finished his last cigarette we proceeded to the church, which consisted simply of four bare walls and three rough arches. The village was small and very poor; hence, it was explained to me, they could not afford to construct the roof. The priest's vestments were in accordance with the poverty

of the place ; over his blue calico gown he wore only a coarse cassock and a stole made of an old figured curtain chintz. The kettle had been brought from the house and the water poured into the great red earthenware basin that served as a font. Twice the priest plunged his bare arm into it before he pronounced that the water was sufficiently tepid for the immersion of the child, and the service forthwith commenced. First came the threefold breathing into the face of the infant, accompanied by the sign of the cross, then the immersion and baptism followed by the sacrament of the chrism which was administered with a small stick and a bottle of olive oil, and finally after the priest had put on the child's shirt and tied a red cotton string round the neck and under the arm, we god-parents followed him round the basin each carrying a lighted tallow dip. The ceremony concluded with a little burning of incense according to what my ritualistic friends would call " the still use," and my presentation of some coins to the parents in return for the naming of the child after myself.

Meanwhile the baggage mules had been sent westward across the Jordan, and Elias and myself started off to the site of Dan and the dolmens that exist in its neighbourhood. There we spent the rest of the morning and then tried to find the bridge across the Jordan which we had been told was a little to the south. But along the eastern cliff of the Jordan, which there runs, deep and swift, through a precipitous gorge, we rode for miles, and no vestige of the bridge was discoverable. At last we came across a camel-track which led down to the bed of the river, and we naturally thought that it led also to a bridge. At its foot was a narrow strip of ground over which we rode for about half a mile, when it ended suddenly and the precipitous rock jutted out in front of us into the foaming stream. I imagined, of course, that my companion would return by the way we had come, but instead of doing so he got off his horse and began leading it up the cliff. I followed, and with some difficulty reached a point some three-quarters of the way up the ascent. There my horse had to walk along a ledge of rock hardly more than six inches wide, at the end of which was a boulder of stone. The sort of tight-rope walk he had to initiate along the ledge

must, I suppose, have disturbed his nerves, for when he reached the boulder he refused to put his legs across it in spite of my efforts to make him do so. Accordingly I called to Elias who had now disappeared over the top of the cliff to tether his horse there and come down to my help ; when he had scrambled down I put the reins into his hands and climbed up the cliff where I sat on the edge to see what would happen. Persuasion having proved useless, Elias now proceeded to tug violently at the reins ; and the first thing I saw was my unhappy steed turning a complete somersault in the air. Of course, the next thing I expected to see was his mangled corpse at the bottom of the cliff. But half-way down he had been caught by a projecting piece of rock, and there he lay on his back, or rather saddle, with his four legs in the air, between the rock and the face of the cliff. He never attempted to save himself or even to move until we had clambered down and with some difficulty extricated him from his precarious position. Then with still greater difficulty we managed to get him to the top of the cliff, where an examination showed that beyond a few cuts and probably bruises he did not seem any the worse for his adventure. As I have already said, I do not expect any of my readers to believe the story ; nevertheless it is not a traveller's tale.

Late in the day we found the bridge of which we had been in search, and somewhere about midnight rejoined my muleteers. A few days later I was ensconced in the comfortable quarters of the Latin monastery at Tiberias and enjoying a row on the lake in the only boat which at that time plied upon its waters. One of the places I visited was Tell Hum, where the Palestine Exploration Fund had recently discovered the remains of what must have been a sumptuous synagogue ; the result of the excavations made it fairly certain that here stood Capernaum. I also paid visits to various sites on the eastern side of the lake which were interesting to the archaeologist, especially to one who was in search of Hittite remains.

Of Mount Tabor, where I was a guest of the Greek monastery, I have a kindly remembrance. The view was unexpectedly fine, and the rides in the neighbourhood

historically interesting. At Nablûs, however, I had an adventure which might have ended uncomfortably. I arrived there about mid-day and put up at the Greek monastery. Immediately after lunch I started for Mount Gerizim under the guidance of a boy, whom Elias had picked up in the street. Unfortunately I stayed too long on the mountain in spite of the protests of the boy, not realising that I should be shut out of the town if I arrived there after sunset. As it was, the sun was setting when I turned to descend the hill. It was then too late to go back by the way I had come, so I dismounted and dragged my tired horse down a side of the hill which my guide told me faced one of the gates of the city. On reaching it we found it shut, and nothing we could say would induce the guards to open it. I was contemplating a supperless night in the fields amongst a population not famous for their honesty, when suddenly a postern opened in the wall a little way off and, preceded by my guide whose gestures of despair had abruptly ceased, I rode solemnly and with bowed head through a gate into a large private courtyard. Here an unknown stranger with a lantern took the head of the horse and in grim silence conducted it out of the yard into the dark street beyond, the gate into which was immediately closed behind me. The boy disappeared at the same time, and I found myself in an unknown passage, empty of inhabitants and equally of light. It was like an episode in the *Arabian Nights*. All I could do was to lay the reins on the neck of my steed and trust to his finding his way to his companions, before his strength entirely collapsed and he lay down in the road.

How long I was thus moving slowly through the dark and silent lanes of Nablûs I do not know. Twice I heard the sound of "noisy revellers," probably a wedding party or something of that kind, and turned into a side alley to avoid them, and more than once I had to pass through passages which led under the houses like the "rows" at Chester. At last I was discovered by one of the parties whom Elias and the Head of the monastery had sent out to search for me; I found them both in a great state of alarm as Nablûs bore an evil reputation, and my horse had some difficulty in bringing me as far as the monastery gate. Next day,

however, he was allowed a rest, while I consoled myself with the sight of various Samaritan manuscripts.

A clamber up the limestone rocks of Beitîn, the ancient Beth-el, made me understand the famous dream of Jacob (Genesis xxviii. 12-19). The limestone has formed a series of terraces which from below look like a gigantic flight of stairs or ladder. Not far off is Seilûn, the site of Shiloh, where I noted a spot which I believe would yield remains of the early Israelitish period to the excavator.

The morning after my arrival in Jerusalem I received a visit from Shapira, who had not yet acquired notoriety among the theological public of England by his attempt to sell the forged autotype of the Book of Deuteronomy. He had, however, already been associated with a certain Selim who fabricated "Moabite" figures and inscriptions, and had even brought the sarcophagus of Samson to London for sale. Neubauer happened to be with Walter Besant, the Secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund, when he was looking at the monument, and remarked that "Samson did not know how to spell his own name"; whereupon Shapira packed it up, and it was never heard of again. As a matter of fact, Shapira was a typical Rabbi of the old school, credulous and uncritical beyond conception, and I believe that he himself was really persuaded of the authenticity of the various forgeries which his Arab friends fathered upon him. It was the conviction that he had been deceived in the matter of the Book of Deuteronomy which caused him to commit suicide in Holland shortly after it had been demonstrated even to him that the whole thing was a fraud.

When I saw him in Jerusalem he had just returned from Yemen where he had collected some Hebrew MSS. of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries which he wished the Bodleian to buy. Accordingly, I was taken to his house to see them, and also to see an ostrich which the Arabs on the eastern side of the Jordan had presented to him, and which proved that the bird still existed there. In spite of my protestations he insisted upon having some of the unfortunate bird's feathers plucked and presented to me as a bakshish for my recommending the purchase of his MSS. In the afternoon I visited Dr. Schick, the Government architect,

who had a more profound acquaintance with the topography of Jerusalem, ancient and modern, than any other person living. Schick had recently discovered the famous inscription in the Siloam tunnel—the oldest example of Hebrew writing yet found. He was not a Semitic scholar, and the characters incised upon the rocky wall of the channel were filled with a deposit of lime, making it difficult to distinguish between artificial incisions and accidental cracks in the stone, but he saw clearly that it must be an early inscription of some kind. The next morning, accordingly, I made my way up the tunnel to the spot on the right-hand side about sixteen feet from its mouth where Schick had told me the inscription existed, and sitting in the mud and water by the light of a candle made a preliminary copy of the text which I revised a day or two later. My copy and translation were thus the first published of a text which for many reasons is of unique value. The inscription records the construction of the tunnel which brought the water of the Virgin's Spring, outside the walls, into Zion, that is to say Jerusalem, and further informs us that the rock was pierced simultaneously at the two ends, the workmen finally meeting in the middle of the semicircular passage. The work, which reflects great credit on the engineering science of the day, was, we now know, accomplished in the reign of Hezekiah, and is mentioned in the Books of Chronicles (2 Chr. xxxii. 30). As I pointed out in the *Quarterly Statement* of the Palestine Exploration Fund, the discovery settled the topography of pre-exilic Jerusalem, proving that Zion, " the City of David," was confined to the hill immediately south of the Mosque of Omar, which is usually known as Ophel, and that the tombs of David and his successors must have been on the western slope of the latter. My conclusions, to which the French scholar Clermont-Ganneau had also come independently, were strenuously controverted; but excavation has now shown them to be correct, and the French excavations in 1914 have brought to light the remains of the royal tombs in the precise place in which Clermont-Ganneau and myself stated they would be found.

I lunched one day with the British Consul and noticed that there was a vacant place at his table. He was a very

efficient consul, a good scholar, and an authority upon ancient art, and I was therefore much surprised at being told that the vacant place was always there, as my host expected that it would be occupied by our Lord at His second coming. It is hard for those who live in Jerusalem to escape the contagion of its religious element.

To me Jerusalem was an agreeable disappointment. I had expected to find it uninteresting and disillusionising; I found it interesting far beyond all expectation. The disputed sites of which we hear so much are, after all, few in number; the more numerous chief sites are certain. There is no question as to the Temple Hill, the Mount of Olives or the brook Kedron. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, it is true, still excites controversy. Personally I have had little doubt since reading Sir Charles Wilson's *Golgotha and the Holy Sepulchre* that tradition here as elsewhere is right, and Schick also in his later years came to the same conclusion. But excavation has thus far failed to settle the question. And I found that the supposed tombs of Adam and Eve in the Chapel of the Abyssinians are not tombs at all. I happened to be in the chapel one mid-day when there was no one there, and accordingly got into first one and then the other of them, and with the help of some matches made a careful examination of them. They are cisterns or granaries, and not tombs.

On the other hand, the cave under the Dome of the Sakhrâ or "Rock," the Moslem Holy of holies, is double and similar to the double cave-sanctuaries of the neolithic age of Palestine which have been discovered at Gezer and elsewhere. It was no cistern, as has been conjectured, but a sacred place of immemorial antiquity. Similar sanctuaries existed in Asia Minor, and in the later days of temple architecture had their representatives in the outer court leading into the inner shrine for which the mysteries of religious worship were reserved. The chancel of the modern church with its screen still preserves a memory of the old tradition.

Before I left Jerusalem it was arranged that I should join the Pasha who was about to make an official and judicial tour in southern Palestine. He intended to go direct to Hebron; so I started a few days before him in order to

visit Jericho and Bethlehem on my way. At Jericho I inhabited the old Roman tower, the only other shelter in the place at that time being the tents of the Beduin. I spent two or three days there, and wished I could excavate the site of the ancient city which has since been disinterred by Dr. Sellin. At Hebron I found pleasant quarters in the Imperial rooms of the Russian Hospice, about two miles to the south of the town; in the grounds is "Abraham's Oak," under which the patriarch is supposed to have dwelt. The Pasha occupied the konak, and my days were consequently passed in the city. Abdul Hamid had not yet started the cry of Panislamism, and I was regarded as one of the Pasha's suite. One result was that I could wander freely about the town, and was even taken into the great mosque, of the exterior of which I made a sketch. I also spent an afternoon in clambering over the cliff on the lowest slope of which the mosque is built. The cliff is pierced with numerous tombs, each one of which I entered and measured. In those days we supposed them to be of the Roman period; we now know that they belong to the Canaanitish epoch. The famous tombs of the patriarchs in the mosque doubtless form part of the same cemetery. It was all a curious contrast to my experience when I next visited Hebron a few years later. Then I was travelling in European style with dragoman and tents; my friend and I were hardly allowed to peer through the entrance into the court of the mosque, and the boys flung mud at us as we rode through the streets.

The evening before I left Hebron a large party of Russian pilgrims arrived at the Hospice. When I looked out of the window at sunrise next morning I saw that an altar had been erected under Abraham's Oak; on one side of it stood the priest and on the other side his congregation. When I rode past the spot an hour or two later on my way to breakfast at the konak, the priest and congregation were still standing as they were before, and they were still there when I returned some hours later.

At Bêt Jibrîn, the ancient Eleutheropolis, we established ourselves in the Roman tower which dominates the district. I spent the days in exploring the numerous rock-cut tombs which have made the place celebrated, as well as the *tells*

which surround it, returning for dinner and sitting, or rather reclining, with the Pasha till a somewhat late hour when the last of his petitioners had departed, or the last judicial case had been investigated.

I visited most of the *tells* and other old sites south of Bêt Jibrîn, but there was only one which seemed to me likely to yield large and immediate results to the excavator. This was Tell el-Hesy. When I returned to England, therefore, I urged Walter Besant to bring the matter before the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund, with a view to raising a fund for scientifically excavating the *tell*. The members of the Fund, however, were not yet sufficiently awake to the desirability of undertaking excavations in Palestine, and it was difficult to find a qualified excavator; the matter, consequently, was dropped for a while. It was only nine years later that Professor Flinders Petrie was sent out to make an archaeological survey of the country, and in consequence of his report it was determined that he should undertake excavating work at Tell el-Hesy. The result was the discovery of the ancient city of Lachish, the creation of Palestinian archaeology and our first scientific acquaintance with the life and homes of the Canaanitish predecessors of the Israelites. Upon Petrie's pioneering work at Lachish the fabric of Palestinian archaeology has since been built.

Sixteen miles west of Tell el-Hesy is Gaza. In those days Gaza lay outside the limits of the tourist's route, and it heard and knew little about Europe. I was the guest of a well-to-do Mohammedan family and counted as one of themselves. While I was with them the *zikr* or commemoration of the grandfather of Mohammed, whom the populace maintained had been buried in the chief mosque, was celebrated, and I was naturally taken to it as one of my host's family. On that particular night of the year we were allowed to wear our shoes and smoke if we wished to do so. It was a moonless night, but the brilliancy of the starry heavens more than made up for the want of moonshine, and the great court of the mosque was lighted with numberless lamps. The court was filled with people; the whole population of Gaza appeared to be there, and as I stood in the dense crowd I could not help reflecting how easily a fanatic might put

me out of this world and leave no trace of the deed behind him. Presently the spirit of ecstasy came upon some of the assemblage as it came upon Saul among the prophets, and men and boys formed circles, and to the chaunt of "*Allah! Allah-hu!*" swayed backward and forward till they fell to the ground through giddiness and exhaustion. It was curious to look into their eyes; they were wide open but, like Balaam's, they saw nothing. I understood then what it meant when we are told that "the spirit of God came upon him. . . . The man which saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open" (Numbers xxiv. 2-4). After a while some of them were carried still further in their religious frenzy and began to slash and pierce themselves with knives and skewers. I saw the slashes on the flesh, and skewers thrust through the muscles and withdrawn; and I also saw the wounds closing up immediately and no blood flowing from them. It must be remembered that I was crowded up against the devotees, actually touching some of them, and that the devotees themselves were not professional dervishes like the jugglers I have since seen in Algeria and Tunisia, but the ordinary townspeople and boys, and that there were no directors or music. What chaunt there was, was uttered by the devotees themselves.

Of course I do not expect the citizens of a civilised country in the unimaginative West to believe my story. Once I was mentioning it to Sir Richard Burton: "Ah yes," he said, "I know it is true, for I have seen the same, but you wouldn't get the British public to believe that it isn't a traveller's lie."

Towards the morning I was asked as a special privilege to come into a niche-like room which opened into the court, and squat there with some half-dozen green-turbaned descendants of the Prophet for whom it was reserved. Did they think that I was a Moslem like themselves, or were they religious liberals?

During my stay in Gaza there was a thunderstorm lasting several hours. Shortly before I had ridden to the top of Tell el-Munbâr, south of the town, from which there is an extensive view over an arid desert. After the storm I was there again, and what had been desert a few hours previously was now a rich plain of green grass interspersed with flowers.

The seeds had been lying under the soil ready to spring up with concentrated vigour as soon as sufficient moisture came to them. I have had the same experience in the desert of Helwân near Cairo.

Another thunderstorm came down when I was at Esdûd, the ancient Ashdod, making it dangerous to cross the streams which flow into the sea in that part of Palestine and form bars at their mouths. In one instance I saw a caravan of loaded camels descend into a quicksand and there disappear just before we had ourselves to cross the same bar, over the western side of which the waves were beating fiercely. Neither Ashdod nor Ashkelon seemed to me good sites for excavation ; neither in them nor in any other of the Philistine cities except Gaza did I find any pottery earlier than the Greek period. Gaza, on the other hand, I thought would be well worth excavating.

After leaving Esdûd I made my way slowly along the coast. North of Arsûf is a marsh bounded on the north by the Nahr Falâik, in which I found a bed of papyrus. Of this I gathered some specimens and brought them back to Oxford, where the Professor of Botany pronounced them to be the true Egyptian papyrus which has consequently left relics of itself in Palestine as well as near Syracuse.

In those days the whole of the coastland between Jaffa and Tantûra (the ancient Dor) was given over to malaria and the Beduin. No German colony had as yet established itself at Caesarea, and after leaving Arsûf the first settled inhabitant of the country I came across was the miller on the river Zerka. I reached the desolate ruins of Caesarea early one morning, and after camping inside the wall of the Crusaders' town started on a tour of exploration. As I was returning from this for lunch I was joined by a mounted Beduin with a long spear and flint-lock gun who rode for some distance silently beside me. Then I climbed down into a vault which I came across under a ruined church, and when I emerged into the daylight again, my companion had disappeared. When I rejoined my party, however, a few minutes later I found him with some dozen other Beduin squatting on the ground and holding the reins of their horses in their hands while they watched in stolid silence the

preparations for my meal. After a time they departed and I started to examine the huge columns and other remains of Roman Caesarea which lay on the sands under a low cliff to the south. I had not gone far before I noticed that the two Turkish soldiers I had had with me since leaving Jaffa had accompanied me, which they were not in the habit of doing. But the explanation soon came. While I was measuring one of the columns a bullet whizzed past me, and on looking up I saw that my Beduin friends were taking deliberate aim at us from a point of advantage on the top of the cliff. Their flint-lock guns, however, were no match against two rifles and a revolver, and we made our way back unscathed to our shelter behind the wall. There we were attacked in full force by the Beduin, some twenty in number; but we had the protection of the wall as well as of European firearms, and eventually our assailants galloped away with the loss of two or three of their number. None of my small party was injured.

A few days later we were overtaken by a couple of Lebanon farmers who had gone to Jerusalem to sell their sheep and on returning home risked taking the shorter, though more dangerous route along the sea coast. Here they were attacked by a body of mounted Beduin who robbed them of everything they possessed except the clothes they were wearing. When we compared notes we found that it had happened a few hours after the attack upon ourselves and a few miles to the south of Caesarea. The Beduin had recouped themselves for their useless expenditure of gunpowder upon us by robbing the unhappy farmers.

The Nahr Zerka is the Crocodile river of classical geography, and here there were a bridge and a mill in which I put up for the night. The miller told me that crocodiles still existed in the marsh at the head of the river, and one or two of them occasionally made their way towards its mouth. As the word *timsah* is used in Arabic to signify the waran or big lizard as well as the crocodile I was sceptical about the crocodiles until the miller showed me a crocodile's egg which he had obtained the previous year.

I had a very delightful stay of ten days in the Latin monastery at Tyre. The two guest-rooms were on the flat

roof of the low, one-storied building, and the stairway that led up to them was closed by a gate. I looked westward over the sea, the ruins of the old city-wall being the only object of man's work that was visible. I spent the day riding over the adjoining country, exploring the wadis and making drawings of the rude prehistoric sculptures buried under a mass of brushwood which adorn many of the rocks. Towards sunset I used to ride back to the city, and handing over my horse to Elias would amuse myself by wandering along the shore where the houses and shops of the Phoenicians had been exposed to view by the waves and the huge jars embedded in the " counters " brought to light. Instead of oil or wine the only contents of them now were shells and sponges. But fragments of pottery and glass lay strewn on all sides

Before settling at Tyre I had had an even more delightful experience in the Latin monastery on Mount Carmel, though here the archaeological interest was not so great. Laurence Oliphant was living at Haifa at the time, and had erected a bathing-hut of wood on the shore. The Pasha of the province declared that it was an eyesore and must come down ; Oliphant said that he was an Englishman and that it should stand. When I left Carmel the dispute was at its height ; how it ended I never heard. Oliphant was a pleasant companion amid the woods of Carmel, and I made great friends with the Italian monk who looked after me. When I left he presented me with a book of devotions, and said he was always going to remember me in his prayers in spite of my being a heretic.

The rainy season overtook me at Sidon, and I galloped one morning through heavy rain along the shore over the twenty-three miles which separate it from Beyrout. There I found a *Messageries Maritimes* steamer starting for Messina and Smyrna and took a passage in it. The Captain had served in the Crimean Campaign, and was inordinately fond of snails. He was consequently overjoyed to find that the snail-jelly upon which I had been fed at Pau had removed my English prejudices towards his favourite dish. The only other passenger besides myself was Dr. Hartmann, the dragoman of the German Consulate, who was on his way

to Latakiyeh. He informed me that he had discovered a cuneiform inscription concealed under the rank herbage on the cliff on the north side of the Dog river, and that he hoped to clear away the overgrowth and take a squeeze of it. Some months later squeezes were made by Dr. Loytved, the Danish Consul, who sent them to me. I found that the inscription was a record of Nebuchadrezzar.[1]

A mountain squall fell upon us as we were entering the Gulf of Antioch shortly after sunset, and when I looked out of the porthole the following morning in the harbour of Alexandretta a curious sight met my eyes. The whole harbour was filled with the upper parts of masts which were sticking out of the water. They belonged to the boats which had come out with cargo the evening before for the steamer, and the next two days were spent in raising them and their cargoes to the surface. This gave me an opportunity of exploring the country and seeing the site of the battle of Issus. While I was at Alexandretta I was joined by Colonel Norton, the son of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, who had been employed in organising the gensdarmerie of the country. He and I visited Tarsus together, and it was quite a novel sensation to be in a house again where there were tables and chairs. I gave an account of the strange Roman monument at Tarsus called the Dunek Tash in the *Academy* (April 9, 1881). In driving along the new French road from Messina to Tarsus I was much struck by the number of small tumuli dotted over the Cilician plain.

At Smyrna Dr. Dennis gave me hospitality, and a day or two after my arrival we made an expedition to the Homeric "Niobe" on the northern side of Mount Sipylos. Dennis had discovered through his glasses what he believed to be a Hittite inscription on the right-hand side of the seated figure, and naturally "the High Priest of the Hittites," as Gladstone had just called me in the *Times*, was anxious to see and verify it. We carried two long ladders with us; these were tied together, and while their foot was planted in the earth and built up with stones two stout Turks on the summit of the

[1] After the publication of my decipherment of the squeezes in the *Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archaeology* Dr. Loytved sent me further squeezes as well as photographs, of which I gave an account in the *Academy* (April 9, 1882).

cliff held a rope which was attached to the topmost rung of the ladders. I then climbed up till I stood in the niche in which the figure is carved. Here I copied and took a squeeze of the inscription, which I should translate: "Adoration to the goddess Mama, the queen of the rocks." It shows that the figure whose origin had been forgotten when the Greeks of Homer wove their legends round it was that of the great Mother-goddess of Asia Minor, and that the Hittites of the East had once come as conquerors to the confines of the Aegean Sea. Above the head of the goddess I found the representation of a lotus or ostrich feather which is invisible from below.

Not long afterwards Dennis and I paid a visit to the country house of Baltazzi (pronounced Baltaji) Pasha at Ali Agha which stood midway between the ancient sites of Myrina and Kymê where M. Salomon Reinach was excavating on behalf of the French Government. As it was the only habitable house in the locality he was residing there, the Pasha acting as the representative of the Museum at Constantinople which shared the spoil with the Louvre. We had to land from the steamer in a rowing-boat, and our passage was greatly impeded by masses of dead locusts which had recently swarmed over the country and perished in the sea. They formed almost as compact a mass as floating ice, and our boat had to be pushed through it by main force instead of being rowed. At Myrina Reinach found the terra-cotta figurines rivalling those of Tanagra, which are now in the Louvre. He was still a young man when we met at Ali Agha, and there began a friendship which has been one of the valuable assets of my life.

We visited the excavations at Myrina and Kymê on alternate days; all that was discovered was brought to Ali Agha and then divided after dinner between Reinach and the Turkish Commissioner. One morning as I was passing through the courtyard I noticed a pile of skulls which formed part of the Turkish share. I knew that Professor Rolleston would like to have some of them to add to what he called his "Skullery" at Oxford. So I asked the Pasha if I might carry some of them away with me. "Certainly," he replied; adding with a smile, "you know we Turks do not care for

such things." Accordingly I selected the best of them, packed them in some copies of the *Times* and deposited them in one of the large straw baskets that are made in that part of the country. And thereby hangs a tale.

When I left Dr. Schliemann's house some weeks later I took with me a collection of Trojan pottery which he was presenting to the Ashmolean Museum and which we packed in an old portmanteau. I then took the Italian steamer to Venice which touched at Brindisi where I landed early in the morning. As it happened, I was the only passenger who disembarked there, and as my train to Bologna did not start till the afternoon the three Custom-house officers thought they would be able to fill up their time very pleasantly with a leisurely examination of my baggage. It was certainly considerable, if not suspicious. One portmanteau was a good deal heavier than a respectable traveller's portmanteau ought to be, and the basket was more than suspicious. It was therefore the first to be examined, and was placed on the counter for the purpose, one of the officials standing in front of it, and the other two craning over on either side to see what it contained. It was in vain that I told them they would find in it only "crani antichi," so I tore away a piece of the newspaper, put my hand inside and took out the upper part of a grinning human skull which I held up in their faces. The effect was electrical; "Basta! basta!" they exclaimed; first the basket and then the rest of my belongings were chalked without examination, and within a couple of minutes my luggage and myself were outside the office.

I had another amusing experience at Brindisi some years later. It was in 1896, when Egypt was visited by the cholera. When I left Cairo at the end of May there were several hundred deaths from it daily. There was consequently a strict quarantine in Italy against all arrivals from Egypt, and when I left Alexandria in an Austrian Lloyd steamer I was told that though the steamer would stand outside the harbour at Brindisi for a couple of hours no one would probably be allowed to land and that I should have to go on to Trieste. On our arrival at Brindisi it turned out that two second-class passengers as well as myself wished to disembark there. Our luggage was, therefore, set apart along

with ourselves for the inspection of the quarantine doctor when he came on board. "Do you want to land?" he asked. "Yes," I said, "if I can." "You are travelling first-class?" "Certainly," I replied. "And you have a first-class railway ticket?" "Yes." "You do not wish to spend the night in Brindisi?" "No," I answered, "I want to go on by the afternoon express." "But perhaps you will be staying elsewhere in Italy?" "Yes," I said, "if I am allowed." "Of course it will be in first-class hotels." "Yes, of course," was my reply. So I was allowed to land, but my two second-class companions had to remain on board. Italy is a poor country, and the first-class *bacillus* is evidently not dangerous.

To return, however, to Ali Agha. Before leaving we made two expeditions into the unexplored mountain-heights and forests to the east. Here we discovered two prehistoric fortresses with well-preserved "Cyclopean" walls, and various indications made it evident that the pre-Hellenic road from Magnesia to Kymê must have passed near them. The construction and architecture of the fortresses bears a remarkable resemblance to that of Chün Castle near Penzance which I visited in later years; in fact, the three places might have been designed and built by the same hands. Chün Castle commands the tin-bearing district of southern Cornwall, and it is a reflection upon British archaeology that no scientific excavation of it has ever been undertaken.

On our way back to Smyrna we were half drowned in fording the Hermos, and a few days later Dennis was called away from home by consular duties. I took advantage of the fact to run away also with Ramsay; we had long cherished a desire to explore the eastern portion of Mount Sipylos where Spiegelthal had heard that there was an inscription in "Persian cuneiform characters." But it was supposed to be infested by brigands and we were strictly forbidden to go there. We travelled, however, *in forma pauperis*, and the night after leaving Magnesia slept in a shepherd's hut in a circle of wild-looking "shepherds," with our feet turned to the wood-fire which burned in the middle of the floor. The "shepherds" were the brigands of whom we had heard in Smyrna, but we had nothing worth robbing, and they

shared their breakfast with us. We did not find the Persian inscription, but my companion was made happy by the discovery of some Greek inscriptions. On my return to Smyrna I was well scolded by my host.

Midhat Pasha was now the governor of the Smyrna vilayet. Abdul Hamid had already determined his destruction, but the English name had not yet lost all its prestige at Constantinople, and as Midhat was protected by England it was considered necessary to proceed warily. When I had been in Smyrna on my way to Rhodes the condition of the city had been deplorable ; the streets were unsafe even during the day ; after dark murder and theft were rife. When I came back in the spring all was changed and Smyrna was as well policed as an English town. Midhat's rule had been just and drastic. He showed me photographs of 113 villainous-looking criminals, the worst in the city, whom he had deported in a ship. " Did they ever reach the shore ? " I inquired. " God knows," he replied, " storms are frequent on this coast." But Midhat's rule was not long-lived. The Sultan soon satisfied himself that Gladstonian England was a negligible factor, and the order was sent for the Pasha's arrest. He fled for refuge in the middle of the night to the British Consulate, not the French, as is stated in his son's Life of him ; but unfortunately for himself was subsequently persuaded by promises of safe-conduct from the Sultan and belief in British protection to forsake it for a journey to Constantinople. The mouse had ventured into the cat's reach ; he was despatched to Arabia and there murdered. A few years earlier he would doubtless have resisted the persuasions of the Sultan's emissaries, but he had become too fond of cognac, and his strength of will was no longer what it had once been.

Dr. Schliemann was now bent upon excavating the " Treasury of Minyas " at Orchomenos in Boeotia as well as the old city itself, but he wrote to me to say that he would not begin the work until I could join him. A few cases of cholera had occurred in Smyrna, and there was consequently quarantine in Greece against arrivals from that city ; I thought, therefore, I might possibly manage to evade it if I spent a few days on my way to Athens in the island of Chios.

About ten o'clock one evening, just after Mrs. Dennis had retired to her bedroom, I was kneeling at a table in the drawing-room of the Consulate looking over the illustrations in Dodwell's *Travels* and noting what antiquities I ought to visit in the island, when the floor suddenly heaved up and down, the doors opened, and the pictures fell from the walls. Mrs. Dennis rushed in exclaiming: "There's another bad earthquake." Fortunately there was no further shock of any violence, and after breakfast next morning I started for the office of the Turkish steamer company to secure my passage to Chios. I found, however, that so many houses had been thrown down by the shock in Frank Street as to make the street impassable, and accordingly I made my way along the new quay. As I proceeded and saw the waves beating angrily against the quay under a grey and stormy sky my heart failed within me and I thought that a voyage under such circumstances in a dirty little Turkish steamer would be the reverse of pleasurable. So I turned back and feeling much like a dog with his tail between his legs told my hosts that I had changed my mind and hoped they would extend their hospitality to me for two or three days longer when a Messageries steamer would sail for Syra. At the same time I telegraphed to Schliemann to inform him of my change of plan. Had I gone to Chios I should have been in the city-house of the British Vice-Consul on the Sunday when the great earthquake took place there and every occupant of the house perished.

As it was I left for Syra in the French boat. It anchored for an hour or two a mile or so from the shore at six o'clock in the morning, and I at once hailed one of the fishing-boats that were in the neighbourhood, had my possessions put into it and then bribed the oarsman and his son to carry me to the little Greek steamer that was moored in the harbour ready to depart that evening to the Piraeus. No one was on board it except the steward, and a few drachmas were sufficient to persuade him that I was a Greek traveller from a Greek port, to unlock the door of the solitary sleeping cabin, fill it with my luggage and then lock it up again. I then got a boat from the shore, and as I had come from the Greek steamer no quarantine or Custom-house formalities were

required, and I went at once to the hotel. The rest of the day was spent in exploring Syra, and after dinner I returned to the Greek steamer, which was now so full of passengers that there was scarcely standing-room in it. So I had the double satisfaction of feeling that I was in possession of the single cabin there was in the boat and that I had escaped quarantine. It was doubtless a terrible crime to have committed and would have exposed me to terrible penalties had it been discovered; but I benefited by it and no one else was the worse.

Schliemann met me at the Piraeus. That night as we walked on the flat roof of his beautiful house at Athens under the light of the stars conversation happened to fall upon the Qorân. It was then that he told me how the ambition of his life had been to rival Burton and visit Mecca, and how he had spent a year at Alexandria preparing himself for the pilgrimage and learning the Qorân by heart. Whereupon he repeated the particular Sura or chapter to which I had been referring, with the proper intonations and gestures. I knew that he was a master of many languages; that he had also studied the Semitic tongues was a revelation to me.

The next night after dinner we drove along the new carriage road that had been made from Athens to Thebes, with a somewhat indifferent extension to Orchomenos. Pelops, Schliemann's faithful valet, accompanied us, and after breakfasting at Thebes, we arrived at Orchomenos at noon. There Schliemann commandeered one of the best houses in the place, and we passed the afternoon in going over the ground that was to be excavated. When we returned to the house we were met by a flood of water. Schliemann had ordered all the furniture to be removed and the whole building deluged with water and carbolic from top to bottom. It was all in vain, however. Our beds were made on the floor in the same room, and before retiring to rest Pelops surrounded Schliemann's with a ring of Keating's powder. But next morning Schliemann informed me that he had not slept a wink all night, and when he took hold of the tumbler of water, which he always drank the first thing in the morning, there were in it the drowned remains of two or three of his black companions of the night.

Schliemann now proceeded to excavate the splendid beehive tomb of the Mykenaean period, known as the Treasury of Minyas, bringing to light an elaborate ceiling with spiral decoration similar to those of the XIIth and XVIIIth Dynasty tombs of Egypt, as well as the lower town, while I undertook an archaeological survey of the Acropolis. Upon rejoining Schliemann on the first morning of the excavations I found him in conversation with my old friend the Egûmenos of the adjoining monastery who was fatter and more greasy than ever, and who had come to see what was going on. Schliemann told him that he was disinterring the art and culture of former days, and added: "Do you know that where your ugly monastery stands there was once a temple of the Graces, which I hope to find again and to restore to their ancient worship?" The Egûmenos moved off immediately afterwards, and Schliemann remarked to me: "I do not think we shall be troubled by *him* again!"

I had an unpleasant experience while engaged on the survey of the Acropolis. The hot weather had brought out all the tortoises; it had also brought out all the snakes, and one morning when clambering up the north side of the hill I was just about to put my hand upon a piece of rock when a long, black snake, the most venomous in northern Greece, glided from the spot. Ever since my memory begins I have had an instinctive horror of snakes, and for that very reason have had more than one hair's-breadth escape from them, finishing with the bite of the Egyptian horned asp.

In the lower town of Orchomenos Schliemann discovered for the first time remains of the "pre-Mykenaean" and neolithic periods of northern Greece, including fragments of black pottery and what is now known as "Minyan" ware. But he did not carry his excavations very far, as his primary object had been the excavation of the "Treasury," and it was left for Professor Furtwängler to do for Orchomenos what Schliemann had done for Troy. Before returning to Athens we paid visits to some other old sites in the neighbourhood. Among these was Abae, where the ancient tombs had recently been rifled of their contents partly by the Archaeological Society of Athens, partly by illicit diggers. An old peasant acted as our guide, and Schliemann, just as

he was handing a gratuity to him, happened to sneeze. "Say 'Zev sôson,'" said Schliemann, withdrawing the coins. The old fellow made several ineffectual attempts to pronounce the words before the fear of losing his bakshish made him at last successful.

CHAPTER XI

AFRICA AND ATHENS

In the early part of the summer 1881 my old trouble in the lungs suddenly came back upon me. My University and literary work in the late seventies had overtaxed my strength, and I was now to pay for it. The specialist I consulted told me that my days were numbered, but that I might prolong them somewhat by passing the winters in Egypt. So I gave up my old ambitions, deliberately closed my eyes to the prospect of a career in England, and determined to spend my winters henceforward in Egypt or the Mediterranean. There were one or two things, however, which I wished to accomplish before it was too late; one of these was the decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions of Armenia, to which accordingly I now devoted myself.

I was cheered by the arrival from Dublin of the unexpected intelligence that the University wished to confer an Honorary D.C.L. degree upon me. Mahaffy invited me to stay with him in Trinity College, and we had a very happy time together. Lord Cairns happened to be installed as Chancellor of the University, and after the ceremony the Honorary Doctors dined with him and the Fellows of the College. Like himself the Provost was a new appointment, having been elected to the Provostship six months previously. After dinner the new Chancellor rose to address us, and began his speech as follows: "I have known three Provosts of this College, and I hope I may never know another." It says much for his Irish auditors that they maintained their appearance of gravity.

In September the Oriental Congress met at Berlin. On my way to it I stopped at Bremen and there received a

request to come to Copenhagen for a few days in order to examine and catalogue the Assyro-Babylonian seals in the Westergaard collection. This I did, but I departed from Copenhagen with the inward determination never again to be in a country where I did not know a single word of the language. In the Congress at Berlin the German element was predominant. The French and British members were few in number; other nationalities were hardly represented at all. Before we left a public dinner was given to us at which the French and English formed a small group apart at the end of one of the tables. Champagne flowed freely; the German members became more and more noisy, and finally Professor Dillmann, the President of the Congress and the most eminent Ethiopic scholar in the world, in spite of his grey hairs danced a reel upon the table. Rylands, the Secretary of the Society of Biblical Archaeology, took a fork and drew it across the table at the point where the Anglo-French group was separated from the rest of the company, saying as he did so, "Here ends civilisation." The day following I lunched with Lepsius whom I then saw for the last time. His memory was already failing, but he was still the stately and courteous representative of an almost extinct generation. Another day I lunched with the genial Swiss, Schrader, who had forced Assyriology upon the notice of an unwilling German scholarship and been created the first professor of the subject in Berlin.

In the winter I went with my friend Percival to Cairo, where the Lofties had secured a dahabia and a party to fill it, one of whom was Flinders Petrie. It was his first visit to Egypt. His father was an adherent of Piazzi Smyth's religion of the Great Pyramid, and had sent his son out to take exact measurements of the Pyramids and where necessary do a little excavating. But the results were the converse of what was intended or expected, and one day an American visitor to Petrie, who belonged to the same cult as his father, and had been spending the day with him, as he said good-bye, remarked sadly, "Well, Sir, I feel as if I had been at a funeral."

I had had several attacks of haemorrhage during the previous six months, but had not yet learnt how to take care

of myself, and shortly before going on board the dahabia, while with Petrie at the pyramid was unwise enough to descend into the pit under the structure which he had temporarily reopened. The dust irritated the lungs, and my first few days in the dahabia had to be spent in bed with Dr. Grant Bey looking after me. The warm air, good food, and quiet of the dahabia, however, soon revived me, and I was able to make several exploratory excursions with Petrie before we reached Tel el-Amarna where the final catastrophe came. There I had another attack of haemorrhage, much to the alarm of my companions, and the boat was accordingly forced on to Assiût where one of Cook's steamers with a doctor on board was due to arrive. We reached Assiût in time to catch the steamer, to which Dr. West, the doctor, insisted that I must be transferred at once. His attention to me both as doctor and nurse was unremitting, and when I thanked him afterwards his only reply was, "It is a pleasure to attend to some one who is worse than myself." Poor fellow, his lungs killed him two years later, and I am still alive. One of my fellow-passengers in the steamer was Walter Myers whose acquaintance I thus made, and who was destined to be my companion in travel in future years.

The Luxor Hotel had just been started, Cook having bought it from a Copt named Shenûdi, and to it I was now carried. In about a week the sunshine and warm air of Luxor enabled me to sit in the garden, in another week I could mount a donkey, in a month I was able to ride to Karnak with Professor Wiedemann, who like myself was passing the winter in Upper Egypt on account of his lungs. Upon me, at all events, the effect of the climate was little short of miraculous. At Karnak Wiedemann had discovered that the *sebakhîn* or diggers of nitrogenous earth were finding numberless inscribed potsherds, technically termed ostraka, in the ruins of a Coptic village in which their labours were now being carried on. The ostraka were mostly inscribed with Greek, though some of them had demotic or demotic and Greek inscriptions, and with few exceptions were the records of the tax-gatherers and other officials of the Ptolemaic and Roman periods, when papyrus had begun to be scarce and dear while broken pots were

plentiful and cheap. Similar ostraka had been found at Elephantinê, opposite Assuan; that they should be found lower down the Nile was new and unexpected. Neither the fellahîn nor the antika-dealers at Luxor were aware that they were of any value, and it was therefore a fortunate accident which saved them from destruction. Wiedemann and I passed many afternoons at Karnak collecting them from the peasants or even extracting them ourselves from the bricks of the old village. In the evenings we tried to decipher them; but the Greek was extremely cursive and full of new abbreviations and symbols, and at first we supposed that it must represent some unknown language which Wiedemann believed to be Ethiopian.

Among the visitors who arrived at the Luxor Hotel were the British Consul at Alexandria, Sir Charles Cookson, with whom I struck up a long-enduring friendship, and Sir William and Lady Gregory, fresh from Ceylon. Along with the latter I came down the Nile in one of the postal steamers that had just been started by Le Mesurier, the President of the Railway Board, at the suggestion of Walter Myers. One of our first acts upon arriving at Cairo was to visit Arabi Pasha. Sir William could not speak a word of Arabic, and the elaborate descriptions of the aims of Egyptian Nationalism which he transmitted to the *Times* were the ideas which he himself propounded to Arabi through his dragoman.

The good effects of the Egyptian climate continued to last, and I grew steadily better as the summer advanced. My memoir on the Decipherment of the Vannic cuneiform inscriptions of ancient Armenia, published in the July and October numbers of the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society, brought congratulations and fresh material from Stanislas Guyard in Paris, Patkanoff in St. Petersburg, and D. H. Müller in Vienna. The language, history and geography of one of the great powers of oriental antiquity were at last cleared up and placed on a solid foundation. The enigma of the Vannic inscriptions had been solved.

Meanwhile, the storm which had been long gathering burst upon Egypt. In Cairo the tourist, and even the European resident, perceived but little change in the attitude of the Mohammedan population, and I had attended the last

occasion upon which the Dosa was performed without noticing anything unusual in the behaviour of the crowd. The Dosa, or "Treading," had been one of the sights of the city, when the Shêkh of the Saadîya dervishes rode on his white horse over the prostrate bodies of the fanatical believers; on this occasion it took place in a dusty plain behind Shepheard's Hotel, where the Ismailiya quarter of Cairo was afterwards built; before the next year came it had been abolished by the Khedive. But though Cairo seemed undisturbed, it was otherwise at Alexandria, where the atmosphere was already charged with electricity. While I was there, by the way, the British Vice-Consul, Mr. Edward Calvert, showed me his collection of Mediterranean shells, the result of some forty years' labour, which he had just presented to the South Kensington Museum. Before it could be removed the Arabi revolt broke out, the British Consulate with all its contents was burnt, and Calvert died of a broken heart.

Dr. Pusey died in September 1882, and the Hebrew Chair at Oxford became vacant. For some years past he had assumed that I should be his successor, and had more than once told me so. But the Conservative Government was now out of office, and though Gladstone and I were personal friends I was now regarded as one of the leaders of "German" critical theology at Oxford, and I knew that he considered me to be "unsafe." I had powerful friends, however, in the orthodox camp as well as the support of Chenery, and I had thus come to believe that the Regius Professorship would be offered to myself. Liddon called one day, however, and after telling me that Gladstone "would listen to no arguments," showed me a letter from him which put an end to all my hopes. It was a disappointment to me, as I had dreamed of making the professorship a means of introducing the study of Assyrian into the fast-closed ranks of British scholarship. But the disappointment was in some degree lessened by the fact that the professorship would have prevented my spending the winters in a southern climate, and as things then were that would probably have meant a shortened life. Moreover, the appointment of Driver to the Chair more than reconciled me to Gladstone's choice:

Driver was one of the best, if not the best, Hebraists in the country, and from the point of view of the Hebrew specialist as opposed to the general Semitic scholar was a better choice than I should have been. Little did either Gladstone or myself then foresee that the time would come when Driver would be the protagonist of "German" higher criticism, and I should be regarded as a champion of orthodoxy, or that in the nineties Gladstone would be my associate in writing an introduction to an American illustrated Bible, and express his regrets that he had "listened to" other "counsels," and not given me the Oxford Chair of Hebrew.

The political condition of Egypt prevented my return to it in the winter, and Schliemann pressed me to spend it with him at Athens. In November, therefore, I left England with Walter Myers for Rome. I had been asked to examine certain Assyro-Babylonian inscriptions that had been discovered in the Vatican after lying there forgotten for many years, and M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, who was now the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, wished me to see if there were any Latin or other inscriptions on the stones of the Tunisian mosques. At Rome I was met by the Cavalier Descemet and Dr. Bollig, the Vatican librarian, who took me into rooms with ceilings painted by Perugino and other famous artists, in which splendid cabinets stood ranged against the walls. They were now being opened and examined. One of them, I remember, contained a collection of Byzantine ivories, collected by one of the popes, stored in the cabinet and forgotten after his death. The Assyrian antiquities consisted partly of Assyrian sculptures from Layard's excavations in 1855, partly of inscribed bricks and seals brought from Babylonia at a much earlier date.

From Rome we made our way to Taranto and the cities of Magna Graecia, and so on to Sicily.[1] One delightful morning was spent in rowing across the bay from Cotrone, the ancient Crotona, to the solitary column which marks the site of the temple of Juno Lacinia at the extreme end of the Lacinian promontory. Deep down in the clear blue water of the bay lay the other columns of the temple, wrecked in the age of the Renaissance whilst being carried to the city

[1] See the *Academy*, December 30, 1882.

by barbaric despoilers, and the single column that remains stands up against the sky as if watching over their graves. Another delightful morning was passed on Mount Eryx at the westernmost corner of Sicily, where I found Phoenician letters engraved on the lower stones of the ancient wall once erected by Phoenician hands. Partly by railway, partly by carriage, we visited most of the other cities and ruins of Sicily westward of the eastern coast, and then sailed from Trapani to Pantelleria, where there are neolithic remains, and Tunis.

The French campaign in Tunisia was just finished, and the French army had not yet been withdrawn. Tunis was still oriental, no French buildings had as yet been erected there, and its bazaars were still in a primitive state. When I saw it again five years later the transformation scene was already complete. A new French suburb had grown up outside the old town, and the old town itself had been Europeanised. The Frenchman like the Roman of old is never long in leaving his impress upon a conquered country.

After visiting Carthage, Utica, Uthina and other sites of ancient civilisation, we started for Susa and Kairwân. We had a carriage with a pair of horses ; our baggage followed in a cart under the conduct of some soldiers and generally arrived at its destination a few days later than ourselves. There were no roads, but there were also no hedges, walls or ditches, and the carriage-wheels were proof against all obstacles, while as the season had been a dry one we had little difficulty in fording the rivers. The carriage itself, moreover, made good sleeping-quarters for the night. From Susa to Kairwân and back we travelled by the newly constructed military horse-railway which was placed at our service by the commandant.

On arriving at Kairwân where some 1300 French troops were encamped outside the walls, I was asked by the general in command whether I should prefer being put up in the camp or being quartered upon one of the natives in the town, and somewhat to his surprise I preferred the latter. For an unbeliever to sleep in the holy city of Kairwân was an almost unknown event. The following morning the seventeen carved doors which lead from the

mosque into the court were opened in order that I might have plenty of light for examining the stones of the interior, and the effect upon the many-coloured marble columns that supported the roof was very striking. But apart from the two small pillars of alabaster sent by the Byzantine emperor in A.D. 689, and two Latin inscriptions built into the wall of the minaret, I found nothing of archaeological interest; unlike the Turks, the Moors have been in the habit of carefully erasing all traces of "infidel" art and epigraphy before using a stone. I published the inscriptions in the account which I sent to the *Academy* (January 30, 1883) of my explorations in Tunisia and Tripoli.

Once more we returned to Susa, the old Hadrumetum, passing on the way the two *kubbas* or Saints' tombs, the profanation of which was one of the measures adopted by the French for breaking the native resistance at Kairwân. Then we drove to El-Jem with its huge amphitheatre where I was rewarded by the discovery of an unknown Libyan inscription. French scholars were just preparing to excavate there, but had to wait until wells could be sunk and a supply of water provided for them. During our stay in the place we had no water even for washing purposes, and our horses remained for forty-eight hours without anything to drink.

We stayed awhile among the rose gardens of Sfax, and then touched at Jerbah, the island of the lotos-eaters. It was indeed a very lotos-eating land the day we were there. A dreamy haze hung over the shore, and the surface of the shallow sea was covered with monstrous jelly-fish lazily enjoying the warmth of the sunshine. Eventually we reached Tripoli which resembles a Southern Italian town set in an African atmosphere. The sandy shore was occupied by the tents of the refugees and soldiers from Tunisia who had fled from the French. Inland are palm-groves and the sites of Roman cities where we picked up Roman glass and lamps to our hearts' content. But we found our road to the Cyrenaica blocked. The excited state of the native tribes in consequence of the French occupation of Tunis made the continuance of our journey westward impossible, so we took ship for Malta.

A year or two later Burton and I planned a journey

together along the north coast of Africa, starting from Marocco and ending with Alexandria. In his company it would have been possible. He was a Hajji, a pilgrim, well-known to the oriental, and respected even by the lawless Arab tribes of Cyrene. But at the time we were both of us engaged, he with his consular work, and I with my Oxford duties, and we therefore postponed our expedition to a more convenient season when we should be free. But when that season came it was too late. Burton was crippled with gout, and I had become too old for the fatigues of such a journey. That I have never seen the Cyrenaica is one of the regrets of my life.

Malta and Gozo with their prehistoric and megalithic monuments were a revelation to me, and my days were spent in exploring them, sometimes in the company of Dr. Caruana, the Curator of the Museum. One of my companions in the hotel was Dillon, dark and pessimistic, who had come to Malta on account of lung trouble, and was already a lieutenant of Parnell. I was myself what was called in those days a Home-ruler, as I could not see why the Irish should not be allowed to have their own Parliament to manage their own affairs, and Dillon accordingly believed that he had found in me a kindred spirit. But I soon discovered, or fancied, that at the back of his Home-rule convictions really lay the religious question, that it was not so much a question of politics as of the dominance of a particular form of faith. Meanwhile, Myers had found in Valletta an unworked treasure-house of antiquities and works of art. He was an insatiate " collector " ; nothing came amiss to him so long as it was old or artistic, and Malta had not as yet been discovered by either collector or dealer. The Grand-masters of the Knights had been bachelors with little to spend their money upon except entertainments and the best of silver, glass and porcelain or faience ; the British officers and their wives who came to Malta neither knew nor, for the most part, had the means wherewith to buy the old Venetian glass and Italian and Spanish majolica with which Belli's shop was filled, and it therefore became a sort of Paradise in which my companion passed his time.

Schliemann, however, now became urgent that I should

come to Athens, so we made our way to Syracuse and Catania whence an Italian steamer was shortly starting for the Piraeus. But Syracuse was merely our landing-stage as we drove from it thirty miles up the hill to Palazzolo, the ancient Akrae, where the Greek remains are among the most interesting in Sicily. Numerous statues and inscriptions had been excavated there in the eighteenth century by a Baron Judica, who owned most of the property in the neighbourhood and were preserved in the *palazzo*. His grandson, a youngish man, was now in possession, and insisted upon our transferring ourselves from the primitive inn to his residence. He told us that " maffeism " and the feud between the landlords and peasantry made it almost impossible for him ever to venture beyond his house ; he had not been in Syracuse for two or three years and was naturally delighted to have an opportunity of mixing once more in intellectual society. During the few days that I remained with Myers in Catania we exhausted all the antiquities of the city, and were finally driven to disturb some sisters at their devotions in the chapel of a convent, turn them out of the building and have a portion of the floor removed so that we could be lowered into the catacombs which we had been informed existed underneath it.

Schliemann was now engaged in writing *Troja*, and we had many discussions over it. Dörpfeld arrived in Athens for the first time while I was with him, and, of course, called at once upon the Doctor who introduced him to me. We little thought that the days would come when our new acquaintance would continue Schliemann's work and disclose the actual Troy of Priam and Homer to the world of scholars. The American School also was started that winter, and Professor Goodwin came out to superintend it.

Schliemann's memory was extraordinary, not only for words but also for literary passages. What he once read seemed indelibly imprinted upon it. I have already referred to his ability to repeat the Qorân from beginning to end. Still more remarkable was his knowledge of the ancient Greek authors. The two rooms which I occupied opened into the great central library of the house where, consequently, I frequently found myself. The work of almost every Greek author that has ever been printed was to be met with on its

shelves, and I could never take up any which had not been scored and annotated by Schliemann's pencil. Professor Goodwin had established a weekly Friday meeting at the American School when a paper was read and discussed by the members of the School, and by way of encouragement we made a point of attending every meeting. One evening the discussion happened to touch upon the statue of a Scythian archer which Lucian in one of his Dialogues tells us was erected in the Keramikos at Athens, and Goodwin and I differed in our recollections of the passage. The Professor, therefore, asked one of his pupils to go into the next room and fetch the volume in question. Whereupon Schliemann, who had been sitting silently in a corner of the room, remarked, " I do not think it is necessary that Mr. X should trouble himself ; I think I remember the passage," and he then repeated it to us.

He kept open house and entertained the distinguished strangers to whom the restricted income of the king could not extend the usual royal hospitality. One evening a Mr. H., who had come to Athens on railway business, was a guest. Two or three days afterwards he came to dinner and detailed to me the story of his invitation. " Our host," he said, " is an extraordinary man. Though I am a naturalised Englishman and am here on behalf of certain English Companies, I am a Suede by birth, and my first language was Swedish. I happened to tell Dr. Schliemann this the other night, whereupon he at once addressed me in Swedish, asking me to excuse the imperfections of it as he had only once been in Sweden, when he was there for three months, and had never studied the Swedish language since. And next morning I received a note from him asking me to dine with him this evening, and written in the most excellent Swedish."

One morning Schliemann came into my room with the recently published book of Milchhöfer on the *Anfänge der Kunst in Griechenland*, which he had just been reading. He asked me to look through it, saying that it had led him to the conclusion that the beginnings of Mykenaean culture were to be discovered in Krete, and that he was strongly inclined to excavate Knossos. His vision was prophetic, but I was not inclined to support him, partly on account of the

political condition of Krete, but more especially because I had set my heart upon the excavation of Sardes. However, we talked the matter over a good deal, and I learned, somewhat to my surprise, that he also had a desire to excavate beyond the limits of the Greek world and had thought of doing so at Hamadan. I told him that I did not think Hamadan would be remunerative, but that if he would excavate instead at Boghaz Keui and Tyana I would throw up my Oxford work and join him there. Otherwise I could not go with him beyond the shores of the Mediterranean. He further informed me that his income amounted to £10,000 a year, which he divided into two halves, one devoted to personal expenses and investments, and the other half to science, so that there would be abundant funds for carrying on excavating work in two localities at the same time. Eventually he bought part of the site on which Knossos stands, and I promised to join him there as soon as he could set to work, but financial and legal difficulties with the proprietors and Turkish authorities made him abandon the concession and cancel his purchase.

One of his desires was to excavate all the *tholoi* or beehive-tombs of Mykenaean Greece. He had already excavated those at Mykenae and Orchomenos; now he wished to rediscover one which had been found by Dodwell at the beginning of the last century not far from Sparta on the banks of the Eurotas. But the proofs of *Troja* stood in the way, and accordingly I volunteered to go to Sparta alone. The day before I started Eustratiades, the Ephor of Antiquities, lunched with us, and on hearing my intention, said that the Archaeological Society wished to identify and excavate the site of Amyklae, and that if I would undertake to discover it I should be appointed temporarily a Government official, with all the rights and privileges appertaining to the office. In those days when hotels and railways did not exist, this was an important consideration, as it meant the employment of soldiers as servants, and board and lodging (at the expense of the Government) at the houses of the eparchs and nomarchs.

I went by steamer to Gytheion, the port of Sparta, but owing to a storm did not arrive there till midnight in the

midst of rain and wind. Accompanied by a sailor I proceeded to the house of the mayor, but no amount of shouting or battering the wooden shutters and door was able to make any impression upon the inmates, and I was obliged to find refuge in the khan. The sleeping-room was already occupied by thirteen people, one of them a sick soldier; room, however, was made for me, and I had my rugs laid upon the table and there curled myself up and went to sleep. In the morning the mayor was profusely apologetic; if he had only known who was outside the wildest tempest would not have prevented his hearing me, and he hoped I would stay with him for the next few days. That, I said, I could not do, but I wanted a couple of soldiers to act as servants, and a carriage to take me along the new road to Sparta. There was but one carriage, however, and as the carriage-horses were kept at Sparta I fell back upon the usual mode of conveyance and trotted off with the two soldiers to the capital of the province. There I was welcomed by the genial old nomarch, who was a friend of Trikoupi, and spent a large part of his time in studying a Greek translation of Berkeley's *Analogy of Religion*—he knew no other language than his own—which he would declaim to me at our meals. He was also learned in the merits of the various brands of *retsinato* wine.

The schoolmaster, who was supposed to be more interested in archaeology than any one else in the place, was appointed my guide and interpreter since I did not understand the Laconian dialect. We then started on our tours of exploration. The site of Amyklae was soon found. I was returning to Sparta one evening when I noticed that two sides of a chapel on the top of a low hill were of ancient Greek masonry, and rode up to examine them. While looking at them one or two peasants joined us and said that a stone with an inscription had been discovered by them in an adjoining field a day or two before. We went down to look at it, and I found that it was a decree of the "Council of the Amyklaeans." So one part of my programme was accomplished; it remained to find the tomb.

But our search was unavailing. The schoolmaster's inquiries produced no result, and I came to the conclusion

that the tomb must have been destroyed since Dodwell saw it. One day only was left to me at Sparta before it was necessary to rejoin the steamer at Gytheion. I determined to devote it to sight-seeing merely and the enjoyment of a ride along the bank of the Eurotas. About mid-day we came to a low hill, opposite a mill which stood on the other (eastern) side of the river. It seemed an ideal spot for lunch, so telling the soldiers to get it ready the schoolmaster and I dismounted and climbed up the hill for the sake of the view. He was a little in advance of me, and when I reached the summit a very unexpected sight met my eyes. There stood a ruined tholos-tomb, the walls of which rose about six feet only above the ground, and in the hollow within them were sixteen wild-looking fellows, armed to the teeth, who made it their home ; one or two of them, in fact, were at the time performing their toilet in it. There could be little doubt that I had discovered the object of my search, and the occupants of the tomb, interested like all Greeks in the antiquities of their country, helped me to measure and examine it. But as we descended the hill the schoolmaster told me that it was fortunate we had left the soldiers behind out of sight ; every man in the tomb was an outlaw who had committed at least a couple of murders, and had they seen the soldiers they would have concluded that we were Government officials come to arrest them, and would have treated us accordingly. As it was, we were only two harmless archaeologists.

But now came the great mistake of my life, of which I can never think without shame and confusion of face. The tomb was so utterly ruined that I concluded whatever had been contained in it would have been carried away centuries ago, and consequently when I returned to Athens I told Schliemann that it could not be worth excavating. Others had thought the same in the past. But the tomb was that of Vaphio, from which in 1889 the Archaeological Society extracted the famous gold cups and other treasures of art which are among the most precious objects in the Archaeological Museum of Athens.

At Athens Schliemann had undertaken to make some excavations in the Sacred Way, but as he was busy with his

book Mrs. Schliemann and I superintended them until the weather became so cold that we could do so no longer. Then the snow descended not only upon Hymettos but also upon the city, and I awoke one morning to see through the window of my room a marvellous sight—the buildings of the Acropolis covered with dazzling snow while the sun was rising in the brilliantly blue heaven behind them. In later years I saw a similar sight at Nikko in Japan. The snow at Athens soon melted and we plunged suddenly into summer heat. A fortnight later Mrs. Schliemann and I were making a boating tour of exploration in the Bay of Eleusis, where we discovered the remains of the monument commemorating the battle of Salamis, and when Pelops proposed to light a fire in order to warm our lunch she remarked there was no need of that, for the sun was quite hot enough to cook the food.

The tourists were now beginning to arrive, and some of them found their way to Miss Trikoupi, the sister of the Prime Minister, who sat on her horse-hair sofa day after day up to a late hour at night indefatigably talking in both English and Greek. One afternoon I had gone into the library for a book when I found Pelops there with an American who had come to see the house. The American darted up to me: "Are you Dr. Schliemann?" "No," I said. "Can I see Dr. Schliemann?" "No," I replied, "he is engaged." "I came to Athens yesterday and am leaving to-morrow, and have seen everything here except the Doctor." Then he happened to catch a glimpse of the Acropolis. "I was there this morning, and don't think much of it. Why, we have finer buildings in Washington." I thought it was as well that the Doctor was engaged. But just at that moment Mrs. Schliemann passed the door of the library on her way to her room. The American ran to the door, looked at her skirts as she disappeared, and then turned to me with a smile of satisfaction and exclaimed: "Well, if I've not seen the Doctor, I've seen Mrs. Schliemann."

CHAPTER XII

CONTROVERSY AND TRAVEL

THE following summer was partly occupied by literary controversies which started what Professor Freeman called "the struggle between the Hittites and the Jebusites." Mahaffy and Jebb being both of them Irishmen, had long been engaged in literary warfare, and Jebb with his polished commonplaces had proved no match for Mahaffy's originality and keenness of wit. Schliemann had paid Mahaffy the compliment of asking him to contribute an appendix to *Ilios*; whereupon Jebb turned upon Schliemann, and that naturally brought me into the field. Ignorant as he was of the elements of archaeology, Jebb nevertheless deserted his own department of scholarship and presumed to criticise Schliemann's archaeological results, and under the shelter of an anonymous article in the *Edinburgh Review* to maintain that Mykenaean Troy with its distinctive pottery and culture was a city of the historical Greek period. Archaeology was still an unknown science to the ordinary classical scholar, and consequently there was not much difficulty in his persuading his admirers that Schliemann was a semi-educated enthusiast whose work could be brushed aside.

While the controversy was at its height my volume on the first three books of Herodotus was published, and in this I had unfortunately given our opponents an opportunity of revenging themselves. On the one hand, I had shocked the British Hellenist by impugning the veracity of the Greek historian and not taking sufficient care to explain what I meant by this. Egyptian and Assyrian research had shown that long before the days of Herodotus libraries existed throughout the old oriental world, and that consequently

Herodotus was no fresh comer into the field of history, but like the historian of to-day had numerous works at his command which he could consult. This in itself was a new idea to the student of the Greek historian, and I did not make it sufficiently clear. Furthermore, as Greek MSS. had no inverted commas to mark quotations and no footnotes for references to authorities, Herodotus could not outwardly distinguish between what he wrote himself and what he quoted from others, and would naturally refer to a former writer only when he disagreed with him. I was able to prove from archaeological and geographical facts that he could have gone no farther up the Nile than the Fayyûm, and that he was probably never in Babylonia; his statements about these countries, therefore, would have been derived from others, so that where the first person is used it belongs to a quotation. Even in our modern days, an English writer, St. John, published an account of travels in Egypt which was constructed upon the same principle, and the unwary reader of his book cannot tell whether a particular statement is that of the author or of some other writer.

But all this was anathema to the Herodotean student, and my "attack upon the veracity of Herodotus" accordingly aroused violent antagonism. And unfortunately, as I have said, I gave my assailants the handle they wanted. When I undertook to edit the earlier books of Herodotus it was with the intention of treating them from the purely archaeological point of view without any publication of the Greek text, and leaving to others all questions relative to philological scholarship. Just at the last, however, when my manuscript was completed, I had to make some changes in my plan—to conform to the other volumes of the series—and to insert a few notes of a philological nature. So I jotted down some twenty or more passages which seemed to me to need explanation, none of the translations I had seen being satisfactory, and a brother-Fellow whose Greek scholarship was famous was good enough to send me his renderings of them.

In the majority of cases the renderings were challenged as soon as the book appeared. The scholar who had furnished them was on his death-bed at the time and there-

fore could not be appealed to, and as I did not know the authorities or reasons upon which they were based, I do not know what I should have done had not Mahaffy chivalrously come to my help and defended me. In one or two instances defence, however, was impossible, as it was also in one or two cases for which I was alone responsible. I can only say in excuse that it is mortal to err, and that the insertion of any disputable philological matter at all was an afterthought.

From the Herodotean battle, however, which, after all, was not altogether distasteful to a Keltic temperament, my thoughts were diverted to my unexpected success in a new field, that of quasi-theology. I had been asked by the Religious Tract Society to write a little book on the bearing of archaeological discovery upon the Old Testament. The result was *Fresh Light from the Ancient Monuments*, which took me three weeks to write and was published in the summer of 1883. The Society offered me a sum for it which seemed to me excessive ; my surprise was great, therefore, when I subsequently found that had I retained the copyright I should have received from it a considerable income for several years. The book passed through many editions and was translated into a good many languages, European and Asiatic, attracting numerous imitations both in England and on the Continent. It introduced me, moreover, to the theological world, especially on its literary side, led me to reconsider and test the fashionable theories regarding the Hebrew Scriptures, and was the first of the numerous articles and books on Old Testament archaeology which occupied me during the next decade.

That summer those of us who preferred to spend their Long Vacation in Oxford instead of joining the increasing herd of summer tourists formed a " Long Vacation Club," which dined together at the various Colleges. Thorold Rogers was one of the chief organisers of the Club, and his voice could always be heard high above those of his fellow-diners. At a dinner at Worcester I was talking to Verrall, who had been the first of my Cantabrigian critics, though a very good-natured one, and Rogers was sitting opposite to us. He had been saying that he could always detect the

local origin of a man by his pronunciation, and I challenged him to do so in my own instance.

Presently he said: "You're a Welshman!" and then explained that he had heard me say "truths" instead of "truthz." I had never noticed that the ordinary English pronunciation of the word and its like was different from my own, though I had written a work on *The Science of Language* and sat in the Chair of Comparative Philology, and my estimate of Rogers went up accordingly.

On another occasion when he had just returned from a tour in Norway, he told us that in a small country inn where he had passed a night he had met two young Englishmen, evidently of the "bagmen" class, and an American who was extremely grim and taciturn. The two young fellows delighted themselves and supposed they also delighted the company by recounting their own adventures, each of a more startling character than its predecessor. At last they came to an end of them, and the American, who had hitherto sat in silence, took up the conversation. "I guess," he said, "I've had an experience almost as wonderful as what we have been hearing to-night. I was travelling through Siberia in a sleigh with a friend when the wolves came after us. They came, not in tens or in hundreds, but in thousands. We fired all our ammunition, but it made no impression upon those wolves. We threw overboard all our ballast, but those wolves still came on. So we gave up ourselves for lost. But a happy thought struck me. I had been piously brought up, so I struck up the Old Hundredth psalm, and every wolf in that pack, sir, put his fore-paw to his right ear, and skedaddled." After that the young men told no more stories. The next morning at breakfast Rogers asked the American what he had meant "by telling such a taradiddle to those two young fellows last night?" "I guess they wanted it," was his reply, and he could get nothing more out of him.

Rogers had been made very indignant by a new order issued by Nicholson, who was now the Bodleian Librarian. The books accumulated at his desk by a reader were henceforth to be restored to their places at the end of a fortnight. A few days later, as I was turning the corner of a street,

Rogers rushed into my arms shouting in a voice that could be heard at the other end of Oxford : " Have you seen what we are going to do in Convocation next Thursday ? We are going to put a hook in the nose of that hideous Leviathan at the Bodleian." Nicholson squinted badly.

Along with Vaux, who was now the Secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society, I attended in September the Oriental Congress at Leiden. There I was hospitably entertained by Professor Tiele, whose dry and comfortable house was nevertheless built immediately over a canal, and I saw much of my Dutch friends De Goeje, Land, Kuenen and others. I also read a paper on the cuneiform inscriptions of Mal-Amir in Susiana, the phonetic values of the characters of which I had determined for the first time in the *Transactions* of the Society of Biblical Archaeology in 1874, and which I was now the first to translate and analyse grammatically. Since then Layard's copies of the inscriptions have been superseded by de Morgan's squeezes, and my translations by Scheil's brilliant work.

The following winter I accompanied Percival and Myers to Egypt, where we passed a week or two in tents in the Fayyûm. We voyaged from Brindisi in a newly-built Austrian Lloyd steamer to India ; the voyage had been advertised for weeks previously in the *Times* and other leading newspapers of Europe, as it was the first steamer passing through the Mediterranean which was lighted by electricity. Only those who remember the old days of oil-lamps with their dim light and rancid smell, which were always extinguished before eleven at night, can appreciate the boon the electric light has been to travellers by sea.

After our tour in the Fayyûm was finished Percival went to Nubia, while I settled myself at Abydos, where I had undertaken to copy the Greek, Karian, Cypriote and Aramaic *graffiti* or scrawls on the walls of the temple of Seti I. I occupied the house built by Mariette when he was excavating the temple, and which was now the home of Gadd, the superintendent of the temple-guardians. It was Gadd's father whom Maspero declared he had once found shaving his head with a flint razor. My life at Abydos was happy, but uneventful. After breakfast I strolled to the temple, where I

spent most of the rest of the day, returning to the house, however, for lunch and a siesta. My meals were eaten on a daïs at the end of the long room in which the officials and their friends were assembled, and after they were finished I received the numerous visitors who enabled me to improve my knowledge of Egyptian Arabic. But I seldom returned from my afternoon's work in the temple until the afterglow had lighted up the pale-green sky and the cattle and fellahin were coming slowly home from the clover fields. Once or twice, however, I spent a day in exploring the neighbourhood, and on one of these occasions came across a place on the borderland of cultivation where the fellahin had lighted on the remains of old buildings as well as what we now know to have been early dynastic pottery and a slate palette of the same age. At the time the Cairo Museum had no funds to undertake excavations on the spot, and many years later when de Morgan and I tried to discover it again we found that it had long since been absorbed into the irrigated fields and all remains of antiquity destroyed. But I now know that it must have been the site of an early dynastic sanctuary.

My work at Abydos occupied about four weeks, and I then made my way to Luxor. Egypt was in an unsettled condition, but politically it was an interesting period. The Gladstone Government was constantly threatening to leave the country, but the mischief caused in this way by the politicians was more than counterbalanced by the fact that British troops still remained in Cairo, and that the fanatical section of the population had not yet forgotten the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. Moreover, their power to do evil had been considerably lessened by the terrible epidemic of cholera which had been raging in Cairo and Alexandria. It was not until the following year that the full effects of British vacillation and ignorance of the Oriental mind began to show themselves.

However, travelling in Egypt was naturally disorganised. There were scarcely any tourists, and few facilities for their going up the Nile had they come. The postal service in Upper Egypt had practically ceased, and the first news I received of General Gordon's mission to Kkartûm was from himself. The steamer which was conveying him to Assuan

stopped at Luxor to coal, and he strolled up to the hotel and inquired if any one was staying there. We had met in London, and accordingly he asked if I were in, as I happened to be. He had come directly from Sir Evelyn Baring, indirectly from Lord Granville, and he told me that he had undertaken the mission very reluctantly, as he considered himself under an engagement to King Leopold to go to the Congo. Lord Granville, however, had appealed to him as an Englishman and a Christian, and that was an appeal which he could not reject. He had therefore travelled in post-haste with the object of bringing the Egyptian garrisons from the Sudân by means of his personal influence, "if that were possible"; otherwise he would be "supported by troops." This was evidently the belief under which he had accepted his mission; in fact, with all his enthusiasm he possessed a large amount of common sense, and none but a fool or a British politician ignorant of all things Eastern would have accepted his mission upon any other understanding. And yet the fact was denied both in the House of Commons and in the House of Lords, and even Sir Evelyn Baring accused him of changing his mind. I must have been one of the last Englishmen he came across with the exception of those who perished with him at Khartûm.

My journalistic experiences had already prepared me for the vagaries of British foreign policy, though I confess it was with a shock that in the summer of the previous year I had listened to a speech made to me by Dilke. He was dining with Bywater along with Whitley Stokes and myself just after Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour, who bombarded Alexandria but landed no marines there to protect the Europeans, had been raised to the peerage. I mentioned the fact, whereupon Dilke exclaimed: "In my opinion Seymour ought to have been hanged instead of being made a peer." "But," I said, "surely he was merely carrying out the orders of the British Ministry in not landing marines." "Oh," replied Dilke, "that was Gladstone; Chamberlain and I could not get our chief to agree to a bombardment except on that condition; but we never supposed the Admiral on the spot would have been such a fool as to attend to it." "How could he have done otherwise?" I asked. "He could have

done as Nelson did at Copenhagen." "Yes," I said, "but in Nelson's days there was no telegraph." "If a man knows his work," retorted Dilke, "telegraph or not doesn't matter. Seymour ought to be hanged."

While I was at Luxor, Strachan-Davidson, who was staying at the hotel, received a letter from a friend in England telling him that he was writing an article for the *Quarterly Review* on the famous statue of Memnon at Thebes, and asking whether he could verify a statement of Sir Gardner Wilkinson that according to the Arabs the sounds emitted by the statue might have been produced by a loose stone inside its body. I volunteered to climb into the lap of the statue, and borrowed for the purpose the only two ladders to be found in the village. Unfortunately when tied together they only just reached to the edge of the lap. That, however, did not interfere with my ascent, and I was not long in ensconcing myself in the lap of the colossus, from whence I had a fine view, but, needless to say, discovered nothing to support the story. When the statue was shattered by earthquake, it is true, some of the front part of it had been broken; but before the earthquake it had been intact and when re-erected the broken stones had been patched together. After a time I prepared to descend, but it was not so easy a matter as the ascent. The ladders, as I have said, reached only to the edge of the lap of the figure; the granite stone above that sloped upwards and was intensely polished. There was nothing of which I could lay hold, and I had a nasty half-minute in sliding down to the top rungs of the ladder. Had my legs played me false, it would have been a fall of twenty or thirty feet.

I had some difficulty in leaving Egypt. The population of Cairo had been decimated by cholera and other parts of the country had suffered severely, and the Draconian laws of quarantine in the Mediterranean had not as yet been mitigated. The only way of avoiding a long detention in an Italian lazzaretto was to travel by a *Messageries* steamer on which the first-class passengers were allowed to undergo their five days' quarantine at Marseilles. We were just eight in number, one of them being my brother's former Captain, Admiral Sir M. Culme-Seymour, and there was one American

among us. He told us he had been 17,000 odd miles across the Pacific and had never had an hour's discomfort, and consequently was quite indifferent to the weather and waves of the Mediterranean. He had visited India and was now on his way to Europe, where he intended to spend the summer before returning to his business at San Francisco. The sky was blue, the sea looked glassy when we left Alexandria, and we sat down to lunch expecting a pleasant voyage. But no one finished lunch. We had encountered a heavy ground-swell. I had a *tête-à-tête* lunch with the Admiral next day, and every one turned up for dinner except the American: he did not appear until the following morning. And then he informed us that he had changed all his plans; if the Mediterranean could be so bad nothing would induce him to cross the Atlantic, and he was determined to remain in Europe for the rest of his life. I suggested that he should return by way of the Pacific, as he had found it such a pacific element. "One can do 17,000 and odd miles once in one's life," he replied, "but not a second time." On arriving at Marseilles we all made our way to the quarantine telegraph-office, our only means of communication with the outside world. The American was standing next to me, and after writing his telegram he pushed it towards me so that I might read it. It ran: "Wind up business; I remain here." It is the only instance I have ever come across in my travels of a seasick voyager living up to his resolutions, and all because of a ground-swell!

I was telling the story shortly afterwards to a friend, who remarked that the American was a better man than his own friend Archbishop Temple, whose first bishopric was that of Exeter in the days when the diocese of Truro had not yet been cut off from it. The Scilly Isles were consequently within the Bishop's jurisdiction, and my informant had happened to ask him how he had liked his first voyage to them. "During the first half of the voyage," was the reply, "I was afraid we should go to the bottom; during the second half I was afraid we shouldn't."

In 1884 the Gladstonian Government was making desperate efforts to escape from its responsibilities in Egypt and let the country "stew in its own juice," as Lord Courtney

described it, and I wrote a certain number of articles, anonymously in the *Times*, under my own name in the *Contemporary Review*, describing the condition of the country and its finances, and pointing out that it was the gate of India. The past and present history of the East seemed to be alike unknown to our politicians. Before I left Egypt I had several conversations on the subject with Moberly Bell, at that time the Egyptian correspondent of the *Times* in Alexandria ; the financial side of the question appealed to him more than the political side, and it was upon financial grounds mainly that he desired a British Protectorate. But those who knew the country and its relation to the Suez Canal were unanimous in believing that a Protectorate of some sort, whether veiled or unveiled, was necessary. Palmerston's opposition to the construction of the Canal was far-sighted ; the Canal made the British occupation of Egypt a necessity, since Cairo dominated the Canal and the Canal was the key to India.

Unfortunately, Gladstone neither knew nor cared about things Oriental except in so far as they related to the establishment of Christianity. His Egyptian policy was a series of ghastly blunders, unredeemed by a single act of statesmanship, and it resulted only in the loss of the Sudan and the destruction of some millions of human beings. Sir Charles Wilson, the last left of the military consuls whom Lord Beaconsfield had sent to Asia Minor to police the country, told me that soon after the occupation of Egypt he was summoned from Sivas and ordered to the Sudan to examine into the situation there and advise the British Government as to what they should do. Being an honest man and not a politician, he informed them that the situation was serious, but that it was still only at its beginning, and that the dispatch of a few British troops would be sufficient to restore order. That was not the kind of advice he was expected to give, and accordingly Mahdism with all its horrors was allowed to develop, while Wilson himself was sent, like a second Dean Swift, into a sort of honorary exile in Dublin.

About this time I fell across an acquaintance who had paid a visit to the North Cape the previous summer. It was

a part of the world as yet unknown to tourists and tourist-steamers. On the Cape, however, he had found the inevitable American, who incidentally remarked to him: "Well, sir, I have been through the length and breadth of this God-forsaken country, and I'm glad to say I have come to the end of it!" It was an interesting illustration of the self-sacrificing spirit of the American explorer of strange lands, which has unfortunately been corrupted by modern tourism. The chaplain of the American Episcopal Church in Rome told me that he had once heard a lady say to her daughter: "It is time for us to be leaving this musty old place: there is nothing to be seen here except ruins and an image of the wolf at the end of the street with Romeo and Juliet under it." This was matched by a remark overheard by myself in the Sistine Chapel, over which an English lady and her daughters were being conducted by a guide. After a glance at Michel Angelo's ceiling she turned to the guide. "Now we will see the next chapel." "But there is no other," said the guide. "Oh yes, there is," she replied; "the guide-book says there are sixteen of them."

In November (1884) I started again for Egypt with my friend Myers. The International Sleeping-car Company had now been established, and we took places in the car that had just begun to run between Calais and Vienna. But the service was not yet a matter of routine, and in the afternoon our conductor was accidentally left behind at one of the stations where we stopped. He telegraphed to Cologne for a hot dinner to be made ready for us, and also to the occupants of the car to tell us where the keys of the cupboards containing table necessaries and bed-clothes were to be found. We had no difficulty about setting the dinner-table when the dinner was put on board, but the mechanism of the upper berths was a different matter, and after several experiments we had to give it up in despair. Fortunately the car was less than half-full, and the seats of the carriage provided a sufficient number of beds. At the Austrian frontier, however, there was much trouble over the absence of our tickets, which were in the pocket of the defaulting conductor; at first the exigencies of red tape demanded that we should either remain there or pay our fares over again; but eventually

it was settled that the train should wait while a certain amount of telegraphing was carried on with Germany. Vienna was bitterly cold when eventually we reached it, and our breath froze as we walked through the snow-covered streets. My companion warmed himself with a dinner of lampreys; but that was a consolation which was denied to my more fastidious taste.

At Trieste I was welcomed by Sir Richard and Lady Burton, and the next few days were days of enjoyment. Burton was already suffering from the malady which killed him; but we still talked of the possibility of that journey which we had planned in earlier days from Tangier to Alexandria through the midst of the Beduin tribes of the Cyrenaica.

Hardly had we left Trieste when the *bora*—that dreaded wind of the north—descended upon us, and the passengers took refuge in the seclusion of their cabins. But fortunately it did not last long. We disembarked at Suez, where we stayed for a while, and amused ourselves by visiting the remains of the stelae erected by Darius to commemorate his re-opening the ancient canal from the Nile to the Red Sea, as well as such other antiquities as were within reach of the town. I also made some excavations in the mound of Kolzum, since built over, which proved to be the site of a Roman fort, and found in it Roman glass and pottery. Then we moved to Cairo, where the hotels were empty except for a few newspaper correspondents and British officers who were living in them. The fitful attempt to run a tourist steamer the previous winter had been a failure; there were no tourists on the Nile.

Upper Egypt that winter was in a state of anarchy. The native army had been in large measure disbanded, and no steps had been taken to replace it as a police force. The country was overrun by brigands, while the Sudanese ex-soldiers were wandering through it living on what they could seize. The Beduin on the outskirts of the desert, always keen to take advantage of any disorder or relaxation of authority in Egypt, were plundering and murdering the fellahin, and night after night when moored to the bank we were disturbed by the sound of firearms, and more than

once found next morning the bodies of murdered peasants in the fields above us. At Assiût the Mudir showed me the photographs of some one hundred and thirty brigands whom he had captured in a pitched battle, all of whom were known to have committed at least two or three murders ; " and now," he added with a gesture of despair, " I have received a telegram from your people in Cairo telling me that they must all be legally tried, which means their acquittal, as you could never find two witnesses who would venture to assist in their conviction. What must I do ? " I told him not to reply to the telegram until he had dealt with his prisoners in accordance with native usage and the Oriental conception of justice. When I next heard from the province of Assiût two or three months later I was told that life and property were once more secure there.

Rarely did we moor for the night on the eastern bank where the desert comes down to the river and the shore was infested by the Beduin. We wanted, however, to visit the cliffs at the back of the eastern desert near the Beduin village of Matahara, a little to the north of the famous tombs of Beni-Hasan, false information having been given us that ancient tombs existed there, and accordingly upon arriving at the place we broke our usual rule. Accompanied by the shêkh of the village and a disorderly troop of self-styled guardians we rode to the hills, taking care to have with us some of our sailors all armed with revolvers. It was fortunate that we did so, for when we were in a remote wadi some four miles from the river one of the Arabs seized the bridle of my donkey and demanded " bakshish," while another threatened Myers with a weapon that resembled a scythe at the end of a pole. We drew our firearms, while our sailors rushed to our rescue ; the ringleader, misliking the look of my revolver, released my donkey, and with our arms pointed at them we drove the men before us until we reached our boat. There our sailors pulled up the anchor in unwonted haste, but before we could get away our assailants had been joined by a number of their fellow-villagers, and we sailed off to the western bank under a volley of shots which, however, did no damage. When we reached Sherâra the fellahin there lamented that none of *our* shots had been fatal.

At the little town of Golosana, some miles above Cairo, I was told that Khartûm had been captured by the Mahdists and Gordon killed, and my informant, who was a Mohammedan, added that God would avenge upon the Mahdi the death of so great a saint ("*shêkh kebîr*"). When I arrived in Cairo I learned that the information had been given to me two days before it was officially known there. The fact was an interesting illustration of what has been called "the native telegraph."

In the summer of 1885 I attended a meeting of the Cambrian Archaeological Association, which happened to be held in the neighbourhood of Chepstow. Once more I found myself in places whose names had been familiar to me in my childhood. I visited my father's church at Caldicot, where my two elder sisters lie buried, and the house he had built on Mount Balan; I looked down on the Wye from the battlements of Chepstow Castle, and wandered among the storied walls of Tintern; I read the inscriptions on the Roman tombstones in the Museum of Caerleon and traversed the walls of Caerwent; then when the meeting was over I made my way to St. David's, where Dean Allen guided me over the stately Cathedral, whose restoration was so largely his own work, and where I specially wanted to see the neolithic settlement that had recently been excavated on St. David's Head. I know of no place more striking or impressive than St. David's. Suddenly after driving mile after mile from Haverfordwest over sixteen barren hills, the traveller sees below him the fertile valley of the Cathedral Church, one of the largest and most beautiful in Christendom, rising out of it. Round the cathedral runs its old wall of defence, enclosing also the picturesque ruins of the ancient episcopal palace. But the cathedral city is now but a small village, and there is nothing more soul-stirring than an evening service in the cathedral when the shadows are falling, and the soft voices of the Welsh boy-choristers float among the empty arches and over the mediaeval tombs of the vast building.

The following winter I was again in Egypt. The British Ministry had reluctantly consented to acknowledge the logic of facts, and there was no longer any talk of a withdrawal

from the country. But meanwhile the Sudan had been lost, Gordon, as the British people and their queen believed, had been "betrayed," the costly Wolseley expedition had been a failure, and the Liberal Government had received a shock from which it never recovered. The Mahdists, who were now under the leadership of an abler military commander than the Mahdi, were threatening Egypt itself; the province of Dongola, to which Egypt looked for a supply of corn when its own stores failed, was overrun, and it was with difficulty that Wadi Halfa, on the northern edge of the Second Cataract, was still retained. The British garrison, instead of being withdrawn, was strengthened; a new Egyptian army was called into existence and fortifications were erected at Assuan, while the finances of Egypt were taken seriously in hand. But like the defence of the country, the work was hampered by the engagements and protestations which the British Ministry had so recklessly made. We still professed not to be in Egypt, much less to govern it; the Egyptians were told that all we were doing was to give them a little instruction which would enable them to manage their finances and govern themselves in a short time, and no attempt was made to define our exact position as regards the various foreign Powers which had rights and privileges on the Nile. The Egyptians accepted the situation with Oriental placidity; we had not yet taught their school-boys to go on strike, or encouraged newspaper writers and hungry beys and pashas to stir up the passions of a Mohammedan mob. But the logical Frenchman pointed to our Egyptian policy as an unanswerable demonstration of the proverbial British hypocrisy. Even a low-class Mohammedan Cairene in my presence one day compared the British Government to a cat which plays with the mouse before devouring it and pretends all the while not to see its victim. A French official once remarked to me: "When you suppressed the Arabi insurrection unaided and found that all the foreign officials in the service of the Egyptian Government were gone we expected, of course, that you would undertake the management of the country, and no protest against it would have been raised either in France or elsewhere; but as you did not do so, and pretended that you were not going to govern it, you cannot

complain if we consider that we have equal rights with yourselves and claim an equal share in the administration."

Myers and I hired a dahabia—the Timsah or "Crocodile"—which had belonged to Lady Duff Gordon. She had left it on her death to her captain, along with her library of books, which we found very useful to us. Some of her well-known letters had been written on board the boat.

Law and order were once more returning to the banks of the Nile, and the financial and travelling world had come to the conclusion that for the present at least the British troops would remain there. Visitors began to trickle back to the hotels of Cairo, and some of them even ventured to engage dragomans and make the old voyage up the Nile.

At Assuan we found Colonel Plunkett—afterwards the Curator of the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy—in command of the Sappers who were uncovering the remains of the temple of Thothmes III. and making other excavations which had a combined military and archaeological purpose. Presently Canon Liddon arrived in a dahabia with his niece, and I naturally saw a good deal of him while he was there. Then came Sir Wilfrid Lawson, famous for his speeches in the House of Commons and his uncompromising teetotalism. It was said of him that his first action on acceding to the baronetcy was to pour the contents of the barrels of port accumulated by his forefathers over the garden walks. At a dinner, however, which he gave to Myers and myself wine was placed on the table, though he drank none of it himself, and poured without stint into our glasses. But perhaps that was the fault of the dragoman. It was of Sir Wilfrid and his teetotal meetings that a story was once told me by Coxe, the Bodleian Librarian. On one occasion when the Baronet was in the chair, a man rushed excitedly up to the platform and brandishing a Bible above his head shouted out: "Friends, I have read this book from kiver to kiver, and I can't find a word about a drop of water in it except in one place, and that was in 'ell!"

General Grenfell was at that time the Sirdar or Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian army, and before we left Assuan he arrived there in his dahabia to look after the excavations which were being made at his expense by the

British Vice-Consul in the tombs on the western bank of the river. Day after day we clambered up the cliff together and watched first a tomb of the VIth Dynasty and then another of the XIIth emerging from the sand. Our landing-place on the western bank was usually a strip of sand immediately opposite the island of Elephantinê, where our boats were moored on its western shore in front of Assuan. I had been in the habit of bathing there, but one morning when we landed one of the Sirdar's aide-de-camps, now Sir John Maxwell, observed the recent footprints of a large crocodile. After that there was no more bathing. It was one of the last crocodiles left north of the First Cataract. A few weeks afterwards I saw another crocodile which was killed by the natives at Gebel-es-Silsila while I was copying the rock-inscriptions there. When they cut it open the four hoofs of a donkey and the two ear-rings of a donkey-boy were discovered inside it. For a few years longer another crocodile survived in a back-water near Qina, distinguishing itself by occasionally surprising and eating a woman who was drawing water, and successfully resisting all attempts to capture or kill it. But in time it too passed away, and before 1890 the Egyptian Nile had ceased to be the home of its ancient symbol. But the song sung by the workers at the *shadûf* still preserves a memory of the age when continuous shouting was needed to frighten the monster away. The retreat of the crocodile from the Egyptian Nile was soon followed by its retreat from the Nubian Nile; the nervous creature could not stand the noise of the paddle-wheels of the steamers and retired before them into the Sudân. I had to wait until I ascended the Blue and White Niles before I saw it again.

Maspero towed us part of the way down the river with his Museum steamer. The Head of the Department of Antiquities had as yet no official residence in Cairo, and had to live accordingly on board a steam-boat. It was a comfortable home, however, and I have passed many enjoyable hours in it among the books of the Professor's library. When we reached Cairo I left my companion and joined Flinders Petrie, who had just begun his excavating work at Tel-el-Defena, the Daphnê of classical geography, the Tahpanhes of the Old Testament. The site lies on the two

banks of a very brackish canal, far away in the desert some thirteen miles from Kantara on the Suez Canal. We occupied a small bell-tent, while the workmen lived in the holes they had made in the sand-hills. While I was with him Petrie discovered the actual brick-platform on which Nebuchadrezzar's throne was erected during his invasion of Egypt, and of which the prophet Jeremiah has preserved the record (xliii. 10). We also had a *khamasîn* or south wind, which ended in the thermometer in our tent not dropping below 120 degrees even at night. The preceding afternoon I wanted to see Petrie about some matter or other, and on asking his head-man where he was, was told "yistanna fîlmoya," "he is standing in the water," and there in the canal I found him standing like a buffalo with the water up to his neck and an umbrella over his head. Such are the experiences of the archaeologist!

On my return to Cairo I stayed with (Sir) Edgar Vincent, now Lord D'Abernon, who had been appointed Financial Adviser. He was grappling successfully with the financial question, and the budget was already beginning to be normal. One of his chief measures for restoring the revenue of the country was the introduction of the tobacco monopoly; the plant was forbidden to be grown in Egypt, and the tobacco that was imported was heavily taxed. Naturally the measure created great discontent among the people, who had hitherto paid but little for the tobacco they smoked, but the discontent was visited, not upon the Financial Adviser, who kept in the background, but upon the Prime Minister, Nubar Pasha. Nubar was a Christian and an Armenian; that was quite sufficient for the Mohammedan population.

While I was staying in Vincent's flat, Mahaffy arrived unexpectedly in Cairo, and we were taken to the Azhar Mosque, or rather University, by Yakub Artin Bey—afterwards Pasha—the Under-Secretary of the Ministry of Education. It was the beginning of my acquaintance with the Pasha, the creator of the present system of education in Egypt, the most learned of men, and the staunchest of friends. Like Nubar, he was a Christian and an Armenian; his grandfather had migrated from Sivas in Asia Minor, and his father had been the famous Minister of Mohammed

Ali. His wife belonged to an old Armenian family of Constantinople, and was as clever and charming a personality as himself.

On my return to England I received evil news from home. My mother, hitherto the healthiest of women, was unwell, and the doctor's account of her was not reassuring. As soon as I could leave Oxford, accordingly, I ran down to my father's house at Bath and remained there till he and my mother and sister went to Southsea, where the sea-air, it was thought, would benefit her. Then I paid a brief visit to the inscribed stone at Nigg, near Beauly, in the north of Scotland, and had hardly returned to Oxford before I received a telegram saying that my mother had been found that morning dead in her bed. She had attended a concert the previous afternoon and had died in her sleep My mother's death made a sudden break in my life ; it seemed, as it were, to cut me off from my boyhood.

CHAPTER XIII

CYPRUS, EGYPT AND SNAKE-BITE

In the later part of the summer Burton came to Oxford in order to copy the unique manuscript of *Aladdin* which had been discovered in the Bodleian, and a translation of which he wished to include in a supplementary volume of his *Thousand and One Nights*. I asked him to stay with me in College, but he preferred putting up at the Mitre—"College," he said, was "a hotel of the ninth century"—and dining with me twice a week. One Sunday he told me that he had gone to London the day before to see his doctor as he had had some twinges of gout, so when the dessert was placed upon the table and he was preparing to help himself to a glass of College port I put my hand on his arm and said: "Take claret instead; remember the gout!" "Oh," he replied, "the doctors now tell you that port is the best thing for the gout!" and before the evening was over he had drunk three glasses of it. On Tuesday morning while at breakfast I received a note from Lady Burton: "Do come and see us; Dick is down with the gout." I went to the Mitre and found Burton groaning in bed and Lady Burton packing up his clothes and preparing to carry him off to town. It was the beginning of the illness from which he never recovered. On one of the evenings that he dined with me he told me that when learning to speak a new language the first thing he acquired was "the swear-words; after that, everything is easy."

I had been asked to give the Hibbert Lectures in London the following spring on the Religion of the Ancient Babylonians. It was a new subject, as yet but little explored, much less systematised; few of the materials had been

translated, and many of the cuneiform texts had not even been published. In fact, the copies of them existed only in my own note-books. Nor was there as yet an Assyrian dictionary; Delitzsch was still only preparing for the publication of a work of the kind. I had, however, occupied myself the previous year in compiling an index to such religious texts in the British Museum as had already been edited, as well as to my own copies of the British Museum tablets, and I now experienced the benefit of it. A complete and systematic account of Babylonian religion was indeed still impossible; fortunately the form in which I had undertaken to present the subject did not make this necessary, and I contented myself with its main outlines and more important points without unduly entering into details. For the first time an attempt was made to distinguish between the early Sumerian and the later Semitic elements in Babylonian religion, and the two great periods of Semitic influence and construction—those of Sargon of Akkad and Khammurabi—were also for the first time made evident. I further showed that the methods of literary criticism were applicable to the early hymns and similar religious literature of Babylonia; that the Assyrian translations attached to the Sumerian originals were not always trustworthy, and that it was sometimes possible to separate the earlier from the later portions of a text.

My mother's death naturally interfered with my work, and it was partly on this account, partly because certain legal matters connected with it required my presence at home, that I determined to spend the winter in England. I had never attended the famous "Boar's Head Procession" at my College on Christmas Day, and accordingly planned to remain in College until after the festival and then seek winter quarters in Penzance But hardly had the Christmas vacation commenced than the great fire took place which destroyed the staircase next to mine and threatened at one time to consume the whole of that side of the "Front Quad" of the College in which my rooms were situated. It was the evening after the undergraduates had gone to their homes; a violent wind was blowing, when between eleven and twelve, while I was busy with the manuscript of my lectures, one

of my brother-Fellows came to my rooms with a pale face and told me that the porter had just discovered a fire in the Bursar's rooms. We found subsequently that the fire had been due to an exposed beam of wood in the chimney which had, no doubt, been smouldering for some time; the gale which was blowing fanned it into a flame, and owing to the deserted state of the College the fire was not discovered until too late. By the time the fire-engines had arrived the whole staircase was in a blaze, and the fire was running along the roof, over the Provost's lodge and my own rooms, and threatening our Common-rooms and Library. Meanwhile such undergraduates as were left in Oxford had congregated at the burning College and were busily engaged in removing the silver from the Buttery, and books and the like from the Provost's house and the adjoining rooms. The flames shot up above the spire of St. Mary's, and the white stone statues which stand on the College wall facing the High Street looked like martyrs at the stake. Fortunately the wind, which had been blowing furiously from south to north, suddenly shifted to the opposite quarter and so enabled the firemen on the roof to drive the flames back towards the staircase in which the fire had broken out, and eventually to confine it there. But the night was very cold, with occasional showers of sleety rain, and the result of exposure to it in my case was a chill and an attack on the lungs My books and papers also had suffered grievously, partly from the water with which my staircase and rooms had been deluged, partly from their hurried conveyance in the dark to a place of safety, and contact also with the fire. Most of my correspondence from the scholars and other "celebrities" I had known was destroyed; a considerable part of my books was injured by water, and for many years afterwards I was constantly finding that individual parts of a series in the case of learned periodicals, or of volumes in the case of a literary work, were missing. A collection of Oriental gems, moreover, which I had placed on a table in one of my rooms ready to take to London, where they were to be photographed and published in the *Proceedings* of the Society of Biblical Archaeology, was entirely lost, doubtless trampled underfoot in the sodden grass of the "quad." Some day they will probably be

recovered, and the archaeologists of the future will be tempted to weave theories about the Oriental connections of Queen's College. The College loss was more serious. We had been holding a College meeting that afternoon, and the Bursarial records were accordingly lying on a table in the Bursar's room instead of being, as usual, in a safe. They were all burned, and for long afterwards the rent-roll of the College was a cause of difficulty and dispute.

I stayed till Christmas Day was over, and then started for the south. It was too late to go to Egypt, so I thought I would spend the winter on the Riviera, and consequently made Marseilles my first resting-place. But I found a severe frost there, and accordingly changed my intention and took a ticket for Algiers.

While I was waiting for the steamer a Scotchman arrived at the hotel, also bound for Algeria. I heard him talking in the reading-room after dinner, and at once felt that we were sympathetic souls, and that destiny had determined that we should travel together. It was D. C. Robertson, who became my travelling friend and companion not only that winter in Algeria, but several other winters besides in other parts of the world. He had spent the earlier days of his life in South America, and Spanish was therefore as familiar to him as English, and as he was also a good Italian scholar from both the philological and the colloquial point of view, while I undertook all communications in French, we found ourselves at home among the three European nationalities which at that time occupied Algeria. One of our companions on board the steamer was an American, a Mr. Lummis, who spent his winters on the Riviera, where he had a villa. But, he told us, he always went to Algiers early in January and remained there for a month " for the sake of the young peas."

We stayed for some time in Algiers and then visited the baths of Hammâm Rhira, where an enthusiastic French gentleman had just sunk his money in building a huge and cheerless caravanserai, as well as Cherchell, at that time a charming little place with a charming little hostelry and landlady, from whence it was an easy drive to the famous " Tombeau de la Chrétienne." Then we started for Con-

stantine, not sorry to exchange the rainy skies of the coast for the cold sunshine of the mountainous zone. There are, in fact, three zones of climate in Algeria during the winter season—the damp and rainy coast, the mountainous interior, a sort of Upper Engadine, in the south, and the dry, sunny climate of the Sahara beyond.

Constantine, with the arches of natural rock at the back of which it stands, is very striking, and it could already boast of an excellent Museum. The tombstones of the Roman legionaries who died there record ages of extraordinary length. Eighty years of age seemed to be a mere trifle ; on one of the stones the deceased soldier declares that he had reached the age of one hundred and thirty years and had never known an unhappy hour ! The contrast with the tombstones which I had seen the preceding summer at Caerleon in Monmouthshire was instructive. There the average age of the dead legionaries was forty or less ; the damp cold of the British winters was evidently fatal to them.

The hotel at which we stayed was filled with Frenchmen, the only Englishmen in it besides ourselves being Lord Randolph Churchill, whose health had already broken down, and a companion Evening after evening we dined in peace and quietude in the saloon. But one evening a party of four Germans arrived, and neither that evening nor the evenings that followed, as long as they were with us, were we able even to hear ourselves. The din of raucous voices was overwhelming.

We passed a pleasant week at Batna, where the railway ended, and saw the Medrassen and the ruins of Timgad, the finest and most splendid Roman ruins in the world. They were still unexcavated, and a forest of columns, marking the site of the forum, stood on a marble platform on the slope of a mountain and facing a long range of snow-covered crests. We left Batna early one morning, with icicles hanging from the roofs of the houses through which we passed. Down we drove past barren hillsides where the tails of the sheep seemed to fatten upon what my companion described as " nothing but stones " ; the air became continually warmer, and our wraps one after the other were thrown off. Suddenly we crossed the old Roman bridge which spans the gorge of

El-Kantara, and saw before us a grove of palms dotted with the yellow mud roofs of Arab huts, and beyond that the golden sand of the Sahara glittering under a cloudless sky. Then we continued our drive across the desert, unfettered by even the beginnings of a road, past the fountain of the Gazelle and the Mountain of Salt, and reached Biskra late in the evening.

Biskra was still primitive, but its hotel, built in native style, was comfortable, with its range of low rooms surrounding the garden in which we drank our morning coffee under the trees. Tuggurt was still four days on camel-back to the south ; but it was worth the journey if only to see its Arab houses erected on the lines of the two cross-roads which once intersected the southernmost camp of the Roman Empire.

Another place we visited was Tebessa, which in 1887 was even more difficult of access than Tuggurt. How far it was from the civilised world may be judged from the fact that on the morning after our arrival, while I was walking round the Byzantine walls of the town, a venerable shêkh came up to me, and kneeling down kissed the hem of my coat and handed me a petition. It was taken for granted that a European who was not wearing a military uniform must be the Governor of the colony at the least. The French barracks were just outside the town, and one afternoon I was having coffee with the Commander, who had been showing me a Latin inscription discovered that morning in digging the foundations of a stable, when Robertson was brought in under guard. Some soldiers had found him wandering about and looking for remains of antiquity, and as he did not speak French jumped to the conclusion that he must be a spy, if not worse. The officers messed at the inn, which was dignified by the title of hotel. But the cooking was good, and one evening a dish was handed round, and after the contents of it had been consumed the landlady asked if we knew what it was. The reply was "No," but it was "not bad." She then told us it was "jackal." But as I did not eat any of it I cannot say how far the culinary taste of my companions was to be trusted.

At two o'clock one dark morning we left Tebessa in the mail-gig, which held four persons. Two of them were the

driver and the postal agent. There was no road, and the agent's services were soon required, as our four horses began to crash in the dark through a mass of brushwood down a steep bank where we heard the roaring of a torrent. The horses were reined in, and the agent with his lantern explored the locality, finally announcing that he had found a spot where the river was fordable. Through the water we accordingly plunged and then through the bushes of the farther bank. After that I first nodded and then lost consciousness. When I awoke I saw a wonderful sight. We were on the top of a crest; the sun had just risen, and below us there stretched a vast sheet of cloud which looked like a shoreless sea. Gradually the mist cleared away under the rays of the sun, and we eventually reached our breakfasting quarters.

A few days later we were at Hammam Meskoutin, where the sulphurous hot springs cover the limestone plateau with miniature volcanoes of cone-like shape. In one place the hot water falls over the edge of a cliff into a stream below, turning the face of the cliff into bands of red, pink and yellow, like the famous "terraces" of New Zealand. Still boiling, the water pours itself into the stream, and, though it scalds the hand if put into it, ghastly-looking fish, white and semi-transparent, are seen swimming in it, whose ancestors migrated from the cold water beyond and were gradually acclimatised to the conditions of a torrid zone.

Our hotel was of the usual native form, consisting of a range of rooms built round the three corners of a court, and as we dressed in the morning we could see our breakfast being prepared on the cooking stoves that Nature had provided. In the gorge near the village is a cave where in old days the divinity of the hot springs was worshipped, and the walls of the upper portion of it are covered with Latin inscriptions recording the annual visits on the day of festival of the magistrates of the neighbouring town of Anuna. The ruins of Anuna still exist. On the other side of Hammam Meskoutin, and about eight miles from it, beyond a river which had to be forded, lie the limestone slopes of Roknia, thickly covered with shrubs, where Gérard made his fame as a lion-killer. There are no lions there now, but there are many cairns of the Stone Age, similar in form to those at

Clava, near Culloden. Some of these I excavated, and the long-headed skulls and other objects I found in them are now in the Museum at Constantine.

Before leaving Algeria we wanted to visit El-Kêf, the starting-point for which was Souk el-Arba on the newly-constructed railway between Algiers and Tunis. A little French inn had been built just opposite the shed which served as a temporary railway station, and we occupied its solitary guest-room, which boasted of a balcony. The balcony looked towards the station, between which and the inn lay an abyss of black mud where the Arabs were floundering up to their knees, sometimes with Europeans on their backs, and disputing the possession of the slough with a number of ducks. We found that our dinner had been made ready for us in the kitchen, which served also as a dining-saloon; there were two other tables in the room, one occupied by the Italian workmen who were laying the railway lines, the other by a party of French soldiers who were intensely enjoying their dinner, and at the corner of our table was a door which opened into the wine-cellar. The first course was placed upon our table in the shape of soup which tasted suspiciously of duck; then came the second course, consisting of two fat ducks, which we had doubtless seen disporting themselves in the mud in the afternoon. We were hungry, and so did justice to them; then we were asked if we should like another course, and on our replying in the affirmative, another couple of ducks was set before us. Of these we ate more sparingly. The whole, however, was washed down with the excellent claret of Algeria; as soon as the carafe showed signs of running low it was immediately refilled from the barrel which stood so conveniently near us, just inside the wine-cellar. I am afraid that those primitive days of Algerian travel have long since become a legend, and no more.

Tunis had changed greatly since I had been there a few years previously. A new French quarter with modern hotels had sprung up outside the native town, and the bazaars in the native town were catering for the tourist. There we fell across the Campbells of Tullichewan Castle, who were old friends of my companion. Mr. Campbell was one of the members of Parliament for the University of Glasgow

and related to Campbell-Bannerman, but they were on opposite sides in politics.

On our way to Naples we spent a few days in Malta, where I renewed old acquaintanceships, and then proceeded to establish ourselves at La Cava, within easy distance of Paestum. I selected a room at the top of the tower which distinguishes the "Albergo di Londra," and there wrote the Presidential Address which I delivered a few weeks later to the Philological Society in London. The long *table-d'hôte* table of the hotel was mainly occupied by ladies; when we first arrived, however, there were also a few gentlemen. These left one after the other, and eventually when Robertson deserted me, and I found myself the solitary male among thirty ladies, my modesty overpowered me and I too fled.

Schliemann had wanted me to go up the Nile with him that winter and was much annoyed that I could not do so. He took with him in his dahabia the faithful Pelops, who died on the journey and was buried in Upper Egypt. But my absence from Egypt that winter had much more serious consequences than the loss of a companion to Schliemann. I have always regarded it as a proof that I was born under an unlucky star that the only winter which I did not spend on the Nile was the one when the famous cuneiform tablets were found by the fellahin at Tel el-Amarna. I had always stopped at Tel el-Amarna, generally both when ascending and when descending the river; I was well known to the fellahin and antika-hunters—two synonymous terms there—and what they had discovered in the mounds during the previous year was always brought to me for sale. The whole collection of tablets would have passed into my possession intact; as it was, there was no one in Egypt who was acquainted with cuneiform, and the antika-dealers regarded the tablets as so many worthless bricks. Most of them were thrown into sacks and carried on donkey-back to Ekhmîm. There M. Frénay, the French manager of the flour-mills, who acted as an agent of the Louvre, bought a few, thinking, as he told me, that they might turn out to be of interest, and one of these was sent to the Louvre and shown to Oppert, the Professor of Assyriology. Oppert was old and blind, and pronounced it to be a forgery. The result was that no

more were purchased by Frénay; the tablets were again carried on donkey-back along the banks of the Nile, and finally found their way to Luxor. By that time more than a third of them had been destroyed or mutilated, to the incalculable loss of science and history. Next to the historical books of the Old Testament the Tel el-Amarna tablets have proved to be the most valuable record which the ancient civilised world of the East has bequeathed to us. What we now have is an index of what we should have possessed had the collection been preserved uninjured and intact.

My Hibbert Lectures were delivered shortly after my return to England. In the summer Maspero came with his wife to Oxford in order to receive an honorary degree, and a little later Robertson and I went to stay with the Campbells at their castle on Loch Lomond. There I met one of Mr. Campbell's neighbours, a descendant of the novelist Smollett.

The British Association assembled at Manchester at the beginning of September. I had been elected President of the Anthropological Section, one of the Vice-Presidents being Sir John Evans. Section H, as it was termed, was famous for the " bores " who frequented it year after year, and whose endeavours to read papers or start discussions it was one of the chief duties of the President to checkmate. One of the " bores " was Staniland Wake, who presented a paper on his favourite topic of totemism, of which all that I could make out was that a totem was a surname. So I handed the following lines to Sir John :

> We've heard of the totems of various folk,
> The buffalo, bear, and the snake ;
> A totem is nought but a surname, it seems :
> Then what is the totem of Staniland Wake ?

Without a moment's hesitation he wrote underneath them :

> You ask what's the totem of Staniland Wake ?
> That question you'll ask me no more.
> If once you allow him to stand up and speak,
> You'll find he's *in toto* a boar.

It was one of the readiest examples of wit I have ever come across.

It was at this meeting that the brothers Siret first made

known the results of their excavations in Spain and demonstrated the existence there of the Stone and Bronze Ages as well as of intercourse with the eastern Mediterranean in the Mykenaean period. One result of my Presidential Address was a discussion in the *Times* on the ethnology of the British people, in which Huxley came to my help, and for the first time made " the general public " understand that the substratum of the British nation goes back to the neolithic age and belongs to the so-called Mediterranean race. Another result, which followed later, was Professor Freeman's Lectures on the " Teutonic Conquest in Gaul and Britain," in which he endeavoured to explain that he had never spoken of an Anglo-Saxon " race."

Towards the end of November Percival and I started once more for Cyprus. On our way we spent a few days in Athens, and there I saw Schliemann for the last time. Then we proceeded to Smyrna, and from thence to Cyprus. On this occasion the skies were propitious, and we visited all parts of the island. A Museum had now been established at Nikosia, roads had been constructed with the help of convict labour, one of them even to the summit of Mount Troados, and efforts had been made to start a trade in wine. But the government of the island was heavily handicapped by the want of funds ; the tribute to the Porte was far in excess of what the island could afford, and as the Gladstonian Ministry had diverted it from the Sultan to the subsidising of the British and French bondholders, it could not be reduced Steamer communications were fitful and scanty, and hotels practically non-existent.

After spending two months there we left for Jaffa, and on board the Austrian Lloyd steamer made the acquaintance of two ladies with whom I subsequently became very intimate, Miss Austen and Miss Byron. Miss Byron was a grandniece of the poet, many of whose relics were preserved in her London house. They disembarked at Beyrout, while we went on to Jaffa. There we arrived on a beautiful winter morning, and put up for the night at the hotel The other passengers on the steamer, who were on their way to Egypt or Europe, tempted by the sunshine and calm sea, also landed, and after spending the morning in wandering about

the town stayed to lunch in the hotel. As I descended the stairs I noticed that dark clouds were gathering in the sky; during lunch a gale sprang up, and by the time the meal was finished it was no longer possible to return to the steamer, the port of Jaffa being not much more than an open roadstead, exposed to the westerly winds. The steamer remained in the offing two hours beyond its time, and then had to start without its hapless passengers, who were left behind with nothing but the clothes they were wearing. What became of them I do not know, as we left Jaffa early next morning by carriage; railways were as yet unthought of in Palestine, and the carriage road itself to Jerusalem had only recently been made. In fact, we had not proceeded far when we were bogged in it, and had to requisition the help of the neighbouring villagers before we could extricate our carriage from the slough.

Our object in going to Jerusalem was to organise an expedition for the exploration of the old desert routes between Syria and Egypt. The southern or "Pilgrims'" route from Kantara was well known; the "Way of the Philistines," which ran along the coast on the north side of the Serbonian Lake, had been recently examined by Greville Chester; but there was a third route, on the south side of the lake, which existed in ancient times, but had not yet been traced. We first made our way to my old quarters, Gaza, and then to the beautiful ruined mosque of the Sultan Barkûk at Khan Yûnus; then we passed the site of Raphia, where a couple of Roman columns under a plane tree marked the boundary between Syria and Egypt, and eventually found ourselves at El-Arîsh. But on the way we had succeeded in discovering and tracing the ancient line of traffic, with its choked-up wells, and had, moreover, come across a number of sites of towns of the Roman age, now covered with sand, which have since been partially excavated by M. Clédat.[1]

At El-Arîsh I discovered a long hieroglyphic inscription of the Ptolemaic period, recording a curious legend about the sun-god, which was built into the upper wall of the well of

[1] The results of my explorations were embodied in the edition of Murray's *Handbook to Egypt*, brought out by Miss Brodrick and myself in 1896, pp. 517-22.

the citadel. I told Mr. Ll. Griffith of its existence, and not long afterwards he visited El-Arîsh and made a copy of the text.[1] At El-Arîsh we also found that there was quarantine against all animals arriving from Syria, and we had, therefore, to dismiss our mules and muleteers and replace them by camels and Arabs. The Arabs were of the blond type, with blue eyes and fair hair, descendants, not of Latin crusaders, but of the early Amorite population of that part of the world. Somewhat to my astonishment I found that my Syrian dragoman had now not unfrequently to ask me to interpret for him the Egyptian Arabic of our new companions.

From El-Arîsh we went to Pelusium, where I had undertaken to sink some shafts for the Egypt Exploration Fund, and so see whether it was worth while to make excavations there. The branch of the Nile on which Pelusium stood is now an expanse of black salt mud, out of which rise two mounds. The banks which once bordered the river are covered with sand, from which the heads of palm trees are still emerging in one or two spots. Some two miles beyond the mounds, on the edge of the sea, are the ruins of a fort known to the Arabs as El-Tîna, "the Mud," and accordingly supposed to have derived its name from Pelusium, which means much the same thing in Greek. But I found that the fort was of mediaeval construction and that there were no traces of anything of earlier date. On our way to it there seemed to be a broad branch of the sea intervening between ourselves and the ruin, and our Beduin guide had some difficulty in persuading me that we should be able to walk through it. The illusion was not destroyed until we had actually reached the spot where the water appeared to be, and then it vanished suddenly. It was the most realistic mirage I have ever seen.

My excavations on the larger of the two mounds were also a disappointment. Even before the Roman level was reached the soil proved to be waterlogged, and pumping-machines would be required to remove the water simultaneously with the work of excavation. Food and drinking-water, like

[1] Published in the *Seventh Memoir of the Egypt Exploration Fund* (1889), pp. 71-73.

everything else, would, moreover, have had to come from Port Said, some forty miles away. The expense of working the site was, therefore, prohibitive. Accordingly we left Pelusium, and after visiting some ancient *tels* on the way, encamped at Kantara, where I copied several inscriptions of the XVIIIth Dynasty. While we were at dinner we were disturbed by a prodigious noise outside the tent; the moon was eclipsed, and the natives of the neighbouring village were vigorously beating their saucepans in order to frighten away the demon who they believed was devouring the moon.

At Cairo I found the world of tourists once more back in Egypt, and very naïve and amusing some of them were. The new Shepheard's Hotel was not yet in existence, and the guests all dined together at a long table in the old dining-hall. One evening a young Englishman and his bride arrived, and I heard snatches of the conversation between the lady and my neighbour. They had come to Alexandria in a *Messageries* steamer and had met with bad weather. The lady had been ill, but, she said, it was owing to "the smell, for the Captain *would* grease his engines. I sent the steward to him to ask him to cease doing so, as it made me feel so ill. The steward told me he had done so, but I am sure he didn't, as I still felt so ill." In those days there was a rock at the entrance to the harbour of Alexandria which had not yet been removed, and vessels arriving after sunset were not allowed to enter the harbour until the following morning. Apropos of this, the next snatch of conversation I heard was the following: "It was so cruel of Mr. Cook," the lady was saying. "We were all so ill and so anxious to land, but Mr. Cook would not send out his boat, and, you know, until Mr. Cook sends his boat no one is allowed to land in Egypt." Then it was the husband's turn. "You will go to the bazaars," said my neighbour. "Oh no," was the reply, "we never go to bazaars; they always cheat you at them under charitable pretences."

Cope Whitehouse was in Cairo, ardently pressing his Wadi Rayyân scheme. I had met him at Oxford the previous summer, where he was working in the Bodleian Library at Ptolemy's geography and maintaining that the famous Lake Moeris which watered the Fayyûm was not where

Egyptologists and modern geographers would place it, but a large basin, now dry, somewhat to the south. The following winter he made an expedition to the district and there discovered what he was seeking in a depression called the Wadi Rayyân. This he proposed to fill once more with water by means of a canal from the Nile, and so provide a storage lake from which water could be drawn not only in seasons of low inundation but also during the early months of summer, when an additional crop of cotton could be grown in the Delta if only water were obtained for it. Sir Edgar Vincent, the Financial Adviser, was favourably inclined towards the project, and the engineers were busy making surveys and estimates.

Cope Whitehouse, or "Cope," as he was familiarly known, was brilliantly clever in certain directions, but the brilliancy was dangerously near to insanity. Besides his Wadi Rayyân scheme, he had two other topics which he introduced in season and out of season. Staffa, he maintained, had been artificially excavated by the Phoenicians in order to house their fleet during the winter months, and the great pyramid was built from the top downward. When I first knew him these two latter paradoxes were mere *jeux d'esprit*, which he defended in the spirit of an ancient sophist, but eventually they became the obsessions and beliefs of insanity. In 1888, however, he was still an amusing and brilliant conversationalist, and I have heard him pass, without a moment's hesitation, from fluent French to equally fluent Italian. Whitehouse was the son of a well-known bishop of the American Episcopal Church who married a wealthy wife, and he deserves to be handed down to posterity as the man who checked the great fire of Chicago. He and his brothers owned a good deal of property there, and when all efforts to overcome the fire had proved unavailing he insisted upon blowing up certain lines of houses belonging to them, and so stopped the further progress of the conflagration.

About this time Kitchener arrived in Cairo from Suakim. A rifle-ball had injured his jaw during a skirmish with the Dervishes, and he came to Cairo for medical treatment. With his face bound up in a white bandage and consequent

difficulty in eating and speaking, he was an object of great interest to the ladies, whose attentions, however, he did not altogether appreciate. I was glad to meet again an old friend, whose excavations in Jerusalem had first brought us together, with whom I had travelled, and who had the same love as myself for oriental art and antiquities. From this time forward he and I kept in touch with one another, and one of the pleasantest features of my future life in Egypt was that he was Sirdar of the Egyptian army during a part of the time.

Immediately after my arrival in Cairo I was informed of the discovery of the Tel el-Amarna cuneiform tablets. A few of them had been offered to the Bûlak Museum, and M. Grébaut, who had succeeded Professor Maspero as Director of the Department of Antiquities, but who was now in Upper Egypt, had requested the Conservator of the Museum, Brugsch Bey, to ask my opinion about them. At the same time M. Bouriant, the Director of the French School of Archaeology in Cairo, brought me the tablets which M. Frénay had procured. These I copied, and wrote at once to Grébaut, telling him that there could be no question about their genuineness, and that he should, if possible, secure every one that had been discovered. Unfortunately Grébaut had neither tact nor knowledge of the Oriental, and without more ado he seized all such tablets as he could find which were not in the safe keeping of a consul. One result of this was that the natives by way of revenge for what they considered an act of robbery wrecked and destroyed the tombs and other monuments in the neighbourhood of Tel el-Amarna, including the famous picture of a colossus on a sledge and a valuable historical inscription of Thothmes III. As a further consequence the ancient monuments of Egypt had to be placed under lock and key, like the cages of the wild beasts in a menagerie, with somewhat venal guardians to look after them, and an entire loss of their old romantic charm. In writing to Grébaut I was unable to assign a date to the tablets, as those which I had copied contained no indications of their age, and the form of the script was new and so could not be compared with anything previously known ; in a letter to the *Academy*, however, I ventured to

suggest the age of Nebuchadrezzar, which soon turned out to be some eight hundred years too late. But at that time we were still under the spell of the "Higher Critics," who were confident that there could have been no Semitic literature before the epoch of king David.

Grébaut proved to be an unsatisfactory head of the Antiquities Department, and his tactlessness had already led to complaints from the natives of Upper Egypt. A meeting was accordingly held in Cairo under the chairmanship of the Financial Adviser, to which I was summoned, and the question of his dismissal and a general reorganisation of the Department was discussed. Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff, however, protested against his being condemned unheard, and he was backed by the French Consul-General who had been invited to attend the meeting. It was therefore determined to defer further proceedings until Grébaut's return to the capital.

The fact that such matters had been discussed alarmed the French, who were afraid that they would be turned out of the Antiquities Department, almost the last stronghold left to them in the government of the country. They felt that they had created the Museum, and alone of the European Powers had taken an interest in the ancient monuments of Egypt; Great Britain, on the other hand, had ostentatiously affected to regard such matters as worth the attention only of the private individual. Egyptian archaeology thus unfortunately came to be lifted into the sphere of politics with disastrous results. A minor evil was that an incompetent Frenchman was preferred to a competent foreigner as head of the Antiquities Department when a competent occupant of the post was not forthcoming in France; what was worse was antagonism and jealousy between the police, who were officered by Englishmen, and the Museum "guardians" of the monuments, who had no police authority and therefore could not punish the plunderers of the tombs or the defacers of the temples, while the whole Department became a pawn in the hands of the politicians, the continuance or extension of French influence in it being used in exchange for some political equivalent.

The following winter (1888) Strachan-Davidson, after-

wards Master of Balliol, Sir John Conroy who looked after the science students in that College, Robertson and myself agreed to hire a dahabia together and spend the winter on the Nile. Robertson and I were the first to arrive in Cairo, where we secured one of the prettiest and fastest dahabias on the river—a steel-boat called *Gamîla*, "The Pretty One" —and engaged as our *soffrâgi* Mustafa Ali, who from that time forward up to the time of his death was my faithful servant and major-domo. We then left Shepheard's Hotel and established ourselves in the dahabia awaiting the arrival of Conroy. There Sir Martin Conway, already known to fame as a climber of mountains, dined with us one evening and discussed Egyptian art.

At Shepheard's our neighbour had been Dr. George Kingsley, brother of the Canon whom I had known so many years before. The doctor was in attendance on "a lady of quality," whose name I do not remember; he wore a brown-black wig over a hairless and wrinkled face, and my last recollection of him is his walking backward through the corridor of the hotel and holding up a large pocket-handkerchief in front of his lady patient, who was sneezing violently.

At the hotel I made two other acquaintances which were destined to bestow many happy hours on my subsequent life. One was that of Mrs. Miller-Morison, better known from her poems and Scotch stories as "Jeanie Morison"; she had taken her name of Miller from her second husband, the geologist, and son of Hugh Miller. My other acquaintance was that of Mr. and Mrs. Attwood-Mathews, then living at Pontrilas, on the Welsh border, the most beautiful of old houses, and made even more beautiful by the taste of its occupants.

As soon as Conroy joined us we started from Cairo and shortly afterwards were joined by Strachan-Davidson. Our voyage was even more pleasant than voyages on the Nile were apt to be, and we found ourselves eventually at Assuan. The British troops were encamped at that time to the north of the town; the Egyptian forces occupying the former British quarters to the south, and having their hospital on the island of Elephantinê where the Savoy Hotel now stands.

After leaving Assuan, on our return journey we moored against the desert bank on the west side of the river about three miles north of the city, as I wanted to copy some inscriptions there. I came back to the boat just before lunch, and seeing Robertson, who had taken a walk, in front of me, called out to him to wait for me. As he did not hear I ran after him, when suddenly I felt a prick in my right leg a little above the ankle and the muscle seemed to give way. Looking down I saw to my horror that I had been bitten by the cerastes, the horned asp, the most deadly of Egyptian serpents, upon which I had inadvertently trodden. Fortunately the dahabia was only a few yards off, and the cook was preparing lunch in the old-fashioned native way, the food being cooked over four or five bowl-like depressions in a mud dresser which were filled with burning charcoal. The pair of tongs with which he manipulated the viands lay in one of the charcoal fires and was therefore red-hot. Telling the sailors what had happened, I seized the tongs and burnt the wound down to the bone, operating twice myself and getting the cook to do it a third time. Although the cauterisation had been completed not more than a minute and a half after the bite, my leg had already swollen up to the knee, and the sailors declared that if the swelling extended above the knee I could not live. My companions insisted upon making me drink some champagne and returning to Assuan for a doctor in spite of my protests ; as I told them, whether I was to live or die would be decided long before we could get there. But the prompt use of the tongs had saved my life. I was of course lame from the effects of the cauterisation for many weeks afterwards, but the dry warm air of Upper Egypt has a healing virtue, and by the time we reached Cairo I was again able to walk. Dr. Grant Bey told me that I ought to be " a proud man," for it was the only case of survival from the fangs of the cerastes that was known to him. Whether, however, the tongs would have prevailed over the poison had it been summer instead of spring, when the reptile was just recovering from his winter's slumber, is a point about which I have always felt doubtful.

At Luxor I received a private letter from Sir Edgar Vincent, stating that the unsatisfactory condition of the

Museum seemed likely to lead to the dismissal of the French Director, and asking if I should be willing to take his place. My reply was that this I could not do ; I should offend my Paris friends, the post would be a bed of political thorns, and as I was in Holy Orders I should be unacceptable to the Mohammedans. The correspondence was strictly private, but in Egypt the underground currents of communication are incalculable ; I used to say that at Cairo the secrets of the chamber were shouted on the house-tops half an hour before they were uttered. At all events a rumour of the proposal had reached the native world of Luxor before I had reached the place myself, and I had not been long there before I received a deputation of the temple-guardians from both Karnak and Luxor. At the time I was unable to imagine what could have occasioned the honour of the visit. However, a few weeks later I rode from Baliana to Abydos with my leg in a sling, and on approaching the temples was received by Gadd and the other guardians with the title of " Eccellenza " and profuse tokens of service. Then the cat was out of the bag, and shortly afterwards came a letter from Maspero telling me that the news had penetrated to Paris, and saying that he hoped it was incorrect since otherwise I could never show my face in Paris again.

On our way up the river we had spent a day or two at my old hunting-ground, Tel el-Amarna, and I was taken to see the house in which the cuneiform tablets had been found. It was already nearly demolished by the *sebbakhin* or diggers for nitrogenous soil. I found that it had been built of large bricks each stamped with the legend : " The house of records of Khu-t-Aten " (or Tel el-Amarna) ; it had been, in fact, the Foreign Office of the city to which the foreign official correspondence was transferred when the capital was moved from Thebes. I carried away some of the best-preserved of the bricks, two of which I presented to Grant Bey, while the rest I handed over to the Bulak Museum.

The contents of the Museum had long since outgrown the space available for them, and they were also supposed to suffer from the dampness of its situation. The indemnity recently paid by the Anglo-Egyptian Government to the Ex-Khedive Ismail in return for his property in Egypt had

placed the two palaces of Gezira and Giza in its hands, and the Financial Adviser, accordingly, proposed to transform one of them into a museum. I was asked to examine the two buildings with a view to determining which of them was the best fitted for the purpose. I reported in favour of Giza, and to Giza consequently it was determined that the collections should go.

It was unfortunate that they did not remain permanently there. The palace was spacious, airy and well-lighted, and there was unlimited room as well as space for enlargement. But it was urged that Giza was too far from Cairo, and that it was built of such flimsy materials that a fire might consume the whole of it in less than an hour. The first objection was removed with the introduction of trams and motor-cars ; the second when the palace came to be pulled down. It was then discovered that the flimsiness was only partial, and that the building could have been made fireproof at a tithe of the expense which has been practically wasted on the present museum, which is already too small for its contents and whose faults of structure can never be fully removed.

Amongst our crew had been a black Nubian lad, tall, strong and active. After leaving Assuan he fell ill, and no amount of dosing seemed to do him good. He could neither eat nor sleep nor even move his legs, and was constantly in pain. The French doctor at Luxor considered his case to be hopeless, but recommended us to stop at Qina and there call in the aid of the native doctor. The latter, after attending to him for a day or two, informed us that the lad was dying and advised us to send him to the American Hospital at Assiût as soon as we arrived there. To the hospital, accordingly, he was carried, and the doctors, when we left Assiût, told us that though they could not be quite certain about his ailment they did not think he could live for more than a few days. My astonishment may be imagined, therefore, when after my return to Cairo I met him in the street, apparently as well as ever. The American doctor subsequently told me that just after our departure his mother arrived from Assuan. She at once made a great stir, declaring that the foreign doctors were poisoning him and that he must see " a wise man." As it was believed that he would

not last more than a few hours, she was allowed to have her own way, and the "wise man" was brought to the boy's bed. What happened there neither doctors nor nurses knew, but before very long the patient rose from his bed, seemingly cured, and walked triumphantly out of the hospital with his mother behind him. Hysteria plays a great part in the maladies of the uneducated Oriental.

Before leaving Egypt I paid a visit to Petrie, who was excavating in the Fayyûm, at Hawâra. He there made a romantic discovery, no less than the tomb of a learned lady, a second Hypatia, who had been buried along with the roll of papyrus containing the second book of the *Iliad* which had evidently been her chief treasure in life. Her skull and the precious scroll are now in the Bodleian Library. I edited it for Petrie, together with other Greek papyri relating to the affairs of everyday life, and thus became acquainted for the first time with the cursive scripts used in that part of the Fayyûm. It was a preparation for the work which awaited the Greek scholar the following year.

On my return to Oxford the following spring I found a telegram awaiting me stating that my father was dying. I hurried, accordingly, to Bath, where I was just in time to find him alive. His illness had been a very brief one. The result of his death was the break-up of our old home, as my sister did not wish to live by herself in the house at Bathwick, and my naval brother was now in command of the coast-guard on the Norfolk coast near Hunstanton. There I visited him a year later and enjoyed a day of unrestricted exploration in Lord Leicester's Coke library at Holkham. It was decided that as soon as my brother's term at Hunstanton came to an end the three of us would take a house in common in or near London. Meanwhile my sister took rooms in the Royal Crescent at Bath.

That summer I was seized with a severe attack of sciatica. As medicines proved unavailing my Oxford doctor sent me to Bath, where the Aix-les-Bains system of massage had just been introduced at the hot Baths. I put up at the Pump Room Hotel, and the Bath waters and massage soon worked an almost miraculous cure. By way of "after-cure" Mrs. Miller-Morison had invited me to spend a week or two

in her house above the Solway, where I could have my fill of country and sea air. Professor and Mrs. Blackie joined us there ; the Professor was now beginning to show signs of old age, though he still walked about with his plaid over his shoulder whatever the weather might be, and after dinner was as vivacious as ever. We were now members of the same University, for the University of Edinburgh had granted me an Honorary D.D. degree.

The Oriental Congress was meeting at Stockholm in September, but I had promised first of all to visit M. Golénischeff, the Egyptologist and Honorary Keeper of the Collections in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, and I also wanted to see Professor Sachau at Berlin, where he was working at the Aramaic inscriptions recently discovered by the German expedition to Sinjerli north of the Gulf of Antioch. I also wanted to examine the Babylonian tablets and other monuments in the newly established Museum of Western Asiatic Archaeology. Accordingly I spent a week in Berlin, putting up at the Kaiserhof Hotel. When my work in Berlin was finished I started by the evening express for the Russian capital. Before leaving I had bought a German-Russian conversation-book, and this I studied before going to sleep in the train. I was immensely proud of myself the following morning, for we stopped for a very good breakfast at a station where no languages except Russian were understood, or at all events recognised, and the food-bills were written in a cursive hand which I could not read. When my breakfast was finished I asked what I had to pay, and found that not only was I understood but that I also understood the reply.

M. Golénischeff was the son of a Grand Duke by a morganatic marriage, and he had inherited the estates without the title of his father. His palace was full of the treasures he had brought back from his visits to Egypt, and we sat down to breakfast at a round table which held eight. Behind each of us stood three liveried servants, one of whom began by offering me caviar. I refused, whereupon my neighbour, a Baron who had just returned from bear-shooting in Siberia, said to me, " You must not refuse caviar in this house ; you would not be able to get anything like it outside

St. Petersburg. Why, this small teaspoonful of it costs three napoleons!" It was my first introduction to the barbaric luxury and monetary instincts of Russian society.

Thanks to Golénischeff, the treasures of the Hermitage were placed at my disposal, and Professor Patkanoff took me to the Natural History Museum where I saw the great meteoric stone which had fallen in Siberia, and the mammoth, clothed in its own hairy skin, in whose stomach was found, still undigested, its latest meal before the grass and shrubs on which it was feeding were suddenly overwhelmed by the ice of the last glacial epoch and the ground below permanently frozen to a depth of sixty feet. Golénischeff had recently bought about thirty cuneiform tablets discovered by the peasants at Kara Eyuk near Kaisariya in Cappadocia, and had succeeded in fixing the values of most of the characters employed in them. He and I spent many hours over them and in bringing to light an interesting Assyrian dialect spoken in the eastern part of Asia Minor 2400 B.C. As we now know from the numerous tablets since found on the site, Cappadocia was already occupied by Babylonian colonists; Babylonian firms worked the metal mines of the Taurus, Assyrian troops garrisoned the towns, and roads were made along which the postman travelled with letters and a species of cheque. I was able to announce the decipherment of the tablets a few weeks later at the Oriental Congress at Stockholm.

After a week's visit to Moscow I went by sea to Helsingfors, where my friend Professor Donner introduced me to the other Professors of the University. At lunch I remarked on the unexpected beauty of the Finnish coast along which the steamer passes between the luxuriantly wooded mainland and an almost continuous line of green islands. "You would not think so if you were here in the winter," said one of the guests; "it is so cold and there is so little daylight that you cannot go out of doors or see to work indoors: we go to sleep, and the lower classes spend their time in being drunk."

Stockholm was crowded with the Orientalists, most of whom were lodged in the Grand Hotel. One of my friends, the Hebrew scholar Ball, occupied a room next to that of the

French Assyriologist, Oppert, and complained to me that the latter prevented him from sleeping, as he heard him night after night pacing the floor and repeating, " Je suis Oppert, Oppert de Paris ! Je suis Oppert ! " King Oscar presided over the Congress with Count Landberg, the Arabist, as his henchman, and we were treated right royally. We were carried to Upsala and other places of note, were entertained with the opera of "Aida," and had to eat dinners innumerable. The Germans had as much champagne as even they could desire, and the week of scientific revelry ended with a banquet, the menu of which was enlivened by appropriate verses in the literary languages of the East, my own contribution to it being a few lines of Sumerian. Then we were hurried off by express to Christiania, and the festivities began anew. When all was over Percival and I were not displeased to find ourselves in the chilly quietude of Copenhagen.

CHAPTER XIV

DAHABIA LIFE; THE ROMAN WALL

In November 1889 Robertson and I went to Egypt together. At Brindisi we found Miss Byron and Miss Austen as well as Myers (who died the following summer), and so formed a pleasant company on board the ship. In Cairo my servant Mustafa met me, and we hired a dahabia entitled the *Timsah* or "Crocodile," and proceeded in it slowly up the Nile. Our companions on the voyage were the American Egyptologist Wilbour and his family in the dahabia, the *Seven Hathors*, which he had recently bought and in which he now stored his Egyptological library. He had with him his married daughter and son-in-law, Blashfield, the talented artist, whose frescoes in the Congressional Library at Washington and elsewhere are now famous throughout the artistic world. Wilbour and I spent our days in copying inscriptions, and studying them in the evenings with the help of his books, while Robertson explored the country, hunting down inscriptions and graffiti "like a jackal," as Wilbour phrased it, and Blashfield occupied himself in painting the inhabitants. At Luxor we found Gayet, the future excavator of Antinoê, the spoils of which are now in the Musée Guimet; he was busy there copying the inscriptions on the walls of the temple. One very hot day he dropped into tea on the *Seven Hathors*, wearing a pair of pale lavender kid gloves. Mrs. Blashfield asked him if he would not take them off as the afternoon was so hot; to which he replied, "J'aime conserver mes habitudes."

The head *soffrâgi* and factotum of the Wilbours was known under the name of Abdu and spoke a little English. On this particular voyage he had under him a subordinate

named Ibrahim. Not long after we had left Cairo Abdu came to Mrs. Wilbour and said, "Ibrahim throw cup into river: he wish him dead." A week later he came again, saying, "Ibrahim throw 'nother cup into river: *I* wish him dead." At Luxor there was a blind beggar-boy who used to ask for alms, repeating the words "Me blind. Finish father, finish mother: me blind." One day Mrs. Wilbour was walking along the bank with another Luxor boy when she was accosted by the beggar with his usual refrain. At the end of it, the other small boy turned to Mrs. Wilbour and, with a look of ineffable contempt, said, "H'm! him plenty father, plenty mother!"

My own servant Mustafa had received a good education; he could read and write Arabic and a little French, and considered himself above the narrow prejudices and superstitions of his fellow-Moslems. I asked him one day whether he fasted in the month of Ramadan. "No," he said, "we who have mixed with Europeans don't do that sort of thing." "But," I said, "did not your Prophet order you to fast?" To which his only reply was: "Rabbuna 'auz yemshi doghri, mûsh yigi gy'ân" ("God wants one to walk straight, not to be hungry"). The previous summer I had allowed him to go to Paris, where he had been asked to take charge of the Cairo street at the Exposition with its sixty donkey-boys, and I had let him do so on condition that he returned to Cairo before I did He told me that he had been unwell in Paris and had therefore called in a doctor, who informed him that the water disagreed with him and that he must drink half a bottle of claret at lunch and dinner. "What would your Prophet have said to that?" I asked. "If the Prophet had known how good (*taiyyib*) French wine is," said Mustafa, "he would never have forbidden it." It must be remembered that *taiyyib* means "good for the health" as well as "good" in other respects. On one occasion I overheard Mustafa confounding a brother-believer in a discussion about the future of the Christians. His opponent was maintaining the orthodox doctrine of two-thirds of the Mohammedan world, that although the Christians might have the best of it in this life, they would pay for it hereafter; they will be in hell while the true believer goes to

paradise. "God created the Christians," asked Mustafa. That, of course, was granted. "He could kill them if he chose." That also was granted. "If He were angry with them He would kill them; but as He does not kill them He cannot be angry with them." That also was admittedly incontrovertible and finished the discussion.

In the course of the next summer Robertson and I made an expedition to the Roman Wall. We first visited Hexham and Chesters (the ancient Cilurnum), where we found old Mr. Clayton ill with what proved to be a fatal illness; in fact we were the last visitors with whom he conversed. He had recently excavated the house of the prefect or commander of the Roman legion, and on one of the stone door-posts had laid bare an inscription in which a soldier, who must have come from Egypt, offers a prayer to the Nile-god. A winter or two later I was exploring the eastern bank of the Nile opposite Assiût. A canal that had just been cut there had brought to light the cemetery of the ancient Hierakon, the city of Horus the Hawk, once the capital of the nome. The discovery fixed the site of Hierakon, from which, as we learn from the *Notitia Dignitatum*, or List of Stations of the Imperial army in the later days of the Roman empire, it was so many Roman miles to Iseum, the city of Isis, where "a squadron of British" was encamped. At the specified distance I found Tel el-Ahmar, "the Red Mound," covering the remains of an ancient town, and among the houses of the village that had been built upon it the sculptured blocks of a ruined temple dedicated to the goddess Isis. Some half a mile away, in the cliffs beyond the desert, was a quarry, and on the side of the quarry a picture had been drawn of a life-sized Roman soldier It was clear that I was gazing in it on the portrait of one of my British forefathers, sketched, perhaps, by another Briton. The inscription at Chesters and the picture at Tel el-Ahmar made me realise as I had never done before the extent and majesty of the Roman Empire. From the borders of the present Scotland in the chilly north to the sunburnt cliffs of Upper Egypt there was but one government, one law, one state religion, one official language, one fiscal system, one currency.

From Chesters we went to Housesteads, the ancient

Borcovicus, and there inspected the prefect's coal-cellar, where pieces of coal were still lying on the recently excavated soil. Later on we visited the sandstone quarries, where the inscriptions cut by the quarrymen of the third century are almost as fresh as they would have been had they been engraved at Gebel es-Silsila in Egypt.

In the same summer of 1889 I made my first acquaintance with Pontrilas and its neighbourhood. Mrs. Attwood-Mathews drove me to the many interesting places in its neighbourhood: to the picturesque old house at Ken(t)-church, the tower of which, it was popularly said, had once been inhabited by Owen Glyndwr; to the church at Kender with its quaint Norman gurgoyles; to Skenfrith Castle, where an early English masterpiece of embroidery in the shape of a chasuble is preserved in the church; to Garway, where the Templars' pigeon-house is still standing. It was at Garway that the suppression and persecution of the Templars first began. The novitiates, it was said, were compelled to foreswear Christ over a crucifix which stood upon the altar in the Templars' chapel on the south side of the chancel, and shortly before my visit, Mr. Minos, the vicar, had discovered under that very altar-slab the safe—a hollowed trunk of oak—in which the archives of the Order were kept. The church itself is one of the few in England which has a campanile connected by a passage with the main building, and the corbels of the early English arch above the chancel are carved into the form of the Egyptian lotus, a reminiscence perhaps of service on the banks of the Nile.

The vicar of Ken(t)church was Mr. Morgan-Watkins, who was also rural dean. I was asking him one day whether the peasantry in his district still regarded the consecrated water of the font as a sure and certain specific for sore eyes, epileptic fits and the like. "Certainly," he said, "and I let them have as much of it as they wish; but I draw the line at the Communion alms." "What is that?" I asked. "The money of the offertory in the Communion service," was his answer; "they are constantly bringing me sixpences and shillings which they want me to exchange for the offertory silver, as the latter is considered a more sovereign remedy than even the holy water of the

font when put under the pillow at night or put into the pocket by day."

Father Ignatius and his monks lived not far away at the top of an almost impassable lane, where he had built his new monastery above the ruins of the old Llanthony Abbey which Savage Landor had refused to sell to him. His elder brother, Mr. Lyne, the squire, had been a friend of Mr. Attwood-Mathews, and "the Father," accordingly, used sometimes to come to tea at Pontrilas or entertain Mrs. Attwood-Mathews during the summer months at the guest-room in his monastery. I recollect that in 1895 shortly before the meeting of the Church Congress at Norwich we spent an afternoon with him there. We had been shown into the ante-chapel on our arrival, where the very severe-looking lady who looked after the nuns soon joined us. Presently the doors of the chancel were flung open; the lady in question said in an awestruck whisper, "Here he comes!" It was a somewhat dramatic entry, but it must be remembered that Mrs. Siddons had been an ancestress of "the Father." At the ensuing meeting of the Congress I read a paper on the bearing of archaeological discoveries upon the Old Testament, and Father Ignatius was called upon to speak upon it. He knew nothing of the subject beyond what he had gathered from my conversation a few weeks previously; his speech, nevertheless, was a masterpiece of impressive oratory, and he kept his large audience spellbound.

My little book, *Fresh Light from the Ancient Monuments*, had side-tracked me into theology—so far, at least, as its archaeological aspects were concerned,—and it was followed by an *Introduction to Ezra, Nehemiah and Esther*, and a semi-popular booklet on *The Social Life of the Assyrians*, in which for the first time the contents of the numerous contract and legal tablets of Babylonia that had now been published were utilised. My Hibbert Lectures on Babylonian religion had still further concentrated my attention on the religions of the ancient Orient, and the discovery of the Tel el-Amarna correspondence suddenly threw a new light on the whole subject and revolutionised my view of it. It was henceforth plain that the assumption of the late date of the literary use of writing was false, and that already

in the Mosaic age education was widespread and literary works were being produced and an active epistolary correspondence carried on to an even greater extent than in the Middle Ages. The excavations of Schliemann and his followers had shown us that Homeric tradition was founded upon historical fact, the sceptical criticism which had divided the Homeric poems among a variety of unknown authors was already discredited; it was now the turn of the East. After 1888 it was no longer possible, except for the ignorant, to maintain that literary works such as we find in the Old Testament could not have existed in the Mosaic era. The main support of the so-called literary analysis and criticism had disappeared. Henceforward the character and credibility of a Hebrew document must be settled, not by the assumptions and subjective fantasies or ignorance of the critic, but by archaeological research.

My book on *The Hittites*, in which I summed up all that could be said at the time upon the subject, was published in 1889, and that was followed by *The Races of the Old Testament* (1891), the basis of which was Professor Petrie's examination of the evidence of the Egyptian monuments. Meanwhile a change had come over the tenour of my life and I was free to devote myself to archaeological research and the manufacture of books.

My father's death left me free to follow whatever line of life I wished, and I determined to give up my Oxford work and English ambitions and spend the residue of my days under the warm skies of the Nile. For some time past I had meditated buying or building a dahabia and transferring to it my working library. In Egypt I enjoyed what I enjoyed nowhere else—life for life's own sake; there my literary labours were unhampered by illness or the effort to live, and I had on all sides of me the inspiration of a cultured past and the means of satisfying to the fullest my archaeological tastes. In those days, moreover, the Nile was as yet untrammelled by the railway bridge or barrage; the sailing dahabia could go or stop where it would, and there were still many spots where those who chose could escape from the European world. Accordingly, I resigned my Professorship and other offices in the University, retaining only my Fellowship. It

was a break with the past, and in some respects a wrench from it; it meant the abandonment of all those ambitions which I had cultivated from my boyhood onward. Destiny willed, however, that the break should be only partial.

Hardly had I finished my arrangements for entering upon my new life in Egypt when I received a letter from Dr. Perowne, who had just been made Bishop of Worcester, telling me that he had in view the appointment of a suffragan-bishop, and asking if I should be willing to accept the post. Had the letter arrived a few months earlier I should have done so and my subsequent career would have been very different; as it was, I had now burnt my ships. Perhaps I was not altogether sorry for this, since Perowne and myself did not always see eye to eye in ecclesiastical matters, and I did not want to run any risk of disturbing the old friendship that existed between us. So I recommended Knox, at that time the Senior Tutor of Merton, instead of myself, under the belief that his theological views coincided with those of Perowne and that his position at Merton had made him understand how to deal with men. But I forgot that they had been undergraduates.

Before starting for Egypt I paid a visit to Sir Charles and Lady Victoria Welby at Denham Manor, where Romanes also was staying. Canon McClure, at that time the very efficient editorial secretary of the S.P.C.K., arrived while we were there. At dinner on the night of his arrival Romanes referred to certain rhymes that had appeared in the American papers, which purported to convey moral lessons to children in some eight or nine words. McClure upon being challenged to produce something similar, with hardly a moment's hesitation gave us:

> Little girl: Mazeppa horse:
> *Would* ride: Gory corse.

Upon reaching Egypt I spent a few days with Sir Charles Cookson in his ever hospitable Consulate at Alexandria. An Italian named Botti, who occupied all his leisure moments in exploring Alexandria and endeavouring to identify its ancient sites, was a frequent visitor to the Consulate, and we discussed together the antiquities of the city and the possi-

bility of establishing an archaeological Museum. Admiral and Lady Blomfield—the one the Admiral of the Port, the other the daughter of my old acquaintance, the learned Bishop Graves of Limerick — entered heartily into our schemes, with the result that an Archaeological Society was formed, excavations set on foot, an Archaeological Journal started and the Municipality prevailed upon to found a Museum. Botti was appointed the first Director of the Museum, and at once inaugurated a series of excavations.

Sir John Scott had just been brought by Sir Evelyn Baring from India and made Judicial Adviser to the Anglo-Egyptian Government. His house in Cairo was not yet ready for him, while I was still engaged in negotiating for the purchase of a dahabia, and Sir Hamilton Lang, therefore, who was detained in England, was good enough to place his house at our disposal. There we lived together until Scott's new residence was ready to receive him, and then, as I did not care to be alone and my negotiations were not completed, I moved to Shepheard's Hotel.

I had set my heart upon a dahabia which I had seen for a few minutes the previous spring. It belonged to Ali Bey Rifa', one of Arabi's colleagues and a former Minister of Instruction, who had built it with the wood grown upon his estate at Tahta. It was not quite finished, however, though he had spent, as I afterwards discovered, £1800 upon the work, a good deal of which had doubtless never passed beyond the fingers of his agents. After prolonged negotiations it was finally settled that I should pay him £800 in gold sovereigns and intercede on his behalf with Sir Evelyn Baring; owing to his complicity with the Arabi movement he had not as yet been allowed to return to his town-house in Cairo. The latter stipulation was easy to fulfil, as I privately knew that Sir Evelyn was not only willing but anxious that the past should be forgotten; however, it had a good deal to do with the Bey's consenting to reduce the price of the boat.

It had been arranged that as soon as my purchase was completed and the dahabia ready to sail, Schliemann should join me. He was in Athens correcting proofs; Mrs. Schliemann and the children were away. Impatient at the long

delay in my purchase of the boat, he made a hurried journey to Leipzig to see his publisher, and thence by way of Berlin to Naples. It was hard upon Christmas, and the weather in Germany was bitterly cold. On the journey he caught a chill which produced an abscess in one of his ears ; in spite of this, however, the morning after his arrival in Naples he took a sea-bath, such as he had been accustomed to enjoy at Phaleron even in the midst of the winter, and, while walking back from the sea to his hotel, dropped down dead in the street. Immediately after the completion of my purchase I had written to him to say that the dahabia was mine at last, that I intended to start from Cairo for Upper Egypt ten days later, and that I hoped he would be with me before then. Having sealed and stamped the letter, I took it to the post-box in the hall of the hotel. On the way I stopped to look at the telegrams which had just been received. The first I read ran as follows : " The celebrated archaeologist Schliemann is dead." The shock may be imagined.

When Schliemann's will came to be opened it was found that in making it, two years before (January 1889), he had left ten thousand francs in gold to myself, but that a codicil dated ten days later had revoked the legacy. The fact was that he had informed me of his intention, and a letter which I immediately wrote to him led him to add the codicil. He was always very generous, and some years previously had given François Lenormant five thousand francs upon hearing that he was in straitened circumstances.

There was now a new Director at the Museum. Grébaut had been recalled, and De Morgan, not an Egyptologist but a trained archaeologist and excavator as well as engineer, had been sent from Paris. A new era was about to open in our knowledge of ancient Egypt. The authentic history of the country was supposed to begin only with the advent of the IIIrd Dynasty, and Erman, the leading representative of Egyptology in Germany, had announced in a public lecture at Berlin that the period of discovery was over and that henceforth the Egyptologist must devote himself to the philological analysis of such Egyptian texts as he already possessed. Hardly had he done so when the tombs of the Ist and IInd Dynasties were discovered at Abydos, revealing

a civilisation already old and mature, and De Morgan, with the wand of the scientific archaeologist, brought to light the cemeteries and settlements of a long-preceding prehistoric past. He discarded the steamer his predecessors had used in their annual voyages up the Nile, and, after my example, established himself on board a dahabia.

CHAPTER XV

LIFE IN EGYPT

On the 3rd of January 1891 I went on board my new home and entered upon a new life. The dahabia still needed work upon it, and there were certain alterations, as, for instance, the addition of a library, which I desired to make. But all this, as well as the furnishing of the boat, had to be postponed to the following year. I could only at the time place on board what was absolutely necessary. So I started at once from Cairo with a crew of nineteen and my two servants. The boat was one of the largest on the Nile and consequently required a large crew.

On my return to Cairo the following spring I made a tour through the Delta, visiting various archaeological sites there. Among other places, I examined the ruins of the Ptolemaic temple at Behbêt near Mansura ; with the result that the Egypt Exploration Fund soon afterwards removed some of the sculptured blocks from the heap of ruins in which they were buried to securer resting-places.

Petrie had again been excavating in the Fayyûm, and in a place called Gurob had made a discovery which had far-reaching consequences for classical learning and our knowledge of Greek literature. He there found a cemetery of the Ptolemaic period, and upon examining the cartonnage in which the bodies were enveloped discovered that it consisted of sheets and other fragments of Greek papyri, many of them, as I afterwards found, being portions of classical texts. As I have stated above, he had already put into my hands certain legal and similar papyri of the Roman age, written in a Greek cursive hand, which my previous work on the *ostraka* or potsherds of Karnak enabled me to decipher

and transcribe, and which were accordingly published by him in his *Hawâra Biahmu and Arsinoë*, 1889. Now he handed over to me the fragments which he had found in the cartonnage at Gurob ; among the first that I examined were considerable remains of a copy of the *Phaedo* of Plato, which must have been written not long after the death of the Greek philosopher. I wrote to Professor Mahaffy about the discovery, and it was arranged that he should come over to England and stay with me in College the following August.

Petrie came to me at the same time, bringing with him fresh supplies of papyri. One of the first fragments which we attacked contained some three hundred lines of a tragedy, the style of which forcibly reminded us of Euripides. It was somewhat difficult to decipher, but at last the work was accomplished and Mahaffy and I began to puzzle over the nature of the plot. Suddenly he said to me : " I have an inspiration : let us go to the library ! " and to the library we went. In a few minutes he showed me a quotation from the lost Euripidean tragedy of *Antiopé* which agreed exactly with one of the lines we had been copying. The fragment was identified, and a long-lost relic of the great Athenian poet was once more in our possession.

The days passed quickly in which, as Mahaffy said, we lived over again the days of the Renaissance. Now, as then, lost fragments of classical literature were constantly coming to light along with copies of existing works centuries older than any manuscripts of them previously known. Day after day we pored over the precious texts in my College rooms until the dinner hour arrived, when we discussed our discoveries and hopes with other scholars over the dessert and wine of the Common Room. It was an ideal time, but like all ideal times it came too soon to an end.

The results of my own labours were embodied in Petrie's *Illahun Kahun and Gurob* (1891), chap. ix., in which I gave an account of the classical and other papyri I had deciphered, with translations of a good many of them, and to these I added translations of two other texts relating to monasteries sold by a certain Eulogios, son of Joseph, the Greek originals of which I had previously published in the *Revue des Études grecques* (1890).

With Petrie's consent I now handed over the further work of decipherment and publication to Mahaffy, who was far better qualified than myself to deal with that Greek literature which had been the study of his lifetime, while I returned to my own special work in the oriental field. I published a few fragments in *Hermathena*; Mahaffy continued his labours among the papyri and became one of the chief authorities on the subject. The *Lincei* finally crowned his achievements by electing him one of their members.

Mahaffy and I had travelled together the previous spring after my return to Europe from Egypt. After a few days in Venice in the company of Horatio Brown and John Addington Symonds I had joined him at Milan, where he had come to meet me. We paid a visit to the Certosa, near Parma, the stateliest and perhaps most beautiful monument of the Italian Renaissance, and from thence went direct to Reims. The contrast between the monument of the Renaissance and the most glorious of Gothic buildings was striking in the extreme and served to impress upon us the manifold and often hidden excellences of each. I can never be too thankful that I have seen one of those marvels of mediaeval art and genius which the barbarians of to-day have destroyed for ever.

While in Upper Egypt I had received a letter from Oxford, informing me that the University had created a Chair of Assyriology, to which no duties either of residence or of teaching were attached, and asking if I would accept it. It is needless to say that I did so, and was much touched by the offer. It was, of course, understood that I should give some "public lectures" each year on the subject, and accordingly I retained my College rooms and took care to occupy them during a certain portion of the Summer and Michaelmas terms.

This same summer (1891) the Cambrian Archaeological Association was invited to Ireland by the Irish archaeologists. We met at Killarney and then proceeded to Tralee in order to explore the ancient remains in the neighbourhood, partly prehistoric, partly early Christian. After the meeting was over I took a steamer from Limerick to Milford Haven, in order to attend the Welsh Eisteddfod which was assembling

in South Wales. It was one of the most uncomfortable voyages I have ever had. The steamer was small and filled with cattle and swine. We came in for a storm, and when we reached Milford Haven at an early hour in the morning I was so bruised and battered that, instead of going on to the Eisteddfod, I was obliged to spend the next day in bed.

At the beginning of October a Congress of the Folk-lore Society took place, and I stayed for a day or two with (Sir) Laurence Gomme. Then after giving a lecture at Oxford I started for Egypt. There I spent November and December with Sir John Scott, who had now settled himself in his Cairene house, and superintended the reconstruction and furnishing of my dahabia. The Khedive, Tewfik Pasha, took a good deal of interest in the operations, and eventually, when the time came for launching the boat, lent me his chief engineer, with the result that, in spite of its size and weight, the vessel slid into the water without any of the accidents which in those days usually accompanied such events. I had intended that it should have taken place on a Wednesday, but the workmen and sailors protested that that would be an unlucky day. So the operation was deferred for twenty-four hours. I had provided the workmen with a sheep to celebrate the event ; this was killed, or rather sacrificed, just above the side of the boat, so that the blood was sprinkled partly on the inside, partly on the outside, of the dahabia. My crew were happy, for thereby the safety and good fortune of the dahabia were ensured. The custom and belief is one of the many survivals of paganism that have descended unchanged to Christian and Mohammedan Egypt.

A few days later I sailed up the river to Helwân and called on the Khedive, who had left Cairo for his favourite residence in the desert. I was told that he was laid up with a cold and was in bed. I never saw him again ; before a week was over he was in his grave. The cold had turned out to be a slight attack of influenza ; his wife, who was devoted to him, imagined that his regard for her was cooling down, and accordingly, with the help of an ignorant Greek practitioner, gave him a " philtre," which she believed would at once cure his cold and restore his affections to herself. The result was internal complication, and when his native

doctor was called in it was too late. Tewfik Pasha was the best ruler the Egyptians had ever had, and consequently, like Louis XVI. in France, was called upon to suffer for the sins of his forefathers. He was the reverse of a genius, it is true, but he was that rare phenomenon among oriental princes, an unselfish man, and at the same time he was both devout and moral—two qualities which do not always coincide, more especially in Mohammedan countries. He set a good example to his subjects in the matter of family relations; there was no *harîm*, much less a second wife. Keiley, the American judge in the Mixed Tribunal, who had fought on the Confederate side during the civil war, but afterwards became the most loyal of Americans, introduced his wife, who was a Jewess, to the Khedive one evening when a ball was given at the palace. The Khedive asked her how she liked Egypt. "Very much, your Highness," she answered, "except in one thing; I don't approve of your polygamy." "I do not approve of it either, Mrs. Keiley," was the Khedive's reply, "and, as you know, I have only one wife of my own; still, you must remember that Solomon was one of your great heroes, and he had more than a thousand wives."

The tomb of "the Heretic King" (Akhenaton, 1380 B.C.) had lately been discovered near Tel el-Amarna, and the Museum officials were now exploring it. Two young Englishmen, Newberry and Fraser, were also working there, or rather in the neighbouring quarries, where they were copying the inscriptions. To Tel el-Amarna, accordingly, I made my way as soon as I could, and moored by the side of the Museum dahabia. The excavation of the royal tomb was interesting work; immediately outside it M. Daressy found the remains of a mummy which had been torn to shreds not long after its interment, and which I still believe to have been that of the royal heretic.

I did not reach Cairo again till the end of April, by which time all the tourists had fled. In June I was once more in Oxford; and from this time forward my life for many years ran in much the same grooves. The larger part of it was passed in my Egyptian home; in the early part of October I made my way by the shortest and quickest route to Cairo,

and in May or June returned with equal expedition to Oxford to give a public lecture and attend a meeting of the Oriental Board before the summer term came to an end. While I was in Oxford in June of 1892 one of the most tragical incidents of which I have been witness took place. Romanes had recently taken a house there and was giving a dinner-party by way of a house-warming. A few days before it took place he suddenly lost the sight of one eye by an effusion of blood upon the retina. "I shall have to give up my microscopic work," he remarked to me, "and you know what that means to me." On the evening of the party the guests had been assembled for some time when our host at last came in, led by Mrs. Romanes. He told us that that afternoon he had been to his oculist, and while driving back to dress for dinner the sight of his second eye suddenly went and he was quite blind. The dinner, it may well be imagined, was a somewhat ghastly affair; a day or two later he left Oxford, and went abroad for the winter, and I never saw him again.

I spent July with Mahaffy in his charming summer residence at Sutton on the hill of Howth, and most of our time was passed in reading and deciphering the Petrie papyri. Miss Margaret Stokes, and her brother, Dr. Whitley Stokes, famous alike as a Keltic scholar and codifier of Anglo-Indian law, were our near neighbours, and we naturally saw a good deal of them. Then in September came the meeting of the Oriental Congress in London, where I presided over the Assyriological Section. The meeting was a species of peace-congress. The Congress in Stockholm had led to various heart-burnings and mutual recriminations, and a large body of dissentients, headed by Dr. Leitner, the explorer of the Hindu-Kush, had broken away from the orthodox organisation and determined to start a new Congress of their own. For many months the columns of certain scientific papers in England and abroad had been filled with a heated correspondence on the subject, at the bottom of which was a feeling on the part of the French scholars, and many of the British scholars also, that the Congresses had become too completely German. Eventually it was determined to hold a schismatic Congress in London, under the

presidency of Sir Henry Rawlinson, and practically start a new organisation. But Rawlinson was now old and infirm, and before the London Congress could be held he had backed out of it, together with most of its more influential supporters, who accepted the terms of peace held out by the other side. The result was a compromise; the Congress was held in London under the Presidency of Max Müller, who was regarded as a representative not only of Germany, but of Great Britain and France as well; and though Leitner insisted upon having his rival Congress the preceding year (1891) it was naturally a fiasco.

Early in December Robertson joined me on board my boat, the *Istar*, some few days after I had left Cairo. Unfortunately, on his way through Italy he had absorbed the germs of typhoid fever, and he had not been long with me before it developed. I telegraphed to Cairo for a doctor and nurse, and while the doctor lived on board my dahabia, the Wilbours, whose dahabia, the *Seven Hathors*, was accompanying the *Istar*, gave hospitality to the nurse. In the warm, dry climate of Upper Egypt the patient rapidly recovered, and before we reached Luxor both doctor and nurse had returned to Cairo and he was able once more to explore the cliffs for tombs and bargain for *antikas* with the fellahin. The railway did not extend as yet farther south than Assiût, and there were no railway bridges or irrigation barrages to block the free channel of the Nile. Away from the tourist resorts the fellahin were still unspoilt; thoughts, manners and lives were still what they had been from time immemorial. And a very pleasant people they were to deal with—kindly, good-tempered, hospitable, and honest in monetary matters. The serpent had not yet entered Paradise.

The British occupation of Egypt was unfortunately based on no settled principles; it had grown up by accident in spite of Gladstone and his Cabinet, and it lived by opportunism. Steam and the telegraph had brought it too closely into contact with the politicians of London, and the commercial interests of Egypt made it a hotbed of foreign intrigue. Lord Cromer's first consideration was how to square matters with the foreign Powers, more especially with France; the interests of the Egyptians themselves were, perhaps neces-

sarily, only his second consideration. He could not speak Arabic, and in Cairo he was surrounded only by foreign diplomats and the higher native officials who suited themselves to what they believed would be acceptable to him. He had been sent to Egypt by a Liberal Government with a fixed object, that of re-establishing the finances of the country for the sake of the foreign bondholders; everything else was to be subordinated to this, and when this was accomplished to the satisfaction of the financial world of Europe, we were to go. Later on, when the annual deficit of the Treasury had been turned into a surplus, justification was sought for our prolonged stay by the invention of a new object, that we were there in order to teach the Egyptians how to govern themselves.

The results were twofold; on the one hand only those departments of the Government were pushed and made efficient which contributed to swell the revenue. Finance held the first place, irrigation upon which the prosperity of the country depended came second, while law was third. On the other hand, matters like education and archaeology, which had little or no relation to finance, were neglected; the department of antiquities was tolerated only in so far as it could be made useful in bargaining with France. The conversion of the debt, for example, was played off against an agreement that the Director of Antiquities should always be a Frenchman, and Lord Cromer was once provoked into saying to me: "My dear Mr. Sayce, I wish there were no antiquities in this country; they are more trouble than anything else." I was somewhat amused, therefore, when in his later years of retirement he pronounced his blessing upon Egyptian archaeology as President of the Egypt Exploration Fund. The political consequences of the neglect of archaeology were, however, negligible apart from the friction that was created between the police and the Museum guardians; it was otherwise with education. Ever since the days of Napoleon Egypt had been the Promised Land of France, and such accidental culture as had been imported into it was French. The Suez Canal had been the work of French inspiration and perseverance, and the French colony naturally resented the political conditions which tended to

supplant French by British influence. The neglect of education, therefore, meant leaving it in the hands of the foreigner, and in this case a hostile and resentful foreigner. The only European literature which the younger generation of Egypt could read, the only European newspapers which circulated among them, were French or Italian, for the most part hostile to the British occupation, severe critics of everything done by the British officials, and full of hints concerning the antiquity and superiority of Egyptian civilisation and the assertion of native rights. More than once I ventured to discuss the question with Lord Cromer; but he had the usual British dislike to literary propaganda, and his answer invariably was that it was only the fellahin who counted, and they could not read French or any other language; and as for the beys and effendis, he had them "in" his "pocket." Before his proconsulate came to an end, it is true, a change had taken place; he had come to realise the political importance of the daily newspaper even in a country like Egypt, and efforts were made to displace the French language, the French book and the French newspaper by those of the governing power. But it was too late. Moreover, as time went on, the first-class men by whom Lord Cromer had been surrounded when he first went to Egypt had been succeeded by mediocrities. This was partly his own fault. Age and increasing authority made him increasingly autocratic; he became impatient of contradiction and preferred subordinates who accepted his views without question to men of independent thought. As long as he retained his health and strength this did not matter; but when his health failed him and he was no longer able to control all the details of government, there was no one about him fitted to take the initiative. It would have been better, both for him and for the country, had he retired two or three years before he did.

But he had accomplished the work for which he had been sent—and something more. Not only had Egypt been made a solvent and prosperous country, the workers also for the first time for many centuries had been allowed to share in its prosperity. It is the fellahin, and not the inhabitants of Cairo and Alexandria—the greater part of whom have no Egyptian blood in their veins—who are the real Egyptians;

they constitute three-fourths of the population of the country and are the creators and maintainers of its wealth. The fact seems to be unknown to our politicians, who, with the ignorance of a democracy, insist on regarding the peoples of the Orient as just like themselves. And the young effendi or newspaper writer of the town, with his occidentalised habits and education, is consequently accepted as representative of the community; he is, in fact, the only member of it whom they understand or think they understand. But the gulf between East and West cannot be bridged by the spectacular catch-words even of the democratic orator; centuries must elapse before the tradition of the old cultures of the East and the modern mechanical civilisation of the West, with its thin strain of Roman culture behind it, can be brought into harmony. The East begins with a hive-like community, the West with the self-assertive individual.

It is difficult for the ordinary Westerner to realise how fundamentally the mind of even the Westernised Oriental, with its long-inherited past of culture and tradition, differs from his own. Even his conception of justice is not the same, for while the Saxonised Englishman starts with the axiom that justice is primarily the concern of the individual, for the Oriental its starting-point is the community; that, and not the individual, is responsible for right and wrong. One winter I had to dismiss some of my Egyptian crew when coming down the Nile and take sailors from Assiût in their place. When their wages were paid at the end of the voyage I gave a larger *bakshîsh* to the men who had been with me all the season than to the Siûtis whom I had employed only for a month. The Siûtis complained that they had not received as much *bakshîsh* as the rest of the crew; that I could understand; but what astonished me was that the other sailors took the same view and considered that I had treated their comrades unjustly. The incident threw light on the parable of the husbandmen in the Gospel.

The following winter (1893–94) Somers Clarke, the consulting architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, and myself undertook an archaeological exploration of the country between the First and Second Cataracts. While he made plans of the temples and other ancient buildings on the two banks of the

Nubian Nile, I copied the inscriptions, examined the pottery, and made such excavations as were necessary or possible. The Nubian Nile was deserted; owing to the danger of dervish raids no steamers, much less dahabias or cargo-boats, were allowed upon it. My old friend, Kitchener, however, was now Sirdar of the Egyptian army, and he readily granted me permission to make the voyage and sent a gun-boat to look after us. As my dahabia was too large to be dragged across the Cataract, Somers Clarke hired another; to which I transferred myself after leaving my own boat at Assuan.

Clarke's boat passed the Cataract safely at the beginning of January, and a few days later we were joined at Philae by Mahaffy. He was recovering from an attack of blood-poisoning, and when he arrived was still unable to walk. But the desert air and sunshine, not to speak of Greek inscriptions, soon effected a miracle, and before a week was over he was the most active of the party.

We worked hard, for our archaeological knowledge of the Nubian Nile was at that time in a very backward condition, and inscriptions—Egyptian, Coptic, Greek and Meroitic—turned up in the most unexpected directions. Our *soffrâgi* or servant came from Tewfikiah, the native hamlet north of Halfa, and was looking forward to seeing his family there. When we arrived, however, we found that the place had been raided a few days previously by the dervishes, the houses had been burnt, and the inhabitants, including his parents, had been massacred or carried off as slaves. The raid had taken place while the British officers at Halfa were playing polo. Suddenly the enemy had appeared in the hills above them, and they had only just time to rush back to their quarters and call out the Egyptian troops.

At Halfa, where a bitterly cold gale was blowing, we were the guests of (Sir) Hector Macdonald, who was in command of the forces there. He teased Mahaffy by picturing the way in which he would be treated by the Khalifa if he were captured by the dervish raiders, as he was pretty sure to be, when copying a Greek inscription in some lonely spot. However, I carried with me a telegram from Kitchener ordering arrangements to be made so that

we could visit the island of Matuga in the middle of the Second Cataract, where a temple had been excavated by Captain Lyons. Pickets were accordingly sent out the preceding evening to secure the road, and early the following morning a large party started on camel-back. All the British garrison accompanied us, delighted at the chance of seeing something of the country south of Halfa. But no dervishes made their appearance, and we returned long after dark, tired, hungry and aching, for the camels were indifferent, and owing to the necessity of getting back to "the lines" as quickly as possible we had to make them trot.

The danger was by no means imaginary, as we learned after our return to Assuan. The night after we had left Korosko on our downward voyage, a body of dervishes had crossed over from the western bank, murdered all the men they found in the boats there, and carried the women away.

At Abu Simbel, Wilbour, who had been delayed in Cairo, managed to join us in a Government gunboat, and from that time onward I had some one to help me in copying the Egyptian texts. And very efficient help it was, for Wilbour was not only a good Egyptologist but one of the most accurate of copyists.

Dr. Boyd, the Principal of Hertford College, was my guest on the Nile during the winter of 1894–5. He had just ceased to be Vice-Chancellor at Oxford, and was glad of the rest and change. He was an accomplished water-colourist, more especially of architectural subjects, and his days were passed in painting the temples and other monuments of Egypt. These Egyptian paintings of his form a considerable portion of the 7000 water-colours which he bequeathed to the University of Oxford, and are distinguished by his success in reproducing the rich colouring of Egyptian scenery. Sir William Richmond once told me that he had discovered the secret of this success to lie in setting one brilliant colour against another without any of those intervening shades which the European artist takes for granted.

The Marquess of Northampton, then Lord Compton, with his wife and daughter, hired a dahabia and accompanied us up and down the river. At Assuan we found Lord and Lady Amherst of Hackney on board another dahabia,

and Newberry, who was staying with them, was superintending some excavations for Lord Amherst on the island of Hessa. I had been obliged to leave Boyd at Luxor for a time, as he wanted to paint some pictures there, and I was in a hurry to reach Assuan in order to attend a meeting at Philae on the 3rd of January. Cope Whitehouse's agitation on behalf of his irrigation reservoir in the Fayyûm had ended in a proposal of the engineers to build a barrage on the southern side of the First Cataract. As this would mean the submersion of Philae, the most beautiful spot on the Nile, a storm of protest against the scheme broke out on the part of the archaeologists and artists. There was friction at the time between France and England, and the French Government was therefore not altogether reluctant to support their views. The artists did not matter, but the archaeologists were more formidable, as the Department of Antiquities had been handed over to the French. Accordingly a meeting was arranged to take place at Philae under the chairmanship of Sir William Garstin, the Under-Secretary of the Ministry of Public Works, consisting of certain representative French and English engineers and archaeologists, with the addition of the French Consul-General. One day was spent in carefully examining the monuments of the island ; the next in discussing the question of the site of the dam. It was eventually decided by the majority, of whom I was one, that the archaeologists would raise no objections to the scheme, provided that three conditions were carried out : first of all, that an exhaustive examination of the ruins on the island should be made, every inch of soil being removed and the temples themselves being strengthened and repaired ; secondly, that a watertight wall should be built round the island on the foundations of that which existed in the Roman period ; and, thirdly, that the barrage should not be above a certain specified height. To all these conditions the Anglo-Egyptian Government assented.

The first condition was carried out under the able supervision of Captain (now Colonel) Lyons. A very complete archaeological survey of Philae was made ; monuments long since buried out of sight were brought to light, and the soil and rubbish removed down to the bed-rock. Elaborate

photographs were taken, and embodied in a volume published by the Government. Captain Lyons did not leave the island until the archaeological record was complete.

No attempt was ever made to carry out the second condition, which, after all, was not of prime importance. And however much the artists might complain, the archaeologists at any rate believed that their interests had been sufficiently safeguarded.

The barrage was accordingly built, and for six months in the year there was a filthy lake of stagnant yellow water to the south of it where picturesque villages had formerly stood. The year in which its construction was commenced the Nile refused to rise. It could hardly be called a low Nile ; it was practically no Nile at all (1899–1900). But it was only the beginning of the years of famine. Year after year the inundation was insufficient, and it was no wonder that the fellahin ascribed the disaster to the building of the barrage. The spirit of the Nile, they believed, was wrathful at the attempt to curb and confine his waters, and had they dared they would have destroyed the dam. They did not realise that without the barrage the years would have been years of literal famine. The barrage had been constructed in order to provide water in the summer for the lowlands of the Delta, so that an additional (summer or sêfi) crop of cotton could be grown there. It would not have benefited the fellahin, it is true, as the cotton-growing lands were in the possession of the Khedivial family or the rich landed proprietors, but it would have increased the revenues of the country. As it was, however, the water that was stored behind the dam in the winter months instead of passing in the summer into the Delta through the high river banks of Upper Egypt, where the harvest was over, was needed during the winter months for Upper Egypt itself. Thousands of acres which would otherwise have been waterless and sterile could thus be cultivated.

But the foreign capitalists were not content. Sir Ernest Cassel, who had found a good deal of the money required by the Anglo-Egyptian Government for building the barrage, had formed a company and purchased for a nominal sum a considerable amount of low-lying desert behind Kom Ombo,

midway between Assuan and Edfu. This it was proposed to irrigate and so make cultivable. Expensive irrigation machinery was erected, and it was then discovered that with the barrage at its existing height the amount of water that could be provided in an ordinary Nile was insufficient to extract from the newly reclaimed land more than a modest five per cent. Strenuous efforts were therefore made to bring about "the raising of the dam." The archaeologists looked on with complacency, for the Government had given its word that the barrage should be of no more than a certain height; moreover, the engineers were opposed to any further raising of it, the foundations not having been intended for more than a certain weight, while the military were still more opposed, since an enemy advancing from the south could by wrecking the dam inundate and devastate the southern part of Egypt. But unfortunately Sir Ernest Cassel had influence in high latitudes at home, where nothing was known of the facts of the case, and one morning Lord Cromer was surprised by receiving a telegram which was equivalent to a command that the barrage should be raised. This meant the disappearance of most of the temples of the Nubian Nile and of all the villages adjoining them. All that could now be done was for the Ministry of Public Works to send expeditions in feverish haste into the threatened districts, where the temples and their inscriptions were photographed and copied and the old cemeteries were excavated.

In October (1895) I stayed for a few days with Lord Amherst in the midst of all the treasures of art and archaeology which he had collected in Didlington Hall, and then made my way to the Church Congress at Norwich, where I heard the speech of Father Ignatius to which I have already referred.[1]

The following winter was the last I spent on the Nile in the company of Wilbour, who died the following autumn. I also lost two other "Nilotic" friends, the Berkeleys, whose dahabia, the *Thames*, had been for nearly thirty years one of the standing institutions of Egypt. By his brother's death Mr. Berkeley now became Lord Fitzhardinge, with a succession to all the Berkeley estates. The *Thames* had to be

[1] Page 272.

sold, and the old winters in Egypt came to an end. The summer following I passed some days at Berkeley Castle, where among the guests were two ladies. The Castle was still pretty much what it was in the days when Edward II. was murdered in its keep; there were separate staircases, opening out on the court, for the various sets of rooms; as in an Oxford College, bells were of little use, since the servants were too far away to hear them; and in bad weather, when wind and rain made the court impossible, the only means of communication between the hall and drawing-rooms was by a subterranean passage. The ladies were sleeping in the keep immediately over the room in which the murder of the king is said to have taken place, and when the time came for retiring at night they proceeded to return to their rooms by the passage. But they soon lost their way among its many turnings and steps, and to make matters worse, after about half an hour a gust of air blew their candles out. Eventually, however, they lighted upon the stairway leading to their rooms, but by this time they were tired and nervous, with the result that they fancied they heard ghostly sounds coming from the chamber below, and passed accordingly a sleepless night. To the part of the castle where I slept no ghostly legends were attached except that an elephant in a piece of tapestry representing the invasion of India by Semiramis and immediately facing my bed was supposed to walk out of its frame at night.

Shortly after my return to Cairo in the spring of 1896 the last epidemic of cholera swept over Alexandria and Cairo. On the last day of April Sir Hamilton Lang gave a picnic party at the Cairo barrage; on our return to the city we were told that a French lady had died of cholera that afternoon after eating a basket of strawberries. It was the beginning of the epidemic, which developed rapidly during the next few days. Towards the middle of May I went to stay with Sir John Scott, and on the morning that I left my boat I heard that the captain and two sailors who were looking after a dahabia moored next to mine had all died of the disease the preceding night. About this time Kitchener gave a dinner-party at the Sirdarîya. After the fish had been removed there was a long interval in the waiting. At first our host

did not seem to notice it; but as it continued he began to look annoyed and fidgety. At last, however, the next course arrived and the dinner proceeded without further misadventure. When his guests had departed Kitchener asked his *soffrâgi* what was the cause of the break in waiting. "Very sorry," replied the *soffrâgi*; "we did the best we could; the cook died of cholera just when the fish came; so we put his body under the table, and finished cooking the dishes as well as we could." Kitchener went into the kitchen, and there under the table was lying the body of the unfortunate cook.

The Sanitary Board under the control of Sir John Rogers was now, however, successfully combating the disease. A sanitary cordon was placed along the banks of the Nile so as to prevent its pollution or use for drinking purposes; all boats were cleared away from it; raw fruits and vegetables were forbidden to be sold, and other stringent measures adopted. The mortality quickly fell to about three hundred a day. At the beginning of June Scott and I went to Alexandria and stayed with Sir Charles Cookson, whom we found, as we considered, unduly nervous, and I then took ship for Europe.

My summer was a somewhat restless one, for after paying visits in the Highlands and examining a rock-cut well-chamber at Burghead believed by some antiquaries to be of Roman origin, I went to Penzance, where I had been invited to stay. Then I was again at Didlington Hall, and also a guest of Mr. MacGregor at Tamworth. He had just been arranging his museum of Egyptian antiquities, among them the beautiful obsidian portrait-head of Amon-em-hat III. of the XIIth Dynasty, one of the most striking works of art that even Egypt has ever produced.[1] That winter we had at the end of November a second rise of the Nile, which afforded much matter for discussion among the engineers.

It also marked an epoch in Egyptian archaeology. De Morgan, the new Director of Antiquities, was an archaeologist rather than an Egyptologist, with an engineer's training,

[1] For a reproduction of it see the Burlington Fine Arts Club "Catalogue of an Exhibition of Ancient Egyptian Art," 1922, Pl. I. In 1922 it was sold at Christie's.

who had done good archaeological work in the Caucasus and elsewhere. With the resources of the Government behind him he now revealed a new, or rather a primitive, Egypt to the world. Petrie had already discovered graves south of Dendera which contained pottery and other relics of an unknown type, and had conjecturally assigned them to a non-Egyptian people—" the New Race," as he entitled them —who had entered Egypt after the fall of the Old Empire. De Morgan now showed that it was not a new race but the ancestors of the fundamental part of the Egyptian people themselves to whom the graves belonged, and that they must be relegated to a hitherto unknown prehistoric age before the rise of the Egyptian monarchy or the civilisation with which we had been familiar. Many of the tombs, in fact, went back to the Stone Age, long before the valley of the Nile had been cultivated and its waters trained, while none of them were later than the beginning of the age of copper.

De Morgan in his dahabia accompanied me most of the way to Luxor. There I remained a week or two in order to see the procession of the patron saint of the village, El-Haggag, whose sanctuary stands within the ruins of the temple. Once a year the boat that is sacred to him is taken from his mosque and carried in procession on men's shoulders round the village, all the notables of the place, both Moslem and Copt—and Luxor, it must be remembered, is a Coptic village—taking part in the ceremony. The festival goes back to the earliest days in the history of Thebes. El-Haggag is the successor of Amon-Ra, the god of Thebes, to whom its temple was dedicated, and the boat is the sacred bark of the god which once every year was ferried round the lake on the site of which the village stands. Since the Mohammedan year is lunar, the date of the festival varies from year to year, and this was my first opportunity of seeing it.

A day or two afterwards I left for El-Kab, where Somers Clarke was now surveying the remains of the town and temples, while I occupied myself in copying the numerous Old Empire inscriptions engraved on the rocks of the desert about three miles from the ancient city. They are records of pilgrims and travellers who visited a small temple which

stood there on the road from the Red Sea to the Nile. It was the last resting-place before the Nile was reached and within sight of the cultivated valley. Some excavations which Somers Clarke and I made there the following year showed that it must have been built of wood and was swept away by a "cloud-burst" such as sometimes inundated the wadis of the desert. We found its wine-cellar, or rather a number of jars with a black deposit at the bottom, which Dr. Schweinfurth, the African explorer and botanist, analysed and discovered to be the lees of a red wine. The clay sealings, some of them with the name of a king of the VIth Dynasty, were still unbroken upon the mouths of the jars; the priests who bottled the wine were never allowed the tasting of it.

In the dry climate of the Upper Egyptian desert nothing is usually destroyed except by the hand of man, and it was difficult to realise that the inscriptions I was copying were between four and five thousand years old. One of them was on a fragment of sandstone, scarcely covered by the sand, which looked as if it had fallen from the low cliff above it only a few months before. And yet when I came to examine it I found that the VIth Dynasty inscription had been cut upon it after its fall from the cliff. And not far away there were figures of giraffes and ostriches or buzzards on the rock, chipped out by stone tools, over which the records of the VIth Dynasty were cut and looked modern by the side of them. When I was excavating at Gebel es-Silsila in 1906 for the Cairo Museum I came across a sandstone boulder in a wadi north of the Gebel which had been washed down from the plateau above in the days when the Sahara was still a land of rain and flood. Above the water-level were pictures of elephants, giraffes, ostriches and buzzards, all extinct in Egypt before history begins; the giraffe, indeed, implies a Sahara covered with trees and brushwood on which it could feed, and the northern limit of the buzzard is now the Blue Nile. The outlines of the figures had been hammered out by flints, some of which I found at the foot of the boulder, and over some of them was engraved with a metal tool an inscription of the XIth Dynasty. The outlines of the figures had been weathered to the colour and patina-

tion of the stone ; the XIth Dynasty inscription might have been cut yesterday.

But a discovery that I made while working at the inscriptions in the desert of El-Kab carries us back to a still earlier period in the history of man. The desert at the back of El-Kab is rounded off by a semicircle of hills from 250 to 300 feet high. They are intersected by wadis down which the streams rushed when the Arabian desert was a well-watered plateau, and in a breccia near the upper end of one of these wadis I discovered a number of artificially worked flints, of the so-called Chellean type, which I handed over to De Morgan. When they were made the Nile valley had not yet been formed.

On my way back to England the following June with Sir John Scott we stayed for a few days at Varese, where the Anglican chaplain from Luxor, who afterwards lost his life along with all his family in the Messina earthquake, usually undertook the summer chaplaincy. In August I was in South Wales, and there had the opportunity of satisfying an old ambition by visiting Caldy Island and the ruins of the beautiful Abbey of Strata Florida, one of whose early abbots bore the same surname, or rather nickname, as my own. Later on, in September, along with Miss Weld, the Poet-Laureate's niece, I paid a visit to Lord Tennyson at Aldworth. He was just publishing the Memoir of his father, and it was peculiarly interesting to be able to read it in the little summer-house, buried among the trees of the hillside, where Alfred Tennyson had spent so many of his hours.

I heard many stories about the poet and his relations when I was travelling in France with Professor Lushington, whose wife was a Miss Tennyson, only one of which I now remember. The Professor was called downstairs one day to see a visitor who did not give his name. When he reached the drawing-room the visitor announced himself: "I am Septimus, the most morbid of the Tennysons." There was little or no morbidity in the poet himself, however, except in his dislike to a crowd. Up to the last he confessed that when he passed a stranger in the street who was laughing or smiling he could not overcome an uneasy feeling that the laugh was being directed against himself. Years ago (in

1871) Captain Robertson, the brother of the famous preacher Frederick Robertson, who had a villa at Batheaston opposite to my father's house, told me that he had just been staying with Tennyson at Freshwater, where the windows of the breakfast-room opened out upon the lawn. One morning his host, who sat facing the windows, suddenly turned pale with anger, and pointing to the window exclaimed: "See what I am exposed to!" Robertson turned round and saw a tourist who had climbed over the fences and walls, and was standing on the lawn coolly surveying the poet through an opera glass. The Kodak had not yet been invented.

During the winter I was for some time at El-Kab, where Somers Clarke was continuing his surveying work and Quibell was excavating the prehistoric tombs of Hierakonpolis, the early capital of "pre-dynastic" Egypt, on the opposite side of the river. The foundations of a stately temple of the XIIth Dynasty existed there, and Clarke wanted to include it in his survey. So we walked over the site one morning with Quibell, who had undertaken to remove any soil that might interfere with the measurements that were to be made. It would be a matter, we supposed, of only a few days; the foundations of the temple were superficial, and no one could dream that there was anything under them, much less that it could have escaped the hands of treasure-seekers or the mattock of the cultivator. A day or two later I visited the place again, and a wonderful tale awaited me. Quibell had not gone far in his work of "déblaiment" before he came across the most remarkable objects of the prehistoric age of Egypt that had yet come to light. There were statues and fragments of statues, ivory statuettes of strange bearded men, and pottery galore. The XIIth Dynasty temple had been built over the ruins of one of much earlier date, and either then or at some preceding period the works of art and votive offerings with which the prehistoric sanctuary had been filled were buried in sealed-up vaults. The weeks that followed were full of excitement. A new art, that of primaeval Egypt, was revealed to us, and inscriptions with the names of unknown kings were laid before our eyes. Each day brought with it some new discovery and some fresh revelation of an age which had

so recently been declared to be mythical. Meanwhile Dr. Schweinfurth paid a visit to Somers Clarke. A large terra-cotta lion, glazed red and now in the Ashmolean Museum, had been discovered just before his arrival, and he occupied his time in washing out of it the salt with which it was impregnated and thereby saved what is one of the most interesting objects of primitive Egyptian art.

As soon as I could leave the work I ran up to Assuan for a few days, as my captain and many of the crew came from that part of the country and expected to see their wives and families before returning to Cairo. On my way back to El-Kab I did a little digging at Gebel es-Silsila, where I found some prehistoric graves. At Assuan, owing to the lowness of the Nile, some of the river-water had become contaminated, and several of the visitors to the only hotel which then existed there had unfortunately contracted typhoid fever. One of them, Miss Sandbach, had promised to spend a week with the Quibells in their tent at Hierakonpolis ; on her way down the river in the postal steamer the disease declared itself, and by the time she reached Hierakonpolis after a donkey-ride in the sun she was in a high state of fever. This was at first naturally supposed to be simply malarial, but after a few days it became evident that it was something much more serious. There was no railway in those days, and before a doctor could arrive the poor young lady was dead. We had some difficulty in finding a place for a grave where the soil in the rocky desert was sufficiently deep to prevent the wild beasts from scratching up the body at night. I read the funeral service, which was made all the more impressive by the solitude of the desert around us, where the only traces of humanity which we could see were the tombs of the prehistoric dead.

The Nile was getting very low, so I now made my way down it as fast as I could, spending a day on my road with Petrie, who was excavating at Dendera. At Naga Hamadi I overtook the Northamptons, who had left El-Kab before me and whose dahabia had joined that of Lord Leven. But we were obliged to send to Cairo for steam-launches to tow us back to the capital through the numerous sandbanks and shallows of the retreating Nile. Lord Northampton had

been excavating at Resras, south of El-Kab, where he had uncovered the remains of a temple of the Roman period with many inscriptions which I copied.

In June Scott returned with me to England. We had had a pleasant time on the road at Venice and seen the " Mykenaean " pottery which had been discovered in the island of Torcello in the process of the work for the restoration of the Cathedral, and we had paid another visit to Varese. Shortly after my return to London I spent a day at Swanscombe with Mr. and Mrs. Stopes, who had discovered in the adjoining gravel-pits an almost inexhaustible store of the artifacts of palaeolithic man. Then I went to Scotland, and while staying with friends at Oban was taken to see the " serpent-mound " on the shore of Loch Nell.

CHAPTER XVI

LONDON, EDINBURGH AND THE SUDAN

In 1898 came another break in my life. My sister suffered from asthma, and therefore determined to leave London and settle at Bournemouth, where she seemed to be free from it. Accordingly we gave up our London house, and I took a flat in Whitehall Court, overlooking the Embankment and the Thames, where the red sails used to glide picturesquely up the river when the tide came in. It was wonderfully quiet ; the trams did not as yet run along the Embankment, and the gardens intercepted all other noises.

Unfortunately my move was accomplished with a good deal of physical difficulty. In the early part of the summer I had run a splinter of wood into my hand while opening a box, and it proved to be what the doctors called " septic." While I was at Oban the first symptoms of blood-poisoning appeared ; my Oxford doctor checked the mischief for a time, but while with the Attwood-Mathews at Pontrilas it broke out again, and when the time came for the move to Whitehall Court my nights were sleepless and my right arm of little use. The doctor hurried me off to Egypt and urged me to spend as short a time as possible in Cairo and make my way as fast as I could to the upper regions of the Nile.

I had now been five years—or rather five summers—in London. When I first settled there I introduced my sister to a good many of my friends who, I hoped, would make the winter months pleasant for her—a hope which unfortunately was not realised, as after the first winter her asthma became so bad as to prevent her from leaving the house or seeing her friends. Miss Ingelow lived at no great distance from us ; she was now an old lady but as charming as ever, with an

added stateliness which reminded one of a picture by Sir Peter Lely. Another near neighbour was Hormuzd Rassam. He belonged to an old Nestorian family of Mosul, where his father had been British Vice-Consul, and he himself in his younger days the assistant of Layard in his excavations at Nineveh. Subsequently he excavated alone both there and in Babylonia for the British Museum. He had married an English wife and settled in London. Shortly before his death he asked me to read and revise the manuscript of an autobiography he was writing, in which he described his experiences at Aden and in Abyssinia, to which he was sent by the Government in the hope of rescuing the British prisoners of King Theodore. But death interrupted him in the middle of his autobiographical work, which was therefore never published.

My old friend Sir Henry Howorth, with his unfailing supply of "good stories" and versatile interests in history and literature, was a frequent visitor at our house. He was at that time one of the members of Parliament for Manchester, a fragment of which he had saved for the Conservative party. He told me one day that he had asked Lord Salisbury, who was then Prime Minister, what it was that prevented us from doing the obvious thing and declaring a protectorate over Egypt? Was it France? "No," replied Lord Salisbury, "it is not France, but Turkey. We have old treaties with Turkey which it is not advisable to break or alter, and we also have to reckon with the Mohammedans of India." The Whitley Stokes and Andrew Langs lived farther away, and after my first summer in London I do not think that my sister saw them again. We saw more of the Holman Hunts, who then lived in their old house with its garden and trees, which made the visitor forget that he was in the suburbs of London. It was pleasant to have Holman Hunt to oneself in his large back-room while he told story after story and anecdote after anecdote about the various notabilities he had known and the experiences he had undergone in Palestine. The last time I saw him was at a dinner-party he gave to Sir Colin and Lady Scott-Moncrieff. It was not long after he had finished his painting of "The Lady of Shalott," whose story, he told us, was a parable illustrative of the failure of

a human soul to fulfil its accepted responsibility. I once begged him to paint the view of the chief University buildings of Oxford from the windows of our Common Room at Queen's ; no one except himself could have done it with the spiritual vision and carefulness of detail that it demands ; but he said he was too old to undertake the work.

Another London friend of mine was W. S. Lilly, whom I had known for many years. He had stayed with me in College in the old days of my residence there, and we had many interests in common. He had been intimate with Cardinal Newman, and at his dinner-table in Michael's Grove—still a green oasis in the middle of London—one met not only the leading members of the Roman Catholic Church but men of all creeds in religion and politics. I have sat between an Ultramontane and an agnostic, both of them protagonists in their respective spheres. Discussion was always free and unrestrained ; unlike most converts, Lilly belonged to the Liberal wing of the Church and was ready to allow that salvation could be obtained outside it.

I myself had now come to be regarded as a representative of the so-called " Orthodox " party and a defender of Holy Writ. It was in vain that I protested against being classed as a theologian, and explained that I dealt with the Old Testament simply as an archaeologist. Just as the archaeological discoveries in the Mediterranean had given a death-blow to the " critical " theories about Homer and the early traditions of Greece, so similar discoveries were now giving the same death-blow to the theories about the Old Testament and its contents which had been imported from Germany. Subjective fantasies must make way for the solid facts of science which were at last being recovered. One after another the foundations upon which such theories had been built had been shown to be baseless ; first came the discovery of the Tel el-Amarna tablets and its revelation of the use of writing in the pre-Mosaic age, then that of the legal code of Khammurabi, the contemporary of Abraham, and finally that of the Aramaic papyri of Elephantinê. With hardly an exception the archaeological discoveries of the last thirty-five years in the Nearer East have been dead against

the conclusions of the self-appointed critic and on the side of ancient tradition.

I have already mentioned two books on *The Hittites* and on *The Races of the Old Testament*, published by the Religious Tract Society in 1889 and 1891. In 1894 a more controversial book was published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge: *The Higher Criticism and the Verdict of the Monuments*. I expected it would please neither the "critics" nor the "orthodox," and therefore told the Secretary, Dr. McClure, that I did not think it would be a success. He thought differently, and proved to be right. As a result I was induced to bring out a little book on *Patriarchal Palestine* the next year. But it turned out to be too strictly scientific without any theological lining; as one of my readers told me, there were "too many words in it beginning with capital letters."

In 1895 my *Egypt of the Hebrews and Herodotos* appeared, which I have always regarded as one of the best books I ever wrote. Then came two or three more minor productions, including a commentary on Genesis in the Temple Bible (1901). A few years previously I had been associated with Gladstone in an American enterprise. This was a sumptuously illustrated edition of the Bible, in which the introduction to the Old Testament was written by myself, and its continuation, an introduction to the New Testament, by Gladstone. I could not help being amused by the irony of fate; the "orthodox" Driver of the past had become the dangerous heretic whose Biblical position the "heretic" of the past was now united with Gladstone in opposing. And yet I had never changed my point of view: on its historical and literary sides the Old Testament must be treated like any other book of ancient Oriental literature and its interpreter must follow the evidence of the facts wherever they may lead. It was my last correspondence with Gladstone; soon afterwards he was attacked by the fatal malady which made his latter days a period of agony.

The blood-poisoning from which I suffered in the autumn and winter of 1898 made me understand what that period of agony must have been. Egypt at first seemed to have checked the disease, but it broke out virulently again before

I reached Luxor, and at Assuan I was for a long while in the hands of the surgeons. At one time I was threatened with the loss of the right arm; against this, however, I steadfastly set my face; death was preferable to amputation. In this resolution I had the support of Lady Ashburton's doctor, who was on board her dahabia, and whom she had sent to look after me.

At last I was sufficiently recovered to begin the descent of the Nile. But before I could reach Luxor the poison had developed again in an even worse form than before, and an operation was performed by Dr. Elcum and another doctor. It took place on my dining-room table, and Elcum afterwards informed me that my faithful Mustafa was glaring all the time through the key-hole of the door with the eyes of a tiger, and he knew that "if anything had gone wrong with the chloroform or otherwise" his own life "would not have been worth sixpence." The operation was successful, but Elcum accompanied me down the river to Cairo. I had a few days of convalescence after it at Karnak with the Legrains. Legrain had now begun his work of repairing and strengthening the temple there. Two or three years previously Colonel Ross, to whom Upper Egypt owes its present system of canalisation, and myself had been commissioned by the Government to examine the condition of the ruins and report upon them; the result was the appointment of Legrain, one of De Morgan's assistants, and a better appointment could not have been made. He was not only a good Egyptologist, but also a good practical engineer, and it is due to his devoted enthusiasm that Karnak is now what it is —safe from further decay and, to a large extent, again looking as it did in the days of its glory. His excavations brought to light numberless inscriptions and monuments of the highest importance to history and art, many of which are still unpublished, and his work was marked by both thoroughness and genius. I never visited "le roi de Karnak," as I called him, without being taken to see some new discovery, an observatory, an "Aegean" settlement of the time of the XIIth Dynasty, or the portrait of some charming princess. He lived only just long enough to see the results of his labour of twenty years. Unfortunately there was some friction

between him and Maspero when the latter returned to the Directorate of the Egyptian Antiquities. Maspero had one weakness—it was the only one I know—and that was a craving for omniscience. He did not like new discoveries being made by his subordinates without his having any part in them, and he therefore unconsciously resented Legrain's attitude of independence.

De Morgan had resigned his appointment, much to my regret, in consequence partly of his unpopularity among the French colony at Cairo who considered him pro-English, partly because he was anxious to excavate the ruins of Susa for which an expedition was being fitted out by the French Government. An Egyptologist, Loret, was appointed in his place, but soon proved himself impossible. He quarrelled with both natives and Europeans, and failed utterly as an administrator. Soon after his appointment Brugsch Bey, the Conservator of the Museum, came to me saying, "Yesterday I had occasion to see the new Director on a matter of business and accordingly knocked at the door of his room. When I entered he said: 'In future, Monsieur, I must ask you to send a note or card to me first of all when you wish to see me.' I replied, 'Monsieur le Directeur, *my* shadow shall never darken *your* threshold again.'" And it never did. A year or so later Lord Cromer sent for me. "We must get rid of Loret," he said, "but if another Frenchman is appointed it must be Maspero. I want you, therefore, to write to him privately and persuade him to come, pointing out that if he will not accept the post we shall appoint Lyons." The result of this was a correspondence between Maspero and myself and his final consent to leave Paris for a specified number of years and an increase in the salary of the Director.

The summer of 1899 saw me again in Scotland and Penzance, and in September I visited again the old Monmouthshire home. I was staying at the Hendre and Lady Llangattock took me over one day to see Lord Tredegar's excavations at Caerwent, and we had lunch at Mount Balan which my father had built. The Hendre itself was an Art Museum. When I sat down to tea on the day of my arrival Lord Llangattock remarked, "That chair came from the

boudoir of Marie Antoinette," and on my happening to turn my eyes upon a beautiful inlaid box which was lying on the table beside me, he added, " Yes, that is the box in which François the First kept his love-letters."

After a visit to MacGregor at Bolehall, whose Egyptian collection was growing year by year, I started for Egypt. The two barrages at Assuan and Assiût had been begun, but it was a disastrous season for the country. The Nile refused to rise ; it was again a question not of low Nile, but of no Nile. On the 1st of March it was possible to walk almost dry-shod across the river at Assuan. I shall never forget a view I had from a hill above the ruins of an old town at Kom el-Ahmar near Minya. As far as the eye could reach, where the river ought to have been was a succession of barren sand-banks, and I wondered how my captain and crew had managed to force their way through them.

At Luxor I found Maspero ; also the American millionaire Theodore M. Davis, who had had a dahabia built for himself and had begun those excavations among the tombs of Thebes which resulted in laying bare the royal tombs of the " New Empire," and the discovery of the tomb of the parents of the " Heretic King " with its mass of golden treasure. I ran up the river as far as El-Kab, but did not venture farther, and had considerable difficulty in making my way back to Helwân, which from henceforward became the mooring-place of my dahabia during the summer months. The speculator and contractor had invaded my old haunts at Cairo ; houses and streets were taking the place of the fields and cows, and I began to acquire the habit of spending the week-end there, more especially under the hospitable roof of Dean Butcher. Scott was no longer in Egypt ; serious heart-attacks had obliged him to resign his post in Egypt and retire to London.

Schweinfurth was staying, as was his wont, at Helwân, and at afternoon tea one day on board my boat met Sir Francis Galton, who had just come down the Nile which he had visited again for the first time after fifty years. When Galton left me Schweinfurth told me in his explosive way that the meeting was as pleasurable as it was unexpected. He had fancied Galton had long been dead, for it was his

book on his travels in Southern Africa which Schweinfurth had read as a schoolboy that had incited him to undertake his own explorations in that continent. As a consequence the Galtons and myself were invited to join an expedition Schweinfurth organised to a IVth Dynasty barrage he had discovered some ten miles from Helwân. Galton, though now seventy-eight years of age, insisted on walking a considerable part of the way, and on our return to Helwân in the evening was the freshest of the party.

Before leaving Helwân I made another expedition, with Marcus Simaika Pasha, to Wissim, the mediaeval Coptic capital or rather metropolitan see of Northern Egypt. There I came across some ruins and inscriptions of the Egyptian period which had not been noted before Unfortunately, on returning to Helwân I drove without an overcoat across the desert in the face of a cold wind, after a hot journey in the train ; the result was a sharp attack of rheumatism which it required the warm baths of Helwân and Dr. Page-May's prescriptions to set right. It was a case of curing a dog's bite with a hair from his body.

The Sudan was now restored to the civilised world and Slatin Pasha was appointed its Inspector-General. The year previously Sir Reginald Wingate had defeated and killed the Khalifa and the last relics of the Mahdi conflagration were stamped out, but not until about eight millions of human beings had been massacred or starved to death. The reconquest of the Sudan was from first to last the work of Kitchener, and was carried out in the teeth of the most determined opposition. For a long while as Sirdar of the Egyptian army he had been economising, laying up stores and making other preparations for a Sudanese campaign, and he had been ably backed by the Intelligence department under Wingate's control. At last, in the spring of 1896, all was ready. But the reconquest of the Sudan would have meant a reversal of Lord Cromer's policy. He had been sent to Egypt in order to restore the finances of the country, and when that was accomplished the English occupation was to come to an end. For years he had regarded himself as the first and last of the pro-consuls, and the policy of playing off one foreign power against another in Egyptian

affairs had become an absorbing passion. Naturally, therefore, he resisted and resented Kitchener's plans, and as his opinions on Egyptian matters were all-prevailing with Lord Salisbury, who was then Prime Minister, it did not seem likely that Kitchener would be allowed to have his way The Sirdar had not yet been crippled by the accident he met with in India and was fond of walking ; and when I was moored at the Giza bank, after his morning's work was finished he was in the habit of strolling down to me and not unfrequently staying to lunch. On one of these occasions for the first and the last time I saw him depressed. " It is all up," he said, " and I have just written a letter of resignation. Cromer is too strong for me, and he has Salisbury at his back." The Cabinet at home had accepted Lord Cromer's advice and rejected Kitchener's proposals. That evening as I was sitting down to dinner there came a note from Kitchener. " It is all right," he wrote, " Her Majesty has intervened." The next day I learned that Queen Victoria, who had never forgotten or forgiven the desertion of Gordon, had overruled the decision of her ministers and insisted that the campaign should take place. Lord Cromer was not unnaturally annoyed, more especially as the first telegram announcing the change of policy had been sent to the *Times* correspondent and not to the Agency, and next spring one of the attachés told me that their chief had been all the winter " like a bear with a sore head." But as soon as he found that the forward policy had been definitely determined he rallied loyally to Kitchener's assistance and did his best to ensure the reconquest and subsequent organisation of the Sudan.

The first campaign drove the Mahdists from the province of Dongola, once one of the most fertile districts in the Khedive's dominions. But Mahdist misrule had destroyed the irrigating machines and decimated the inhabitants, and when I passed through it in 1909 the villages were still in ruins and many of the fields still uncultivated. The campaign was followed by an extension of the railway from Wadi Halfa, and the Anglo-Egyptian Government was at first disinclined to advance any money for further military operations. In fact, Kitchener himself had little hope that they would do so, and he invited me (in 1897) to accompany him

on a tour of inspection he intended to make in Dongola. Two days before we were to start, however, he told me that all his arrangements were cancelled and that it had been decided to recover Khartûm. The result of this was the battle of the Atbara, and the capture of Khartûm (September 4, 1898).

With the appointment of Slatin the reconquest of the Sudan may be said to have been completed. No better Inspector-General could have been found. He was personally known to most of the leading natives, and what was more important, was acquainted with their thoughts, ambitions and prejudices. I once asked him how he managed to sustain the thirteen years of his captivity in Omdurman, and he replied that he had always a fixed belief that he would escape eventually, and as his health was good he never lost his spirits. "Moreover," he added, "I still have a sneaking liking for the Khalifa." I first met Slatin the day after his arrival in Cairo and about a month after his escape from captivity. I was lunching at the Artins', and on entering the drawing-room found a little yellow-skinned visitor there, so lean and shrivelled that his bones seemed to show through the flesh. I was introduced to him by Mme. Artin, but did not hear the name, and as he spoke only Arabic and kissed my hand on his departure I naturally concluded that he was a native. It was with a good deal of surprise and interest, therefore, that I learned it was Slatin.

This was in the spring. The following October I was leaving Brindisi for Egypt in an Austrian Lloyd steamer. After unpacking in my cabin I went on deck and there stood watching the setting sun. Suddenly I felt a hand laid on my shoulder and on turning round saw before me a stoutish gentleman with red cheeks. "Ah," he said, "I see you don't recognise me. I'm Slatin. You see what a summer of European dinner-parties has done for me. And my European languages have all come back."

In the September of 1900 I was staying with Dr. Oldham in Essex, whose house adjoined that once belonging to Moore, the author of the *Hindu Pantheon*. He had stored in it the multitudinous brass images of Indian deities which he had collected for his work and which still remained there. At

dinner one evening I met a cousin of the Arabian traveller Charles Doughty, of whose adventurous and somewhat eccentric doings he told several stories. One of them was to the effect that after his return to England the traveller had married a wife and intended to spend the honeymoon in Arabia. But his handwriting was so Arab-like and illegible that the compositors at the Cambridge Press who were printing his book were unable to read the manuscript, and Doughty had consequently to remain there in order to read it to them line by line. The result was that he was detained at Cambridge for two years and the visit to Arabia never came off.

Our guest had been a great friend of the poet FitzGerald, and was one of the executors of his will. He told us that after FitzGerald's sudden death while away from home his keys had to be sent to himself at Martlesham. On opening the poet's writing-table he found about twenty envelopes addressed to FitzGerald's chief friends. All therefore that he had to do was to put in each of them a notice of the death and then post it.

Omar Khayyám was published by Quaritch, who at that time had but a small shop with a book-stall outside on which a copy of FitzGerald's volume was laid. One day a working-man came along, opened it and read a page or two. The next day he came again and read more. Then he wanted to know the price of the book, which for a long time was above his means. Day by day, however, he passed by and read a little, and the price was reduced until finally it came down to sixpence. "I can pay that," said the man, and carried off the first copy of *Omar Khayyám* that was sold.

It seems that FitzGerald had the reputation of being a woman-hater, but what he really objected to, like Tennyson, were visits on the part of lion-hunting strangers. On one occasion when some ladies called to see the author of *Omar Khayyám* he told his servant to tell them to "go home and darn their stockings."

I had spent most of the winter of 1899–1900 in writing the Gifford Lectures on the "Religion of the Ancient Egyptians and Babylonians," which I had been asked to deliver at Aberdeen. My dahabia was an ideal home for a "literary

man." My library at the end of the boat contained about two thousand volumes and included all the books I required. It opened out upon a covered balcony where I could sit enjoying the warm air and Egyptian scenery whenever I chose, and a stair-way led from it to my drawing-room on the deck above. Whenever I wished I could secure absolute quietude and freedom from interruption, and the sunlight and warmth were always with me. Under their influence mind and body alike awoke ; in cold weather I cannot think, much less write ; thought seems to become congealed and even the memory to grow torpid. It is not wonderful that mental quickness and imagination belong to the peoples of the South.

The first course of my lectures at Aberdeen was delivered in October. Professor (now Sir William) Ramsay was my host, and it was pleasant to talk over our old days together at Smyrna or discuss some question of archaeology.

Robertson had agreed to spend the winter with me on the Nile, and we left London as soon as my lectures at Aberdeen were finished. We stayed for a few days in Paris in order to see the last of the Exposition ; they were days of brilliant sunshine, but hardly had the guns sounded which announced the close of the great show when the wind changed and a cold rain descended from heaven. The next day we took the train for Marseilles and before long found ourselves in Alexandria. On our way up the Nile we paid a visit to the Fayyûm which I had not seen for some years, as well as to the tomb of Menes (or his successor Athotis) which had been discovered and excavated by De Morgan in 1897. The ground was still strewn with the remains of the royal wine-jars and clay sealings, some of which I carried off. We spent two or three days only at Luxor as I was anxious to reach Assuan in time for the consecration of the Anglican church there (on January 27).

While moored at Elephantinê opposite Assuan I obtained from one of the villagers an Aramaic papyrus which he had just found among the *sebakh* or nitrogenous earth of the ancient city on the island. It was the first memorial in the shape of papyrus of the early settlement of the Jews on the island which had come to light, and indirectly led to the

discovery a few years later of the long rolls of Aramaic papyri which have thrown such unexpected illumination on the history of the Jews shortly after the Exile, and revealed the existence of a Jewish temple in the extreme south of Egypt. Then we sailed or rowed down to El-Kab, where I undertook some excavations on either side of the great wall of the old city with the object of ascertaining its date. Here I found a cemetery of the IIIrd Dynasty over which the wall had been built. The weather was hot, a south wind blowing most of the time, and too long exposure to it in the middle of the day while looking after the workmen brought on an attack of fever which obliged me to hurry down to a doctor at Luxor who soon put me right.

Then Robertson left me and I returned leisurely to Cairo, stopping on my way, however, to visit Dr. Reisner, who was excavating various early cemeteries opposite Girga, and I arrived at Cairo just in time for the great national festival of Shemm-en-Nesîm, "Smelling the north wind," a literal translation of the old Egyptian phrase which goes back to the days of the Pyramids. It is one of the very few festivals which are observed by Copts and Moslems alike, and its date depends on that of the Coptic Easter.

That summer I saw Herbert Spencer for the last time. We lunched together at the Athenaeum and he told me that owing to the condition of his nervous system his intercourse with his fellow-men was strictly confined to an hour and a half each day. Consequently he could not give me more than sixty minutes, since he had to return to Brighton and the journey would necessitate a certain expenditure of words. He showed me the "ear-stoppers" he had invented for putting into his ears as soon as the fatal moment arrived for breaking off all communication with others. But as he also informed me that in spite of his eighty years of age his teeth were all sound and his eyes required no spectacles, I could hardly consider him an object of pity. My lunch, however, brought back memories of a delightful evening in the same Club in the early nineties when Spencer had invited Huxley, Tyndall and myself to dine with him. Huxley and Tyndall sat opposite one another at the little square table, perpetually capping one another's stories, while we sat and listened.

The summer of 1901 was the last of my residence in London. The lease of my flat in Whitehall Court came to an end in September and I had already taken a house in Edinburgh. For some time past I had felt convinced that London was not a place of residence for an "idle man" unless he were a millionaire. I had tried the suburbs and found that so far as the conveniences of seeing one's friends, attending meetings or even visiting shops were concerned I might as well live in Oxford. I had also tried the centre of London life and found that there my time was not allowed to be my own; I was expected to be in at least three places at once. The previous year, while staying with a friend in Edinburgh I happened to walk down Chalmers Crescent and there notice a house with one of those extinguisher-like towers so dear to the Scotch architect. What an ideal place, I thought, in which to decipher illegible inscriptions! So I turned to my friend and said, "If I were to live in Edinburgh that is the sort of house which I should like to have." The following May when the time was drawing near for me to determine on my future residence I received in Cairo a letter from him in which he wrote: "The house to which you took a fancy is now in the market; there are two or three people after it, so if you wish to have it you must telegraph 'yes' at once." I deliberated for twelve hours and then telegraphed "yes." And I am in that same house now.

I went to Edinburgh in September, and while waiting for my house to be made ready for me stayed with my old College friend Laidlay in his beautiful home at Seacliff near North Berwick. From my bedroom I looked across his woods to the ruins of Tantallon Castle, while the larger drawing-room opened out towards the sea and the picturesque Bass Rock. The little cove on the estate which fronted the Rock was so filled with driftwood every spring from the boats wrecked during the winter months in the North Sea or at the mouth of the Forth that Mrs. Laidlay told me they never needed to buy firewood. Close to the cove was the fragment of a cliff in which the dwelling-place of a neolithic fisherman had been discovered, twenty-seven feet above the present level of high tide. Before leaving for Edinburgh I paid a visit to Mrs. Ogilvy Hamilton at Biel, whose house was filled with the

heirlooms and art-treasures of the three old Scotch families whom she represented. The library was stocked with early printed books and illuminated manuscripts, and priceless pictures were hung upon the walls.

After my third course of lectures was concluded at Aberdeen, where on this occasion I enjoyed Professor Pirie's hospitality, I started for Egypt. John Ward, the numismatist and author of one of the most popular books ever written about Egypt, *Pyramids and Progress*, was my guest on this occasion. He was fond of painting, and after losing the use of his right hand through a cab accident learnt to paint landscapes in water-colours with the left. And wonderfully good they were. He was also immoderately fond of talking and was consequently known among my sailors as *el-Khowâga ellî yitkallim ketîr*, "the foreigner who talks much." He was a great collector of scarabs, and his book on Egyptian scarabs was one of the fruits of his voyage with me. Ward left me at Assuan in order to visit Khartum, and I hurried down the Nile to El-Kab where Quibell was now digging.

In June I was again at Aberdeen, staying this time with the Principal of the University, Dr. Marshall Lang. At a dinner-party at his house on the occasion of my first visit to Aberdeen I had taken Mrs. Lang in to dinner. Conversation naturally fell upon her eldest son whom I had known at Oxford, and I told her that he was predestined for a bishopric and would before long be promoted to the episcopal bench. My hostess was sceptical; in fact I believe that her strong Presbyterian sympathies were somewhat shocked at the idea; but I soon had reason to congratulate myself upon my predictive powers, for it was not long before Dr. Cosmo Lang became Bishop of Stepney and subsequently Archbishop of York. His father had a happy knack of being always able to make the right kind of speech at the right time and without a moment's notice. He was understood to belong to the "High Church" wing of the Church of Scotland, and in Glasgow had worked in unison with its protagonist Professor Cooper. Dr. MacGregor—"Wee MacGregor" as he was usually termed—the well-known minister of St. Cuthbert's at Edinburgh, told me that Dr. Marshall Lang, who was

" inclined to be pompous in his manner," was once catechising in a Sunday school and asked a child if he knew " Who I am ? " The child was frightened and did not answer at once. " Come," said Dr. Lang, " don't you know who I am ? " " God," was the reply. " Not exactly that," said Dr. Lang. Another story of MacGregor's was about a boy who when asked what is meant by a lie wrote in answer : " A lie is an abominable sin and a very pleasant help in time of trouble."

While at Aberdeen I gave a lecture on Assyria and Babylonia to the " working-men " at their Institute. The Aberdonian working-man was supposed to be socialistic, and I did not imagine he would be interested in the subject on which I had been asked to lecture. The hall, however, was packed, and the audience was silent and attentive. At the end of the hour I had come to the end of my manuscript, and naturally assumed that the lecture was finished. But the audience showed no signs of moving, so I asked if they would like to hear how the cuneiform characters came to be deciphered. They said " yes " ; whereupon I discoursed on the subject with the help of a blackboard and chalk for another half-hour. They still clamoured for more, and I had to explain that I had come to the end of my vocal powers and my throat needed rest. It was all in striking contrast to the impatience of a West End London audience to get away from a lecture of the kind. It is only in Japan that I have found a similar thirst for knowledge.

My Edinburgh neighbour, Moir Bryce, the learned historian of Edinburgh and the Grey Friars, was my guest the following winter on board the *Istar*. At Luxor I fell across Captain Speedy whom I had not met for many years. I was staying at Shepheard's Hotel many years before when he arrived from his mission in Abyssinia, bringing with him various gorgeous garments that had been presented by the Negus to Queen Victoria. He used to dress up in some of them for our delectation, and also make the various beats on a drum which take the place of our signalling among the Abyssinians. His title of " Captain " was unique ; he had never had a day's service in either army or navy, but on being presented to Queen Victoria she addressed him by

mistake as " Captain Speedy," and as she was the fountain of all military and naval honours, " Captain Speedy " was henceforth his official title. In Upper Egypt I also saw a good deal of the Lionel Phillips, which led to my seeing more of them after my return to England. Sir Lionel's house was full of beautiful things which included a piece of early Flemish tapestry worthy to rank by the side of that which Pierpont Morgan once lent to the South Kensington Museum. He told me that he owed everything to Cecil Rhodes, the most generous of men and the most staunch of friends. We talked about the Jameson Raid, of which, he assured me, Rhodes had no knowledge until it was too late. I was reminded of what Kitchener said to me the morning on which telegrams announcing it appeared in the Cairo newspapers : " You see what comes of putting a sword into the hand of a civilian."

In the summer I ran over to Paris for a night or two in order to see Liebreich. There I found Artin Pasha whom I brought back to Oxford with me in order to give him a taste of what I called life in a tenth-century hotel. Mahaffy paid me a visit at Edinburgh in the autumn, and after lecturing in Bath and Oxford I returned as speedily as I could to my Egyptian home.

I reached El-Kab at the beginning of January (1904). Somers Clarke was already there, and we began at once to sink shafts down to the bed-rock under the pavement of the temples and in other parts of the old city site, in some cases to the depth of thirty metres. We also cleared away the rubbish on the river side of the great wall that surrounds the ruins in the hope of determining its age, and I finished the excavation of certain Xth Dynasty graves which I had begun the previous year. Our work at the great wall seemed to indicate that it was built in the time of the XIIth Dynasty ; at all events the lowest stratum of potsherds piled up against the exterior side of it was of that date.

I had undertaken to excavate for the Cairo Museum on the site of the temple of Amon-hotep at Elephantinê in the hope of finding more Jewish papyri, and now had to run up to Assuan which I did, with the help of a strong north wind, in two days. At Assuan I found the Lionel Phillips as

well as Lord and Lady William Cecil and an old Oxford acquaintance of mine, Mr. Claude Montefiore. Lady William Cecil was the eldest daughter of Lord Amherst of Hackney and had inherited all her father's tastes and talents. She was now excavating some tombs on the western bank of the Nile, and her eldest boy, killed early in the "Great" war almost before life had begun for him, had already mastered the hieroglyphs and was able to read an ordinary inscription. Her husband was in attendance upon Princess Henry of Battenberg who was spending the winter at the Cataract Hotel.

While I was at Assuan Joseph Chamberlain arrived whom I saw for the first time. It was before the cab accident which shortened his life, and I shall never forget the impression of youthfulness that he made upon me. We were going to tea with the Princess one afternoon, and before doing so he happened to pay me a visit on board my dahabia at Elephantinê. Accordingly I took him across the river in my felucca to the foot of the steep and lengthy flight of steps leading from the water-edge to the hotel on the summit of the cliff. He skipped up them in front of me like a young kid, and when at last I joined him he was as fresh as when he started.

The Nile was falling rapidly, so I had to close my excavations and return to El-Kab. There I finished what remained of our work, and after a short exploratory tour in the north left the scene of our labours. During the successive seasons that we had been there, we and our very efficient coadjutors had excavated the place as no other ancient site had been excavated before or is likely to be excavated again. We had sunk shafts down to the virgin rock, we had turned over nearly every inch of soil and had probed alike field, desert and ruin. But the results were worth the labour. New light had been thrown on the beginnings of Egyptian history, archaeological problems had been solved, and what we now know about early Egyptian history is due in no small measure to the excavations at El-Kab. And by El-Kab, it must be remembered, its sister-city of Hierakonpolis on the opposite bank is also meant. El-Kab was the river-port of Hierakonpolis at the end of the trade-route from the Red Sea.

At Luxor I was met by Howard Carter, the Inspector of the Antiquities of Upper Egypt, who arranged with me for the publication of the important Aramaic papyri belonging to the early Jewish colony at Elephantinê which had been discovered a few months previously and bought by Lady William Cecil and Mr. Robert Mond. The purchasers had presented them to the Cairo Museum, and it was arranged that I should edit them, Mr. Mond generously offering to bear the expense of publication. On my arrival at Oxford I asked Dr. Cowley, now Bodley's Librarian, to help me in the work, which he consented to do.

On my way back to England I spent two or three days in Rome with my friend Bliss in his peaceful old-world rooms in the Via dei Delfini. Bliss had once been a librarian in the Bodleian, but had gone over to the Roman Church and consequently in those days was no longer able to hold a University office. For some years he had been employed by the British Government in searching the records of the Vatican for historical references to England. Unlike most converts, he belonged to the left or liberal wing of the Roman Church and hence was not in favour with the " Black " party. In fact, in a letter I received from him a few months before his death he confessed that " had the Thirty-nine Articles been interpreted as they are to-day I would never have deserted the Church of my fathers." We wandered about together among the unfrequented churches of Rome and had our meals in the restaurants of the Bohemian world. Walking in Rome was still possible and pleasant ; trams and motors had not yet invaded the narrow streets and made the air hideous with noise.

In July Ramsay came to me with the squeezes of Hittite hieroglyphic inscriptions which he had just discovered in the deserted highlands of Asia Minor north-east of Konia. A month later I was at Charlton, one of our College livings, near Oxford, where I was shown an interesting survival of pre-Reformation days. In the centre of the rood-loft above the Church Screen was a figure of faded flowers known to the villagers as " Our Lady." Once a year it is re-dressed and carried round the village (at that time by an old woman), alms being asked for " Our Lady " at every house. It so

happened that the previous spring I was driving along the Pyramid road at Cairo with Artin Pasha when we met a party of harvesters returning from the fields. Prominent among the sheaves of wheat was one adorned with ribbons which, we were told, was the *arûsa* or " bride," upon whose favour the prosperity of the harvest depended. The Egyptian " bride " was merely another form of the English " Our Lady " ; both alike go back to the days when the goddess of the harvest, the " Corn-spirit " as Sir James Frazer would entitle it, was worshipped.

CHAPTER XVII

EXCAVATING, AND SOME STORIES

THE British Association met at Cambridge before August was over. I was staying at Didlington Hall at the time, and helped Lord Amherst to entertain some of the members who came there on an excursion. We had an exciting morning in arranging for exhibition some of the most precious of his large collection of early printed books which he kept in a safe. The last two days of the meeting I was in Cambridge staying with the Master of Emmanuel College.

While waiting for the steamer at Marseilles in October I caught a cold which was not improved by my voyage in a draughty and overcrowded P. & O. steamer. Before going on board my dahabia I stayed at Church House and there the cold developed into a bronchial attack. Legrain read a paper before the Egyptian Institute describing the wonderful discovery he had made of a "cache" under the pavement of the temple of Karnak, which contained numberless stone statues in the best style of the New Empire art. I disturbed the lecturer somewhat by the cough which I vainly endeavoured to repress. It was my last appearance in public; a day or two later I was in bed in the delirium of fever with pneumonia in both lungs. My recovery was unexpected even by the doctor, who afterwards told me that none but himself could have saved me from a premature decease. I believe he was right, but he was assisted by the tough vitality I had inherited from my Glamorganshire ancestors, the fine, warm climate of Cairo, and above all the care and attention of my hosts. As soon as I could be moved I went on board the *Istar* and was towed by a steam-launch to a quiet spot some two hundred miles up the river

where I could be secure of sunshine and warmth, while a neighbouring Khedivial farm supplied me with butter and milk.

The Government had determined that a new barrage should be constructed at Esna, and as this would necessitate the flooding of the desert opposite that town it became desirable to excavate the cemeteries which existed there and were known as those of Ed-Dêr. The Department of Antiquities had asked me to undertake the work. I suggested that I might combine it with the examination of the cemeteries at the back of Esna, as I thought I could obtain the assistance of Professor Garstang who was now working at Hierakonpolis opposite El-Kab. Owing to my illness, however, I found that it would be impossible for me to do more than explore the graves at Ed-Dêr, leaving the cemeteries behind Esna to Garstang On my way down the Nile, accordingly, I took Garstang on board at El-Kab, and we proceeded to Esna together. There we were joined by Quibell, who was now one of the Inspectors of the Department of Antiquities and who stayed with us for a day or two. Garstang and I then mapped out the plan of his work, and he left me for his tents which had arrived by this time, while I ran a mile or two down the river and commenced my own excavations with the Government gang of workmen. I found there had been an extensive cemetery of the age of the XIIth Dynasty and a smaller one of the age of the XVIIIth Dynasty, but the tombs had been lamentably plundered by the natives. A good deal was left, however, that was historically interesting, and, what was especially important from the point of Egyptian history, I found that between the period of the XIIIth Dynasty and that of the XVIIIth there had been a Sudanese occupation of the country, marked by the peculiar pottery which the exploration of Nubia has since made familiar to us.

I reached Luxor at an exciting time. The discovery of the tomb of the parents of " the Heretic King " had just been made by Mr. Theodore M. Davis's workmen, and the ex-Empress Eugénie was expected there. I had no sooner reached my usual mooring-place opposite Luxor and within a few yards of Davis's boat than he came on board to tell me

that he had just received a message from the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings announcing the discovery of a sealed-up tomb. It was arranged, therefore, that we should ride to the spot early the following morning. In the course of the ride Davis told me some stories relating to the famous "Naturalist" Agassiz, who had been an intimate friend of his. One of them was to the effect that he had once said to the Professor, "Now, Professor Agassiz, you are one of the most eminent of biologists, and I know also that you are a devout Christian; have you ever considered why living creatures should have been created?" "Yes," replied Agassiz without a moment's hesitation, "it was to eat one another."

The tomb was indeed a surprise. Undisturbed tombs are rare in Egypt; but this tomb turned out to be not only undisturbed but historically interesting and full of treasure. A flight of steps cut in the rock led down to the entrance which was closed with slabs of stones and sealed with a royal seal. The dried-up clay used for the sealings and the stick with which it had been laid on the stone were still in the bowl that rested on a step on a level with the middle of the door. When we entered, the scene we saw was one that can never be forgotten. From floor to ceiling the tomb was filled with objects of all kinds—the broken gilded shroud, the inlaid cases in which soft muslin garments were kept, carved and gilded chairs, alabaster vases, and the like—all piled promiscuously one upon the other. Wherever we stepped we trod upon fragments of gold foil. In the light of our electric lamps the whole place seemed to blaze with gold. It was obvious that the first thing to be done was to remove the objects; guards were therefore summoned from the village, young Americans and Europeans undertook to keep watch with them at night, and eventually everything was removed to the Cairo Museum without loss or injury.

On our return to our boats in the evening we found that the ex-Empress had arrived and was moored between us. Naturally we saw a good deal of her and her companions during the week she passed at Luxor. But it was difficult for me to realise that she was "the beautiful Empress Eugénie," whose portrait I had so often seen in my childhood. She had grown strangely like her friend Queen Victoria, with

the same fleshy features and grey hair and the same air of aged respectability, and she dressed much in the same way with a mushroom hat and a very old drab cloak. But in spite of her age she was both mentally and physically as vigorous as ever, and young Comte de Fleury complained that she wore them all out by her insatiable desire to see everything. They were riding on their donkeys and sight-seeing from eight o'clock in the morning till sunset and afternoon tea, and then after dinner had to study their guide-books and compile a diary.

Early in April I left Cairo for the Archaeological Congress at Athens. It was many years since I had last been there, and when I first landed the Greek that I heard sounded in my ears like the twittering of birds. Two or three days later the language seemed suddenly to return to me; I suppose it had been lying buried in the memory under successive layers of later impressions. I found Mahaffy there and Theodore Reinachs, as well as Bourchier, the correspondent of the *Times*. Bourchier was always an enigma to me; he was exceedingly deaf, but nevertheless heard everything that was going on in the political world, and was the best correspondent the *Times* ever had in the Balkans. He was known to every one whom it was worth while to know, and was a great favourite with the natives. He and Mahaffy and myself had some pleasant outings together to Eleusis, Aegina and other places. Tricoupi and his sister were gone; but I dined with Bikelas, who died shortly afterwards. Of course I saw a good deal of Mrs. Schliemann, who was beginning to look "the old lady" but who was as charming as ever. She told me it seemed as though she had been asleep for twenty-one years and had now suddenly wakened again. Her daughter, whose husband had been a victim of the Turko-Greek war, was living with her, but her son was away from home at the moment. All the antiquities which once occupied the lower part of the house had been given to the Museum, one of the rooms being turned into a technical laboratory, in which "Agamemnon sometimes amused himself."

The Acropolis had been illuminated the night of our arrival, and a splendid sight it was. A performance of the

Antigonê of Sophokles was also given in the Stadion, and we had an opportunity of seeing what a Greek play was like when performed under the cloudless blue of an Athenian sky. A Greek play in these northern latitudes of ours is like a palm tree in a small hot-house. When the Congress was over I went to Krete with the two learned ladies—Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson. Our boat was a tiny Greek "coaster," which took us to Siphnos and Thera, and finally to Kanea. At Kanea we found a comfortable inn kept by an Englishwoman who had married a Kretan; then we made our way to Rethymno and from thence to Candia.

The provisional Museum at Candia, mere flimsy fabric of wood though it was, was already filled with the spoils of the palaces and tombs that had been excavated. Among them was the ivory figure of a diver which is one of the most exquisite works of art I have ever seen. The contents of the Museum revealed the secret of the seemingly sudden emergence of classical Greek art like Athena from the head of Zeus: it was nothing more than a Renaissance like the Italian Renaissance of the fourteenth century. The old artistic instincts and traditions of the pre-Hellenic population were lying as it were under the soil ready to burst forth again as soon as the conquering caste of northern barbarians had been absorbed by the conquered or weakened by intestine quarrels.

We spent many hours among the ruins of the great palace at Knossos, where Sir Arthur Evans has been a restorer as well as an excavator. Then we started on horseback across the mountains for Phaestos in the south of the island where the Italian archaeologist Halbherr was working. We descended the slopes of Yukta where in old days the Kretans pointed out the tomb of Zeus, and eventually reached Gortyna, the remains of whose famous laws are engraved on blocks of marble, most of which have been built into a mill-dam. From Gortyna we rode to the village of Vori where I stayed with Halbherr, while the ladies found quarters in a neighbouring farm.

Vori was midway between the splendid palace of Phaestos and the royal summer palace at Agia Triada, both of which had been brought to light by the Italian excavators.

Phaestos impressed me more than Knossos, as the general design of the latter is impaired by the labyrinth of chambers belonging to the building, nor does it possess the magnificent staircase which at Phaestos led to the arena of the bull-fighters. But both palaces are stately in the extreme, even in their present ruined condition, and the modernness of their bath-rooms, their lavatories and their drainage is very striking. So far as comfort and luxury are concerned we are only now returning to the life enjoyed by the Kretan princes three or four thousand years ago. The day before I left Vori I took a stroll outside the village along the bank of a stream, and enjoyed one of the most beautiful views I have ever seen. Flowering shrubs with scarlet bell-shaped blossoms dipped into the water; the bank where I was walking was aglow with variegated blossoms, while the bank on the opposite side of the stream was covered with moorland heather; to the north the snow-clad summit of Ida rose against a turquoise sky; to the south were the blue waters of the Mediterranean. I knew from past experiences how beautiful the coasts of Krete are when viewed from the sea; now I learned that the inland scenery was equally beautiful.

The Kretans just then could think of little else except "enotês," "union" with Greece. While we were at Candia the Greek flag was raised on the town hall and a large crowd of men and boys assembled in the square below to gaze at it. I asked one of the two or three British soldiers who were keeping order what was the cause of it all. "I don't know," he said, "but they seem to me to be wanting to see if their flag's a new one." The peasantry in the eastern part of the island all appeared to be well-to-do; they were well dressed and well fed, and their cottages were neat and clean—in striking contrast to those of the Greek mainland. They were usually of more than one story high, and were surrounded by well-kept gardens. Those which we occupied for the night invariably had flowers in vases in the rooms, and there was generally a shelf of books.

Sir Arthur Evans gave us a dinner in his Candian house the evening before we left the island. The two ladies proceeded to Patmos, and I returned to Athens. There I took ship for Constantinople. On board were two Catholic

Armenian priests, who had been educated at the Propaganda in Rome. They took it for granted that I could talk Latin, and fortunately the "new" pronunciation was that which my lectures on Comparative Philology had compelled me to adopt. So we got along very well together, and I learned that *utique* was the Propaganda representative of "yes."

At Constantinople I found Dr. and Mrs. Pinches. Pinches and I spent most of our time in the Museum copying inscriptions, or else in the bazaars bargaining for antikas. Hamdi Bey, the Founder and Director of the Museum, had recently fitted up a Hittite hall, in which the Hittite monuments from Syria and Asia Minor had been arranged; we had already been in correspondence on the subject and he was naturally proud of it. Hamdi was of Greek origin, a very fair painter and an able man, and archaeology owes much to him. He was very outspoken on political subjects, but whatever he might say Abdul Hamid never ventured to do more than confine him for a time to his house or the Museum, as he found him too useful to him in his diplomatic intercourse with the European powers. I once asked Hamdi how he had managed to get the money from the Sultan for the Museum and its contents as well as for the excavations carried on at its expense. He told me his plan was simple enough. When a foreign ambassador or prince came to Constantinople it was necessary to prevent him from asking awkward questions, and some means had to be discovered for turning him from the dangerous subject of politics. For this purpose archaeology was invaluable. It always provided an inexhaustible topic of conversation; it proved that the Sultan was a cultivated man fully awake to the latest requirements of European civilisation, and that the public, or rather Sultanic, money was being spent in the most laudable of ways. The Museum and Hamdi were alike indispensable. If the Bey wanted money for building an addition to the Museum, fitting up a room in it, or sending out an excavating expedition, he had only to wait for the arrival of a new ambassador or the visit of a foreign prince. I was very anxious that Boghaz Keui, the Hittite capital, should be excavated. The ruins were extensive, and the French excavator, Chantre, had discovered fragments of

cuneiform tablets there, so that I felt convinced that a library of them existed on the site. I had already spoken on the subject to Professor Garstang and we hoped that the Committee of the Archaeological Institute at Liverpool would provide funds for excavation. When I left Constantinople, therefore, it was with high hopes of success.

Unfortunately the Germans were on the same track, and they had managed to interest the Emperor in the project. The German ambassador was now all-powerful in Constantinople; the English ambassador cared for none of these things. The German Emperor promised the money required for beginning the work, which Hamdi calculated at £3000. I received letter after letter from him urging me to get my Liverpool friends to guarantee the necessary sum and telling me that he could not hold out much longer against the German pressure. But the guarantee was postponed until it was too late and the concession for excavating at Boghaz Keui was given to Berlin. Archaeologically it was unfortunate. Apart from the fact that the examination and publication of the tablets were deferred for years owing to the illness of the excavator, the Assyriologist Winckler, there was no archaeologist attached to the expedition, only a philologist and an architect. Had it not been for the accidental visit of Garstang to the place while the excavations were going on we should never have known even the little we do about its archaeological history. Even the sequence of its pottery is uncertain.

From Constantinople I went to Sofia and Belgrade, and in Paris I saw Liebreich. In October I returned to Egypt, spending a few days on my road at Rome where Bliss had just found a habitation for the newly founded British school. I reached Luxor a few days before Christmas; a strong north wind was blowing and it was very cold; during the three weeks that I passed there the temperature was below 60 degrees. And that means much in Egypt. Somers Clarke had now sold his dahabia and built himself a winter residence some three or four miles south of El-Kab. There I stopped for a night and then moored at Gebel el-Silsila.

The Government had decided to procure the stone needed for the new barrage at Esna from the sandstone quarries at

Silsilis. But the whole of the Silsilis region was full of the memorials of the past in the shape of rock-cut temples, tombs and, above all, rock-inscriptions, and had never been fully explored. The Antiquities Department had given its consent to the Government proposal on the condition that the stone should be taken from such parts of the district as contained no archaeological remains, epigraphic or otherwise, and I was asked to examine both sides of the river and write a report. The examination necessitated a certain amount of excavation, in the course of which I discovered the foundations of a small XVIIIth Dynasty temple. It also brought to light a large number of inscriptions in various scripts and languages, one of them being the first Lydian inscription that had come to our knowledge. It was in the course of my work that I came across the boulder with the outline drawings of palaeolithic man of which I have already given an account. Hardly had the work been finished when heavy rain fell which continued for two days. Apart from thunderstorms, upon two other occasions only have I experienced rain in Upper Egypt. At Luxor I assisted at laying the foundation stone of the Winter Palace.

In Oxford the following spring (1906) I met Professor Pumpelly fresh from his excavations at Anau in northern Persia. I was destined to see a good deal of him later on, and a very interesting personality he proved to be. In his younger years he had been employed by the Japanese Government in a geological survey of the country at a time when Japan had but just been opened to the outside world, and the revolution which was to abolish the Shogunate and restore the Emperor to his power, had not as yet taken place. In spite of his years Pumpelly was still strong and active, fresh-looking and vigorous, and it was difficult to believe that he had been one of the pioneers in the creation of the new Japan.

On my way north I spent a few days with Garstang at Liverpool, and then with Witton Davies at Bangor where I had promised to give an address to the students of the University College of North Wales. Then I went to Mrs. Miller-Morison's home at Hetland near Ruthwell, famous for its cross. One of her neighbours was Dr. Gillespie, who had

been the Moderator of the Church of Scotland three years previously. He told us how as Moderator he was passing the night at Balmoral after having preached before King Edward VII. As he was renowned as a story-teller he was asked by the King if he had any new story to relate. Thereupon he described a speech he had made a short time before in which he had been called on to pay a compliment to the manufacturer of Glen Livet whisky. So he had said that though he had "never been in Glen Livet, Glen Livet had often been in him." For this he was severely taken to task in the papers by an English Presbyterian, who, however, made him say that though he had "never been in whisky, whisky had often been in him!" Captain Walsh, the Commander of the royal yacht, which on one occasion had run down a private yacht, was also at Balmoral, as well as other guests, including the editor of *Good Words*. The latter expressed a wish to the King that he could get from the Captain for his paper an article, preferably of an autobiographical nature. Soon afterwards the King took the opportunity of saying to the Captain, "The Doctor wants you to write your autobiography for him, but I am afraid it won't be in Good Words. You had better write it on collisions." Then dinner was announced and the Captain, who was unwell that day, refused dish after dish. At last the King said to him, "What's the matter with you? You ate no breakfast or lunch, and now you are eating no dinner!" "May it please your Majesty," replied Walsh, "I have been feeding on chaff."

Professor George Ramsay, who was fond of discoursing on athletics, was one morning describing in his lecture the feats of a certain ancient Roman who, he declared, "used to swim across the Tiber three times every morning before breakfast," when he noticed that one of the students, not distinguished for brilliancy, was laughing. "What are you laughing at, sir?" he exclaimed. "I was just wondering," was the reply, "how he contreeved to get home wi'out his claes."

Another of Gillespie's stories was to the effect that an Episcopal friend of his had noticed a Presbyterian neighbour going into the Episcopal church, and after turning over and

over the pages of a Prayer-book, suddenly leave the building. Next day, meeting his neighbour, he asked him what had caused him to leave the church so abruptly. "Your church doesn't suit me," he answered. "I opened the Prayer-book and found 'Collect,' and though I turned the pages over it was always the same thing—colléct, colléct, colléct!"

In the latter part of September, in sunny autumn weather, the University of Aberdeen celebrated its quatercentenary. It had done me the honour of offering me an honorary degree among a galaxy of distinguished people of various nationalities, and during the week of celebration I stayed with Mr. Gammell at Countesswells. Artin Pasha, who had been visiting me, was one of the honorary graduates; so also was Dr. Poste of Beyrout, who had saved me from a life of lameness so many years before. King Edward and Queen Alexandra graced the meeting with their attendance, and the King was unsparing of his lion-like roar.

Two or three weeks later the new Carnegie University buildings were opened at Edinburgh. Carnegie, of course, was present, and Mr. Arthur Balfour (as he then was) was in the chair. Carnegie talked much and pompously about the superiority of "science" (of which he knew little) to the useless learning of the past and referred to his own efforts on behalf of it. Balfour was then called upon to speak. At first he spoke hesitatingly and with difficulty; but compliments and platitudes being finished, he slipped quietly into a dialectic dissection of Carnegie's speech. I have never listened to anything so merciless. One by one the confident assertions of the semi-educated charlatan were torn to shreds. It was all very amusing, except to the victim.

I was delayed in Edinburgh longer than usual by the Rhind lectures on archaeology which I had been asked to give. I chose as my subject "The Archaeology of the Assyrian Inscriptions," a side of Assyriology which had as yet secured but scant attention. When they were finished I started for Oxford, and after lecturing there made my way to Paris and finally to Venice. Venice was wrapt in an icy fog which lasted all the four days I was there, so I fled to Trieste and from thence took ship to Alexandria. Even there it was raining heavily. Cairo, however, made amends for

the discomforts of the European climate. It was not yet December, and winter in Cairo does not begin until the middle of that month.

The discovery of the Aramaic papyri in Elephantinê and their revelation of the existence of a Jewish colony and temple there in the age of Ezra and Nehemiah had moved the Germans to send out an excavating expedition which had resulted in the discovery of more papyri as well as "ostraca." It was now the turn of the French, and Professor Clermont-Ganneau had come to excavate there on behalf of the French Government. But the Germans had not only carried away most of the spoils, they had so "devastated" the site in their search for plunder that a scientific examination of it was difficult. The Professor was living in a small shanty at the extreme south-western point of the island, where he was exposed to all the dust that the north wind was continually blowing towards him, and he was therefore glad to take advantage of the shelter of my boat and the luncheons or teas of my *chef*.

At Luxor Mrs. Butcher came to me. Dean Butcher had died during the winter and she was glad to get away from Cairo for a time. Accordingly I took her as far as Assiût, where I found myself obliged to remain for two or three weeks. There had been a mutiny among my sailors, the first trouble I had had with them since the commencement of my voyaging on the river. My old captain had died a year or two previously, and his successors were each of them worse than the last. The mutiny had been provoked by the captain, and though it was necessary to dismiss the ring-leaders, it was still more necessary to get rid of the cause of it. That meant detaining the dahabia at Assiût all the summer, so I made arrangements to leave Mustafa in charge while I myself returned to Cairo by train. Dr. Alexander, the very efficient Head of the American College in Assiût, undertook to look after the boat from time to time.

Dr. Alexander was an old acquaintance of mine, and it is due to him that Greek scholars now possess the *Politeia* of Aristotle and the *Mimes* of Herondas, one of the most modern and delightful books that have come down to us from antiquity. In the early days of my dahabia life I was

stopping at Assiût as usual, on my way down the Nile, and also, as usual, immediately after mooring at the bank, walked to the College and asked Alexander if he had heard of any antiquities having been discovered or offered for sale in his neighbourhood during the previous winter. "No," he answered, "except that the other day a man came to me with a Greek Papyrus which he and a colleague had found in a tomb at Mêr (some 30 miles from Assiût), "but as he wanted a large price for it and I do not profess to be a Greek scholar, I could not venture to buy it." "Was it written in capitals or in cursive?" I asked. "In capitals," was the reply. "Then," I said, "it will have been a literary work, and I must get it if the man can be found again." Dr. Alexander's servant was therefore despatched to see if he could find him, and fortunately he was just in time. After leaving the American College the man had gone to the two antika-dealers who had shops in Assiût, but the fact that any papyri except hieroglyphic or Coptic could be valuable had not as yet penetrated to them, and they refused to give the sum demanded. In fear of being discovered and punished for illicit digging, the *fellah* was now on his way to the river to throw into it the incriminating roll of papyri of which he otherwise could not get rid, and there he was caught by Alexander's servant and brought back to the College. A hasty glance at the roll showed that it was well worth the sum the man had asked, and accordingly I made myself responsible for it, and the roll was sent to the British Museum. It turned out to contain not only the *Politeia* and the *Mimes*, but the works of other Greek authors as well. During the two or three days preceding my arrival the man had been riding on his donkey through the Assiût bazaars with the roll in the pocket of his *galabîya*; the consequence was that a corner of it had been, as the Americans expressed it, "mushed up." I cleared out the pocket, and carried the fragments to London where I handed them over to Sir Edward Maunde Thompson. The papyri had been found in a tomb which contained the mummies of a man and his wife. Along with them the *fellah* had brought some inscribed strips of the shroud as well as a label that had been placed on the man's breast. The inscription was in gilded

Greek letters on a red ground and recorded the name of Sarapous, the son of Serapion, who died " childless " in the 14th year of Augustus. The label and inscribed strips remained at Assiût.[1]

It was not the only occasion on which I was concerned with the identification and purchase of a Greek author. One spring (1896) when I was moored at the Gezîra I had a visit from Fraser who was at that time employed in the cadastral survey of the Delta, and who had a keen scent for antiquities. He had come to Cairo for the day and was taking advantage of it to see Ali Farag, an antika-dealer at Giza. As I was in part responsible for the law for the prevention of illicit excavations I could not go myself to Ali Farag, so I asked Fraser to let me know if he had anything in the Greek line. Fraser lunched with me and then started for Giza. I had to go to Lord Cromer on official business ; when I returned I found that Fraser had called and departed, after leaving a note to say that the dealer had a Greek papyrus from Eshmunên, of which he had copied a single line. In this line occurred a word the only existing authority for which was a fragment of Bakkhylides. So I drove off to the Turf Club where I thought I might find my friend. As he was not there I left a note stating that the papyrus must contain a lost poem of Bakkhylides and that I wished to buy it for the Bodleian Library. Fraser received the note and immediately afterwards fell across Sir Wallis Budge who had just come down the Nile from Luxor, where he had been making purchases for the British Museum. Fraser informed Budge of what I had written, and the poems of Bakkhylides were lost to the Bodleian.

Mrs. Sheldon Amos was at Cairo and we travelled back together. She was a sister of Sir Percy Bunting, the editor of the *Contemporary Review*, and the daughter of an eminent Wesleyan minister, whose abilities and powers of oratory she inherited. She was a strong Liberal in politics, and naturally

[1] The faces of the husband and wife were painted on the mummy-cases, that of the wife being in white ; gold ear-rings were attached to it while a garland of flowers was depicted on the head. Above the label on the breast was the figure of Anubis supporting an orb of gold and clad in a leopard's skin, and a terra-cotta figure of Harpocrates with his finger in the mouth was laid by the side of the mummy.

an advocate of female suffrage. I remember her asking me one day if I had learned from the papers how her " unruly member " had been running away with her. When I said " No," she told me that at a recent meeting of the Women's Liberal League there had been a discussion about the spread of card-playing and gambling among the young shopwomen and the class to which they belonged. In the course of it Mrs. Sheldon Amos stated that she could speak impartially on the subject as she had never played cards in her life and " did not know that there was any difference between a king and a knave."

On the same occasion she told me that at a recent school examination in which she had taken part a boy had returned the following answer to the question, " What do you know about the history of the creeds ? " " The Apostles met and wrote down a creed, but nobody believed it. Then came St. Nicaeus and he also wrote down a creed. But nobody believed that. Then came St. Athanasius and wrote a creed and said, ' You'll be damned if you don't believe it.' So after that no one has written a creed."

She had many stories to tell about the Wesleyan ministers when they went on " circuit " once a year. On these occasions the chairman was called the " Super," and was changed from year to year. One of the " Supers " had a pet jackdaw which was found one morning to have been killed and partially eaten by the cat who always accompanied the ministers on the circuit. The owner of the bird brought the matter before the meeting, and finished his remarks by saying,

> Can you tell me what is the Methodist law
> When the circuit cat eats the Super's jackdaw ?

To which one of the ministers immediately replied,

> There's a very easy answer to that:
> The Super must eat the circuit cat.

The Oxford Pageant took place this summer (June 1907). Unfortunately the weather was wet and cold, and only cleared up in time for the Encaenia and the conferring of Honorary Degrees. This year the ceremony was of an exceptional nature, as there was a new Chancellor, Lord

Curzon, and in accordance with custom, he had drawn up a long list of British and foreign notabilities upon whom the honour should be conferred. My own name was in the list. One of my colleagues was Rudyard Kipling whom I met for the first time ; another was " General " Booth of the Salvation Army. He told me that he had never allowed illness or anything else to interfere with any of his plans, and as he was one of those wiry-looking men, with no superfluous flesh but abundance of vitality, who successfully resist all the poisonous " germs " of modern medical science, I could easily believe him. He spoke too confidently, however. Two or three years later his eyes gave way while he was motoring in Japan ; he became first of all an invalid and then died.

Another of the honorary graduates was Clemens, better known as " Mark Twain," to whom I was asked to act as guide to the chief sights of Oxford. He was already a " sick man," as the Americans say, and the speech he made in the evening after the dinner at Christ Church was not worthy of the occasion. But there was a pathetic ring in it, and it testified to the deep impression Oxford had made upon him. He told me it was the happiest day he had ever spent in his life.

The ever-hospitable house of Artin Pasha was now, since Dean Butcher's death, my home in Cairo. His library was a great boon to me, and his house was the meeting-place not only of native princes and pashas but of all the distinguished European and American visitors who came to Egypt. Naturally the Armenians were especially in evidence. In my earlier days at Cairo a small group of eminent Egyptian Armenians lived side by side about midway between Shepheard's Hotel and the Railway Station. Opposite the Artins was Tigrane Pasha, who claimed descent from the kings of Armenia and was at one time Prime Minister. Next to him was Nubar Pasha, who from many points of view might be regarded as the creator of modern Egypt. He was the first Christian who had held high office for many generations, and it was to him that the Mixed Tribunals owed their existence. His son, Boghos Pasha, cared little for politics, but was fond of agricultural pursuits, and had much to

do with the development of agricultural prosperity in the country. The garden-city of Heliopolis was in great measure his creation, and the palace-like house which he built there was a delightful place in which to spend a warm day.

Common interests caused the Copts to forgather with the Armenians. One of the ablest of them was Boutros Pasha, who fell a sacrifice to what he believed to be his duty to his country. He accepted office as Prime Minister, knowing that it meant assassination on the part of the fanatical Mohammedan party, but under the belief that in no other way was it possible to avoid a conflict between Lord Cromer and the Khedive, which would have meant the departure of either one or the other. I remember that once when I was lunching with him he told me that he owed everything to the American schools. They had taught him English, and consequently when the British occupation took place he was one of the few officials who could make themselves useful to the new rulers of the country. He added that since the death of Dr. Lansing, who had practically founded them, the schools had retrograded, and the education which, thanks to Artin Pasha, was now given in the Government schools was in every respect superior to that given by the American missionaries. This was a good many years ago, and I doubt if the same could be said to-day.

A day or two previous to this conversation I had been lunching with the Princess Nezli, a grand-daughter of Mohammed Ali, a fact which she took care to let one know, and whose character resembled her own. She was talented, and an early representative of the new Turkish woman. At that particular lunch there were some dozen gentlemen, the Princess being the only lady present. Nevertheless, neither she nor the female "slaves," as she still called them, who waited on us, wore veils. My next neighbour at the table, who was a Professor from the Azhar mosque, professed not to be shocked. But the Princess was a grand-daughter of Mohammed Ali, rich and unmarried, and the lunch was a good one. Moreover, it was Egypt; she was forbidden to visit Constantinople by Abdul Hamid, who had no fancy for radicalism. Several years later she proposed to come to afternoon tea with me; unfortunately I was moored at the

time in the middle of the river opposite the Agency, and as it would have been necessary to come on board in my felucca, and I was afraid that "the unveiled Princess" might be insulted by my sailors, I was obliged to find an excuse for putting her off.

The winter of 1907–1908 was my last winter in my floating home. Life on the Nile had ceased to be the ideal existence it once was. Modern conditions had made the sailing dahabia an impossibility. For some years I had been obliged to use a steam-launch, and therewith most of the charm of life on the Nile had disappeared. Instead of sailing beside the banks and watching the ever-changing scenes on the shore it was now necessary to remain always in the middle of the stream and to substitute the smoke of the steamer for the sights and scents of the fields. The excitement of watching the winds and the evolutions of the sailors was gone; even the great sail was folded up. The race of dahabia sailors was becoming extinct; they found it more profitable to serve on board the steamers, where wages were higher and work less. Moreover, the quietude of Upper Egypt was also gone. The population had multiplied and the waste-places of the desert were waste-places no more. The railway was now running to Assuan, the river was full of steam-craft, and it was difficult to escape from the postman or telegraph boy. Prices had risen accordingly: where I had bought twenty fresh eggs for a piastre (2½d.) or a turkey for fourteen piastres, I now had to give ten or fifteen piastres for the one and sixty or eighty piastres for the other. In my earlier voyages the sheep with which I presented my men at Girga cost a dollar or four shillings, in 1907 I had to pay 137 piastres for an inferior animal.

It had, too, become increasingly difficult to obtain satisfactory captains. It was the same with the crew; had it not been that some of my old men still survived it would have been difficult to work the boat. When, therefore, Mr. Villiers Stuart offered to buy the boat I agreed to let him have it.

Clermont-Ganneau was again at Elephantinê, where he had discovered a cemetery of the sacred rams, including the last, the mummification of which was interrupted by

triumphant Christianity. Some of the rams in their resplendent gilded wrappings are now in the Louvre.

Lord Cromer had been succeeded at Cairo by Sir Eldon Gorst, who was extremely unpopular with the British community. Gorst was keenly clever; he was also by nature and indulgence inclined to be cynical, and the general opinion about him was voiced by Sir John Rogers, the Head of the Sanitation Department, that his cleverness was "dry light, divorced from morality." In the days when he was one of Lord Cromer's attachés I was one of the few who had a liking for him and ventured to speak in his favour, and I confess it was a disappointment to me that when he succeeded Lord Cromer one of his first acts was one of political cynicism. He had been sent to Cairo by the Radical Government to "hobnob" with the Khedive and allow Egypt to be run "by the Egyptians"; that is to say, by Abbas and his entourage. Accordingly he summoned a private meeting of the higher British officials and informed them that they must henceforth be content to hand over all initiative to the natives. "This is not my policy, gentlemen," he added, "but it is the policy of the British Government and therefore must be obeyed." Lord Cromer or Lord Kitchener in his place would have resigned. Some time later he told me that he was "giving a long enough rope to the Egyptians to hang themselves with." I was much inclined to add "And yourself at the same time." The policy naturally ended in disaster. But I learned afterwards that there was much excuse to be made for him. The Gorst who was Cromer's successor was not the Gorst who had been Cromer's attaché. The terrible disease which killed him so shortly afterwards was already commencing. The spine, and therewith the brain, unknown to himself, were already beginning to suffer and his intellectual faculties were already tainted.

On the 27th of April I finally left the dahabia, which had been such an ideal home to me for so many years. The larger and more valuable antiquities which had accumulated in it I gave to the Cairo Museum, the rest, along with part of my library, I sent to Scotland. It was with somewhat of a heavy heart that I quitted the boat. The last of my books was written in it.

CHAPTER XVIII

EXPLORING THE SUDAN

AFTER spending a few days with Salib Claudius Pasha in Alexandria, where I met the Coptic Archbishop of Alexandria, one of the ablest of ecclesiastical politicians, we took sail together to Europe. It was a luxurious voyage in the huge pleasure-boat *Heliopolis*, which had been built for the tourist traffic, and at this time of the year was less than half full. It had a magnificent library, and as there was tier upon tier of deck and no provision for cargo it was really unfitted for voyaging except upon a calm sea. When the war came it fell upon evil days; its decks and gorgeous apartments were destroyed and it became a Canadian tramp-steamer.

This year (1908) I was President of the Cambrian Archaeological Society, which met at Monmouth and visited the scenes of my childhood. Lord Tredegar received us at Caerwent and showed us all that he had been finding there in his recent excavations. Then I went to Llanvihangel Court, and from thence to Mahaffy at Dublin, where the British Association was once again meeting. I returned to Edinburgh in time to receive Artin Pasha. It was on this occasion that I heard Lord Rosebery say that he never rose to make a speech without a nervous feeling that he was going to break down, and that once he actually did so. Every word in the English dictionary seemed to vanish from his memory and he had to sit down.

Artin and myself had arranged to visit the Sudan the following winter.[1] Sir Reginald Wingate was now the

[1] A detailed account of our journey is given in *England in the Sudan*, by Yacoub Pasha Artin, English translation by George Robb, 1911.

Governor-General, and he had been good enough to offer us the hospitality of the palace at Khartûm and the use of his steamer on the Blue Nile. We left Cairo on the 9th of November and were welcomed at Khartûm five days later. After a very enjoyable week there we started in the steamer for Roseires on the Abyssinian frontier, the farthermost point at which the river is navigable. At Rufa'a we inspected the native school and were taught by the Shêkh to make coffee in the ancient Arab style.

After spending a day at Wad Medâni with the governor, Dickinson Bey, and hearing details of the recent defeat and capture of certain fanatics who had murdered Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff's son shortly before, we steamed on to the mouth of the Dinder. On the opposite bank at Abu Haddad the Irrigation officers had just found an early Christian cemetery with a good deal of pottery in the graves. Then we came to Sennâr, where a survey was being made for the railway to Kordofan, which has since been constructed.

After leaving Sennâr we found ourselves in the region of the forests. The banks became steeper, and the primaeval jungle came down to the water's edge. The air was filled with humming-birds and parroquets of brilliant colours, which had taken the place of the cardinal birds with their scarlet breasts in the lower reach of the Blue Nile ; large apes peered at us through the trees, and blue monkeys ran races with our boat. The river was full of crocodiles and hippopotami. The latter gambolled in front of us after their morning bath, father, mother and children playing games with each other like so many porpoises in the water. Captain Hearn, who was accompanying us part of the way, was continually firing at the crocodiles but succeeded in killing only one outright. It was brought on board and skinned, not altogether to the advantage of our sense of smell.

As the lions were numerous, we moored at night sufficiently far from the bank to be out of their reach. They had to content themselves with roaring, much to the discomfort of our Sudanese servants from Khartûm. One morning they came to us and asked to be sent back to their homes as they were terrified by the roaring and were afraid of being eaten. The forests were full, too, of wild elephants. One night I

was awakened by the loudest noise I have ever heard or expect to hear in this world. A herd of about thirty elephants had come to the river to drink. There in the moonlight they had seen the steamer and, startled by the strange apparition, had all begun to trumpet together. It was too hot to sleep in our cabins, and we were therefore sleeping on the upper deck, so that there was nothing to break the noise.

Roseires is very picturesque. The Abyssinian mountains, which reminded me of the Tyrol, rise up behind it, and the Blue Nile runs through gorges, sparkling over rocks in one place and dashing down like a cascade in another. The valleys are thickly wooded ; prominent amongst the trees is the baobab—*tebeldi*, as the natives call it—with its masses of foliage and huge trunk. This in time becomes hollowed out by the decay of the inner fibre, and so forms a convenient sort of tank in which the rain-water is stored. The fruit is something like a cocoa-nut in appearance and its interior takes the place of the castor-oil of the White Nile. We heard a good deal about it from Mr. Wood, the Inspector of Forests, who dined with us one evening when we were moored below his lonely bungalow, where he lived in the midst of the trees, some forty miles from Roseires. He told us that the Sudanese ebony does not grow north of the region of the Blue Nile, like the guinea-fowl, whose northern limit is in the same region ; the fact has an archaeological bearing, since the guinea-fowl is depicted on the prehistoric slates of Egypt, and ebony was already employed in the manufacture of furniture in the time of the Ist Dynasty.

Roseires boasted a school. It was kept by a semi-paralysed teacher, who had five or six half-naked pupils. Teacher and pupils were alike black, the Arabs in this part of the country having mixed with the negroes to such an extent as to acquire their colour, though not usually their features. The chief negro tribe is that of the Buruns, whose weapons I had been asked to get for the Royal Scottish Museum. Not long before our visit the Governor-General and Lady Wingate had been at Roseires, and the Buruns and their king came to pay him their respects. Clothes had been provided for them and they had been instructed how to wear them. So they did, for a few hours, but as soon as the

Governor-General's back was turned they took them off, carefully folded them up, placed them on the ground in front of the Mudir's house and went off as clothes-less as they came.

On our way back to Khartûm we shipped at Senga another fellow-passenger This was a particular species of hyaena, and a very savage one, which the Mudir, Nickerson Bey, was sending to Khartûm. He had established a "zoo" of his own at Senga, and kept a pet porcupine. On our arrival at Khartûm we found the two Battenberg princes staying at the palace, and Khartûm itself gayer even than when we were there before. After passing a few days there we started on our journey up the White Nile. Our companion was Lord Winterton, who was on his way to Renk to shoot big game.

The voyage up the White Nile was a contrast to that up the Blue Nile. In place of picturesque scenery, of mountains and forests, there were dull, barren flats, sluggish water and a continuous monotony. We arrived too late at Renk for the entertainment which had been prepared for us there. A body of Dinka negroes had been collected to perform their war-dance in honour of our arrival. But, alas, it was long after nightfall before the belated steamer reached the place, and the Dinkas had had to be sent home after eating the ox and drinking the beer that had been provided for them.

The upper part of the White Nile region is inhabited by the Dinka and Shilluk negroes. They are both of extraordinary height and of very primitive habits; but whereas the Shilluks are a well-built race, with a considerable amount of intelligence, a settled social organisation and historical traditions, the Dinkas are of feebler physique, democratically governed and of a low intellectual type. They are probably the last relics, or rather refuse, of the tribes who were driven northwards by Bantu invaders. In contrast to the Mohammedan Arabs the Shilluks are monogamist, and they have a good reputation for courage, honesty and loyalty.

At Kodok, better known by its old name of Fashoda, which was changed out of regard for French susceptibilities, we were met by the Mudir, Matthews Bey. He had arranged for us a review of the Shilluks, some five hundred of whom, with their Mek or king, met us outside the town. They were

divided into regiments, each representing a separate village with its own flag. They were armed with long spears, with which they struck their shields by way of welcome. Otherwise their only clothing consisted of bracelets, amulets and a leopard's skin. Presently the manœuvres began and they came charging upon us in columns of eight, shouting loudly and pointing their spears. It was quite an exciting moment; many of the men were dancing and gesticulating wildly, the points of their spears seemed ready to pierce us, and their great stature made us feel like grasshoppers beside them. When the review was finished we went to dinner with the governor.

The next day my companion was far from well. A day or two previously we had spent an afternoon in wandering through the cotton plantation of an Armenian, who, with the commercial enterprise of his nation, had started cotton-growing in the Sudan, and unfortunately the Pasha had neglected to wear his solar helmet. By the time we reached the mouth of the Sobat he was so unwell that we went up the river to the American missionary station at Duleib Hill, a mere molehill, it is true, but the only rising ground in that part of the world. There we knew we should find a doctor. We received a warm welcome from the missionaries, and Dr. Lambie prescribed for the Pasha. He considered, however, that it was not safe for him to travel without medical care, and proposed that he should remain at Duleib Hill. But, as we learned that Lambie had never seen the region of the sudd and had a great desire to do so, we offered him a berth in the steamer and suggested that he had better come with us. This was agreed to by his colleagues, and we became once more a party of three.

We entered the sudd soon after leaving the Sobat. It is indeed a strange region. For about 500 miles from east to west and 200 miles from north to south the Nile is little more than a shallow semi-stagnant lake. The surface is covered with papyri, which rise to the height of forest trees, interspersed with tall grass and ambach bushes with yellow flowers. It is a land of desolation, though the water swarms with crocodiles and hippopotami, the air is thick with mosquitoes and flies, and a rhinoceros occasionally comes to the

lanes of water to drink. These water-lanes are numerous and continually shifting, but none of them forms a continuous channel. This has to be created by cutting the sudd ; the steamers are consequently all provided with machinery for the purpose, since the vegetation grows very rapidly. We were three days in passing through it, a part of the time being occupied in cutting our way. The only human inhabitants of the region are the Dinkas, who use boats made of papyrus for their fishing.

The Hebrew prophet Isaiah (xviii. 1, 2) has given a very life-like picture of the region. " Ho to the land of resounding wings," he says, according to the literal translation of the text, " which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia ! That sends ambassadors (?) on the Nile and in vessels of papyrus on the face of the waters. Go, ye swift messengers, to a nation tall and hairless, to a people savage and primaeval ; a nation enslaved and down-trodden, whose land the water-lanes divide." It is indeed a " land of resounding wings " ; day and night the air is filled with the hum of them, while its negro inhabitants are fitly described as " tall and hairless," the prey of the northern slave-driver. The Jews must have already penetrated beyond the three Ethiopian rivers—Atbara, Blue Nile and Sobat—as in fact is clear from Zephaniah iii. 10.

Lado was still Belgian, and it was amusing to watch a regiment of Pygmies which had been formed by the Belgians and dressed in Belgian military costume. The little men strutted about with rifles taller than themselves, looking as if the whole place belonged to them. After leaving Lado we entered Uganda, and enjoyed the hospitality of Major Owen, the governor of Gondokoro.

Artin's health was unfortunately not sufficiently re-established to allow us to continue our journey to Lake Victoria Nyanza, and I had to content myself with a trip which enabled me to see in the far distance the hills that overhang Lake Albert Nyanza. On our way down through the sudd we met with an untoward accident. We were towing a barge full of the black soldiers, and after breakfast one morning their black officer was talking to the Pasha on the deck of the steamer. Suddenly a sportive hippopotamus

rose from under the boat and carried away the steering gear. The shock caused the barge to collide with the steamer, and as that occasioned a little disturbance among its occupants the officer stepped off the steamer to quiet them ; as he did so the two vessels parted company ; he fell into the water and was immediately eaten by a crocodile. For the next two or three nights his wife and two small children, who occupied the cabin under mine, wailed all night long.

Our own plight was undesirable, as until some fresh steering-gear could be improvised we were detained in one of the most malarious regions of the world. We moored against one of the floating islands of papyrus, and before long the air became as thick with malaria-bringing insects as almost to obscure the sun. I learned afterwards at the laboratory of Gordon College that among the various species of mosquito frequenting the sudd there was more than one that was malarious ; there was also the little tsetse-fly, the bringer of sleeping-sickness, as well as the beautiful cantharides fly, with its iridescent colours, which raises a blister wherever it touches the skin. Water-snakes, moreover, said to be venomous, insisted upon climbing into the boat, while the heat in a land where the only wind that blows comes from the south was naturally considerable. The result was that nearly all my companions, both European and Egyptian, were down with fever before we were able to leave our mooring-place six days after the accident. The doctor's fever did not declare itself until after his return to Duleib Hill ; when I saw him again in Cairo, three months later, he was the shadow of his former self, and he told me that he had never expected to survive. At the moment, however, the worst sufferer on board was the Pasha, already weakened by his previous indisposition.

I was rejoiced, therefore, when we reached Khartûm again after a somewhat tempestuous voyage owing to violent north winds and dust-storms. From thence the Pasha returned to Cairo as quickly as he could, and there took to his bed. Thanks to quinine, my own malarial attack had been slight, and I remained in the Sudan in order to examine its archaeological remains in accordance with the wish of the Governor-General. A saloon-carriage was placed at my

disposition on the railway and, what was even more of a boon, Sir Reginald lent me his own dromedary.

I started from Khartûm with Bishop Gwynne, and Drummond, the Mathematical Professor, who was in charge of such antiquities as were stored in the Gordon College waiting for the day, which has not yet arrived, when a Museum could be built at Khartûm. We visited the temples and tombs of Naga, where there is a vast cemetery of the Meroitic period, as well as the strange and interesting temple at Mesawwarat es-Soffra, with its mixture of late Roman and late Egyptian art. The ruins were discovered by the French archaeologist Cailliaud, who accompanied the Egyptian army at the time of Mohammed Ali's conquest of the Sudan in 1821 ; in those days the place was infested by lions, and Cailliaud had great difficulty in persuading any of the natives to spend a night with him on the spot. The lions have long since vanished southward, thanks, doubtless, to the introduction of fire-arms into the Sudan.

Then we rode to the pyramids of Meroë, about three miles eastward of the Nile, the Bishop amusing himself by pursuing and shooting some gazelles on the way. The pyramids were discovered by the Scotch traveller Bruce, and it has long been known that they were the tombs of the kings of Meroë, the Ethiopian capital. Some fine gold jewellery, now at Berlin, was found in one of them, and the Egyptologist Lepsius explored them on behalf of the Prussian Government. But the site of Meroë itself—famous though it was in classical literature—remained to be discovered. Ward in 1905 could still write : " Where the metropolis of Meroë was is still a mystery." We encamped for a night or two under the pyramids : in that warm dry climate there was no need of a shelter, and the sand and air harboured neither sand-flies nor mosquitoes. We then made our way across the desert to the village of Kabushiya, where there is a railway station.

On the road I noticed what, to any one who was familiar with excavating, were evidently graves in the soil. So I descended from my dromedary and found myself on the edge of what was clearly a cemetery. After pursuing it for nearly a mile we reached the new railway and a long line of mounds

that marked the site of a great city. They extended, like the modern Omdurman, for nearly five miles along the bank of the river, and were covered with potsherds which belonged, I saw, to the centuries immediately preceding and following the Christian era. Further investigation revealed the remains of stone buildings, and in one place the work on the railway had brought to light what was obviously a line of sphinxes leading to a temple. There could no longer be any doubt on the subject; here was the lost Meroë, the capital of "the blameless Ethiopians" of Homer and the scene of the closing events in the Greek novel of Heliodorus. We bought a few relics from the natives who were digging the nitrogenous soil; among them was a portion of a Greek inscription recording the conquest of the country by an Abyssinian king of Axum in the fourth or fifth century.

We now paid a visit to Midwinter Bey, the very efficient Director of the Sudanese railways, and enjoyed his ever-ready hospitality at Atbara. Then we travelled to Gebel Barkal and the modern Merâwi, stopping on the way to examine a ruined castle near the Fourth Cataract at El-Q'ab, as Sir Reginald Wingate had asked me to do. I found that it had been built by the Bosnian troops of the Turkish conqueror of Egypt, Selim, in the sixteenth century, and that it bore a close resemblance to the mediaeval fortresses of the Danube. Gebel Barkal adjoins the pyramids, lately opened by Dr. Reisner, containing the tombs of the Ethiopian dynasty to which the Scriptural Tirhakah belonged, and under the shadow of the *gebel* or hill are the ruins of the temples of Napata, the foundation of which goes back to the Egyptian monarchs of the XVIIIth Dynasty. Napata preceded Meroë as the capital of Ethiopia, and its remains lie scattered on both sides of the Nile.

I had made up my mind that Meroë must be excavated, and I felt that in Garstang, who was at present working at Abydos, we should have the ideal excavator. After my return to England, therefore, I devoted myself to the realisation of my scheme, so that before the summer was ended it was arranged that Garstang should go to Meroë, that the Archaeological Institute of Liverpool should supply the funds for excavation, and that the Sudanese Government should

provide railway and other facilities as well as men for the work.

From Gebel Barkal I went to Assuan, where Dr. Leigh Canney and I kept house together for a time in the charming mansion—for it cannot be called a house—which Voysey had built for him near the Cataract Hotel. Built of solid stone and artistically fitted up, it has no equal in Egypt. Opposite to it was the parsonage attached to the English church. As Canney had no cook, it was arranged that my servant Mustafa, who turned out to be a *chef* of the first rank, should be the cook, and he accordingly met me on my arrival.

We had many visitors during the two months I spent at Assuan. Schweinfurth was staying in a neighbouring hotel, and we organised exploring parties with him in the desert. M. Gauthier was now excavating in Elephantinê for the French Government. The Coptic Patriarch, on his way to Khartûm with one or two bishops and Marcus Simaika Pasha, came to see us and discuss the relations between the Coptic and Anglican Churches. Lord Roberts and his two daughters came to lunch and to be instructed in the art of buying genuine antikas ; they were on board a dahabia, spending the winter in Egypt on account of Lady Roberts's health. Talbot Kelly exhibited his water-colours, in which he has successfully reproduced the colouring of the Egyptian atmosphere. I remember that once, when Canney remarked that he supposed Kelly used two or three washes, the artist replied : " Two or three ! I use two hundred." Lord Hugh Cecil and the Marquess of Salisbury were among our guests, and a day or two before my departure we lunched with the Duke of Brunswick, who had been all the winter with his suite at the Savoy Hotel. We learned afterwards from the Mudir, Hafiz Hasan Bey, that a considerable amount of propaganda had been going on, and that at least one high native official had been corrupted. But at that time we naturally attached but little importance to what we were told.

Late in March Mr. Robert Mond arrived in his steam-dahabia with the Italian archaeologist Professor Boni on board, and I returned with him to Luxor. But Egypt was wasted upon Boni. All that he seemed to care for were Roman antiquities, and in the Roman monuments of Egypt

alone did he take an interest. I stayed on at Luxor for a few days after Mond and Boni had left, spending most of my time with the Legrains at Karnak ; then I too left for Cairo in time for the meeting of the Archaeological Congress. The Khedive graciously entertained its members at tea ; to me the most interesting of them was Monsignor Duchesne, the Church historian, whom I met for the first time. He defined the Anglican Church to me as an offshoot of " the great Latin organism, which after escaping from a foreign autocracy had found itself in a blind alley."

At Oxford that summer Sir Aurel Stein was my near neighbour. He was working up the results of his explorations and discoveries in Turkestan in the quietude of College rooms. One very delightful morning I spent with him in the British Museum when he was arranging his collections there. They were a new revelation from the Far East. Painted silks, exquisite brocades and embroideries, early Chinese despatches on slips of bamboo sealed with Greek intaglios, bore eloquent testimony to the high level of culture attained by China in the seventh century of our era, to its intercourse with the West and the welcome it had given to the Greek art that had come to it through Bactria and Buddhism. Numberless manuscripts in languages hitherto unknown or undeciphered had been discovered, as well as examples of the Chinese slips of bamboo that had preceded the invention of paper. For the first time we held in our hands the primitive writing material of China, which we had hitherto known only from the records of a later literature.

One day I lunched at the Provost of Worcester's with Captain Scott of Antarctic fame. Just then, however, he had no idea that he was so soon to be called upon again to explore the frozen South, and his thoughts were centred upon aviation. That, he told me, was a subject in which he was more interested than in Antarctic discovery, and he added, with a considerable amount of pride, that aviation was so far advanced as to enable a machine to make its way through the air against a strong wind. The day following I met Mr. Van der Poorten-Schwartz (" Maarten Maartens ") at lunch at the Rhŷs', and the same evening sat up till late with General

Smith-Dorrien discussing the surrender of Fashoda and Kitchener's last campaign against Mahdism.

The expedition to Meroë had now been organised; Garstang was to be the excavator, and money for beginning the work had been found. In November Garstang and I started together for Egypt and were fellow-travellers as far as Wadi Halfa. But it was some time yet before I could join him at Meroë. Somers Clarke and I had undertaken to make an archaeological survey of the west bank of the Nile from Wadi Halfa to Dongola, Clarke busying himself with the architectural side of the work while I devoted myself to inscriptions, pottery and similar archaeological remains. Clarke took F. W. Green with him and was indefatigable in surveying and measuring pagan temples and Christian churches. It was an interesting journey and rich in archaeological results. Our instructions were to keep as close as possible to the channel of the river; that sometimes meant dragging our camels with infinite difficulty down a jagged precipice only to find that farther advance was absolutely barred, and that the animals had to be hauled up again with still greater difficulty. Between Halfa and Semna, where there are well-preserved temples, is a region of desolation called Batn el-Hagar, "stomach of the rocks," by the Arabs, who have some excuse for believing that it has swallowed all the rocks of the world: rocks, blackened and splintered, are piled up everywhere in arid confusion under a burning sky. In one narrow wadi leading to the river we came suddenly across a gruesome scene. When the last dervish invasion of Egypt took place, which was finally smashed at Toski, the Sudanese forces were accompanied by a large body of women and children. They must have suffered terribly from hunger and thirst when passing through the Batn el-Hagar, and finding at last a passage to the Nile have struggled down to it. But it was too late: most, if not all, of the women and children and large numbers of the men perished on the spot, and in the dry hot air, where no rain falls and no frost comes, we found the bodies lying just as they fell. Their clothes and arms were uninjured, and at their sides were the various utensils of a camp—cooking-pots and the like. It reminded us of the legends of armies suddenly turned to stone.

Most of the Egyptian temples that lie southward of Semna are in a ruined condition, and in some cases nothing remains standing except a column or two. But there is one exception. That is the temple of Soleb, built by the XVIIIth Dynasty architect of the temple at Luxor, but on a more splendid and grandiose scale. Nor has it been injured by later buildings or the presence of a village. For four thousand years its huge columns have risen heavenward, desolate and alone.

After admiring the two colossal statues which still lie prostrate in their quarry in the island of Argo we reached the palace at Dongola, where we remained for some days. One day we spent at Kawa on the western bank, where I found Egyptian pottery of the XVIIIth Dynasty and suggested that it might be the site of the city in the Sudan built by the "Heretic King," to which the followers of the new faith retired when it was persecuted and suppressed in Egypt. The suggestion has since been verified by Dr. Reisner. At Merâwi we were welcomed by the Mudir, Colonel Jackson. The next day we paid a visit to the ruined early Christian monastery in the Wadi Ghazâl, some miles distant in the desert, where I found there had been kilns for making the very fine and beautiful pottery which characterises the sixth and seventh centuries of our era in the northern part of the Sudan and continued the traditions of the "biscuit-ware" of Meroë. Another expedition was to Kasingar at the Fourth Cataract, where there are traces of gold-working. The gold was surface gold, and I found a Greek inscription on one of the rocks.

My companions now left me and I made my way to Midwinter Bey's hospitable abode at Atbara. While I was with him we excavated the southern extremity of the island, which is opposite the mouth of the Atbara. An Abyssinian king of Axum, who lived in the fourth or fifth century, states in an inscription that, after his conquest and destruction of the kingdom of Kasu or Meroë, he "set up his throne within the confluence of the rivers Seda and Takaze (the White Nile and Atbara) in sight of the stone city Zawa . . . (in) an island." As there were the remains of a stone embankment at the southern end of the island it was evident that it was intended to protect some building that stood above it, and

our excavations soon brought to light a square platform of unshaped stones upon which the throne of the conqueror must have been set. On the platform a good many large burnt bricks were lying, but there were no fragments of pottery. It was clear that the occupation of the spot must have been very short: the "durbar" could have lasted only a few hours.

I remained with Midwinter for nearly a week and then joined Garstang at Meroe. He was encamped in a romantic spot, under the shade of a grove of mimosa trees where the bees hummed and the doves cooed all day long. Immediately below us was the river, a steep bank some thirty feet in height sloping down to a sandbank where a monster crocodile with his two younglings used to sleep in the sun. On the other side to the east, came the mounds of the ancient city. The doves were a constant source of amusement. There was another colony of doves in a neighbouring palm-grove, whose members would frequently pay visits to our birds. The visitor would perch on the extremity of a branch at the other end of which the host would stand facing him. Then would follow a series of alternate bowings on the part of the two birds which continued for about five minutes; after which they began to coo to one another. The visit lasted for about half an hour and was concluded by another series of ceremonial bows.

As for the crocodiles, the parent animal came to a curious end. Just before we left, Garstang fired the loaded barrels of his revolver in the air. The last, however, he happened to fire down the bank, and by an extraordinary accident the old crocodile, which had doubtless been aroused by the firing and must have been looking up to see what was going on, received the charge in its only vulnerable spot and died accordingly. It was a godsend to the natives, who had been obliged to take their cattle to the water half a mile away for fear of the animal; the two baby crocodiles were considered by them a negligible quantity.

There was one drawback to our Eden, the scorpions. The Sudanese scorpion is not only a hideous creature, sometimes black, sometimes a sickly white; he is also very deadly. We were always obliged to carry in our waistcoat pockets a

little instrument fitted with a lancet at one end and a receptacle for permanganese at the other, the permanganese being poured into the wound immediately after it had been lanced. The day never passed without our being obliged to operate on our workmen or servants, and on one occasion our photographer was stung in the finger and did not recover the use of his hand for a day or two. Before going to bed or putting on one's clothes it was always necessary to examine them carefully, as well as our shoes and bed-linen. One morning Garstang killed more than twenty in his tent. The following winter, therefore, the camp was planted in the desert on the east side of the mounds. It was not romantic, and there was no shelter from the sun ; but the scorpions were absent.

When I arrived Garstang was somewhat in despair. He had excavated a considerable number of graves without finding much historical material, the temple of Amon was still untouched, and he had come to the end of his funds. Just before I left Atbara, however, I had received a letter from Japan enclosing a cheque for a large amount to be expended upon the work. It came from the Honourable Mrs. Gordon, who had been residing for some time at Tokyo, and whose profoundly learned works on Buddhistic and Christian symbolism and the relations between the two religions are well known.

The cheque saved the situation, and the next morning we were able to start work on the temple with a large gang of workmen. A few days later I came to the conclusion that a mound midway between the ruins of the city and the pyramids must be the site of another temple. Work was accordingly begun there also, and it turned out to be the temple of the Sun referred to in the romance of the Greek novelist Heliodorus.

The temple of Amon proved to be more than worthy of the classical references to it which had hitherto been regarded as the exaggerated reports of the unknown. A year later, when most of the site had been cleared, Weld Blundell, seeing it for the first time, turned to me and said, " It is indeed, as the Germans would say, colossal ! " It was, in fact, one of the largest temples on the Nile, and it was surrounded by

an enclosure wall, sixteen feet in thickness and about thirty feet high, built of beautifully cut blocks of stone. The work was, I believe, accomplished under the direction of a Greek architect. Before the first season of work was over we had found the high altar with the last offering of pagan Meroe lying in front of it.

Most of our attention, however, was devoted to the Sun-temple, a beautiful little structure, the walls of which were adorned with delicate bas-reliefs. One of them represented the triumphal return of a king of Meroe, his chief officers riding on horses beside his chariot and the people strewing flowers before them. Another scene was of a more gruesome character. Here the prisoners, boys and men, were depicted as being driven to the summit of the temple at the point of the spear and there offered in sacrifice. The following year, in a corridor immediately below the scene, a row of large jars was found filled with charcoal and burnt bones—a realistic commentary on the sculptures. The heads of the conquerors were of the Hamitic type, with high foreheads, thin lips and Greek noses; the negroid dynasties had not yet possessed themselves of Meroe. The flat, rectangular summit of the temple on which stood the altar open to the sky, was approached by a ramp at the eastern end and paved with enamelled tiles, blue, yellow and black. Elsewhere the tiling of both floors and dados was of rich turquoise blue. In a place where the white ants destroy everything that can be eaten, the enamelled tiles, which we found to have been also used in the houses, were a very desirable invention which took the place of the modern and less artistic cement.

The temple of the Sun, we discovered, had been built by King Aspalut (580 B.C.); it was the last resting-place and sanctuary on the road from the Red Sea to the Ethiopian capital, and a large reservoir for water had been constructed beside it. Between it and the mounds of the city is a piece of level, fertile ground, which the Greeks would have called a "meadow." It is described by Heliodorus in the last pages of his novel where all ends happily and the hero, who had been condemned to be offered in sacrifice at the temple, is married to the heroine, who on her side turns out to be the daughter of the Ethiopian king. It was here, too, that

Herodotus tells us "the table of the Sun" was spread, about which the ambassadors of Kambyses were especially enjoined to make inquiries, and here, moreover, it would seem, Homer sends Zeus and the other gods to their feast among "the blameless Ethiopians" (*Il.* i. 432-434).

Some of my days I spent at the pyramids, copying the hieroglyphic texts in them and watching the troops of wild asses that occasionally raced through the silent desert. But the winter was now over and it was getting too hot for the workmen Garstang had brought from Upper Egypt to continue their work. So the excavations were closed. After a few days at Atbara with Midwinter and Bishop Gwynne, I came down the river to Luxor where I found Lord Carnarvon and Davis looking after their excavations, as well as my old friend Major Rhodes, Cecil Rhodes's younger brother.

From Luxor I went to the Oasis of El-Kharga where the Americans were excavating. The work was being carried on sumptuously at the expense of Pierpont Morgan, and Winlock, the head of the expedition, had asked me to stay with him. The house had been built by Morgan, who used it as a "holiday" residence when he came to Egypt in the spring, and, as might be supposed, it was a large and comfortable abode and was provided with a complete Egyptological library. The Americans had already cleared the temple of Darius, one of the largest and most perfect in Egypt. The town of El-Kharga itself is a quaint place, as the streets run under the houses which, therefore, remind one of a rabbit-warren.

I reached the Artins just before the arrival of Mrs. and Miss Roosevelt in Cairo, where they intended to wait until the ex-President of the United States and his son should return from their shooting expedition in Central Africa. They had letters of introduction to the Pasha, and since his house was near Shepheard's Hotel where they were staying, and they were glad to have the services of such a cicerone, we saw a great deal of them. The Pasha motored them one day to Giza where we were entertained by Reisner, who had been discovering some exceptionally artistic objects in tombs of the IInd Dynasty. After a while Roosevelt and his son, Kermit, arrived, and I was profoundly impressed by him.

He had a very remarkable power of thoroughly mastering a new subject in a short space of time. He had, for example, spent only two or three days at Khartum. There he began to read voraciously all the books relating to the Sudan that were in the Library, and Sir Reginald Wingate lent him further some unpublished reports. What interested him was the ethnology of the Sudan, and he carried away with him all that he could of what had been written, whether published or unpublished, upon the subject. By the time he reached Cairo I found that he knew more about it than any other living man except Wingate. And he knew it in a clear and well-digested manner.

We had a good many conversations together on the Egyptian situation. The " Liberal " policy of the British Government had resulted in disaster. The Khedive was intriguing openly against the British " reforms," there was anarchy in Upper Egypt and unchecked crime in the Delta, and the Foreign Powers were beginning to protest on behalf of the security of their subjects in Egypt. On March 28 Roosevelt delivered his famous address at the Egyptian University which, followed shortly afterwards by his speech at the Guildhall in London, and accompanied by unofficial declarations on the part of France and Italy that if the British could not keep order in Egypt they would have to do so, caused the British Government to reverse its policy. Judge Bond, the presiding judge of the Native Tribunal, was seated next to me in the Lecture-hall of the University, and before Roosevelt entered the room he had said to me, " I think I am able to speak with authority on the subject and I tell you deliberately that there is no longer any law or order in this country. Only last month more than eighty untraced murders were committed in the province of Assiût alone." I had been lunching with the Gorsts the previous week, and could not help noticing that Gorst was no longer his old self. He seemed mentally tired ; his cynicism was no longer an affectation, and he was anxious to quit Egypt. A day or two later I was at another lunch where British officials were to the fore, and there I heard Gorst openly called " a ghastly failure." Lord Cromer had remained two years too long in Cairo, in spite of the break-down of his health, in order, it

was currently said, to secure the succession of his old financial adviser, and prevent Lord Edward Cecil from occupying the post. And here was the result. It was doubly unfortunate that Kitchener's appointment could not have come three years earlier or have been extended for three years more : there would have been no Egyptian question.

Roosevelt's address made a profound impression upon the native as well as upon the foreigner. It was clear, outspoken and devoid of diplomatic cant. A day or two later Artin and I left Egypt for Constantinople. We had cabins in the Rumanian mail-steamer which was run by oil, and at whose christening in the harbour of the Piraeus I had been present in 1905. It was at once rapid and immaculately clean. We were taken into the engine-room which was as clean as a lady's drawing-room, and the chief engineer explained to us that two or three men only were required for working the engines.

After touching at Santorin, the ancient Thera, we reached the Piraeus and had twenty-four hours in Athens. Mrs. Schliemann unfortunately was away from home, but Adolphe Reinach lunched with us. Adolphe inherited all the talents and brilliancy of his father, Theodore, and his uncle, Salomon; he had just been carrying on excavations at Coptos in Upper Egypt which had thrown light on an obscure part of Egyptian history, and was already known as one of the best Greek scholars in France. Little could we foresee that within a few years he would be one of the first Frenchmen to perish in the Great War, and that beyond the fact that he must have been leading a cavalry charge nothing has ever been known of either the day or the place where he fell.

Thanks to our oil we had a swift and smooth passage to Constantinople, and arrived there the day after leaving Athens. Although Madame Artin belonged to an old Constantinople family and her mother and sisters still lived in the ancestral house in Prinkipo, the Pasha had not seen Constantinople for years. The last time he had been there his friends in the palace sent him an intimation that he must be on his guard ; this was followed almost immediately by an invitation to dinner on the part of the Sultan Abdul Hamid, but instead of attending it he took care to be on board a

Messageries steamer that was just starting for Alexandria. An old Armenian friend of his, Noradounghian Pasha, was now in the Young Turkish Ministry, and at his table we met most of the prominent "Young Turks" of the day. In private conversation, however, Noradounghian Pasha was not hopeful of the future. The revolution had had its origin in the efforts of a group of literary men who carried on their propaganda from Paris, but it had no chance of success until it was taken up by a section of the military men of whom Enver was the head, and who were financed by the Jews of Salonika. When we were in Constantinople the literary and military parties were still nominally united; but their aims and ideas were essentially different, and as all the power was necessarily in the hands of the military group, "the literary visionaries," as they were termed, fell more and more into the background. The conception of a Pan-Turkish nationality comprising all members of the Turkish empire without distinction of creed or race was still paraded, but it had really become a mixture of "Pan-Turanianism" and "Pan-Islamism," the ultimate object of which was to exterminate all the Christian elements in the empire, and leave only the Mohammedans and Jews in possession of the spoil. As Artin remarked to me one day, the military occupation of the country was but thinly disguised; small bodies of armed soldiers were posted in almost every street. However, a great parade was made of equal justice and political rights; the newly conscribed Christian soldiers of Armenian or Greek race marched through the streets, but care was taken that they should be distributed among the Turkish regiments and not formed into separate battalions, on the ostensible ground that there was no longer any distinction between Christian and Moslem; they were all alike Turks. And by way of advertisement, on the Greek Easter-day the Christian privates were given leave of absence and sent to the Greek Church with flags and a band; but the Greek Patriarch with whom we lunched after the service shook his head doubtfully over the matter and wondered how long the "entente cordiale" would last.

Naturally we heard much about politics, as we saw a good deal of Sir Edwin Pears and Villebois, formerly Dutch

Consul-General in Cairo and now ambassador in Turkey, as well as of his Scotch Presbyterian chaplain, Frew, and the American ambassador, Strauss. Frew knew everything in and about Constantinople, and was better skilled in managing Turkish officials than even Sir Edwin Pears. When Turkey declared war against the Western Powers his rooms were searched as a matter of course; his books were put under seal, and his papers carried off; they turned out to be his sermons. The European or American, however, never seemed able to penetrate to the innermost heart of Turkish politics; for that it was necessary to go to the Greek and still more to the Armenian, and neither Levantine Greek nor Armenian ever revealed their confidences to the European. The British Embassy was especially badly informed. Few, if any, of its members, except the First Dragoman Fitzmaurice, were acquainted with Turkish and still less with Armenian, and Fitzmaurice's religion—he was a Roman Catholic—stood much in his way. It would have been more to the point had he belonged to the Greek or Russian Church. The time of the British Embassy seemed chiefly spent in social amusements, and its members affected a contempt for politics, which they neither knew nor understood.

One afternoon we attended a session of the Upper House of Parliament, over which our old Egyptian acquaintance, Said Pasha, presided. He introduced us to his colleagues at coffee, and we were both of us impressed by the decorous, not to say solemn, behaviour of the House and the emptiness of its seats. Another day we were taken to the Yildiz Kiosk, where a revelation awaited us. The whole place was still exactly as it was when Abdul Hamid was asked to vacate it. A number of small wooden buildings were dotted about the grounds and filled with cheap and indifferent furniture from Paris. In one of them Midhat Pasha had been confined. The largest had been the residence of the Sultan. Here was his bedroom. A narrow staircase led from it to a room with a large organ, and immediately under it was a room filled with a hundred live cockatoos. It was not wonderful that Abdul Hamid had restless nights. He spent his days in a small wooden building somewhat of the shape of a slug; this was filled from floor to ceiling with cases containing

stuffed pigeons, cocks and hens, the date of the birth and death of each being recorded in the Sultan's handwriting under each specimen. In a corner at the extreme end of the building were the seat and desk at which the Sultan passed most of his time ; on the left hand was the seat of his secretary and above the desk a number of telegraph and telephone wires. Everywhere else the kiosk was blocked by the cases of stuffed birds. . In the middle of the grounds was a grass oval, surrounded not by pigeon-houses but pigeon-palaces. We were told there were about three thousand of them. In the centre of the oval was a small Italian theatre in which an Italian *troupe* had been paid to perform to the birds. We left Yildiz feeling that the ruler in whose hands the destiny of so many multitudes had lain must have been as mad as a March hare. Before leaving I had a look at the Chinese porcelain of the Ming and early Ch'ing periods which had been found by the Young Turks in the palace. It had all been piled up in a conservatory and was naturally covered with dust, so that I was able to examine only a very small part of the collection. I calculated, however, that there were at least two thousand objects in it, mainly of the class that was made for exportation to Persia and Egypt.

I went over to Scutari for a couple of days in order to give a lecture at the American College for girls. The first evening I dined with Madame Zeki Bey, the wife of the Minister of Public Education, who was the chief leader of the New Turkish Women movement. We had been already struck by the number of Turkish ladies whom we saw in the streets of Constantinople walking by themselves and wearing no veils, and the veil was similarly absent from the faces of the Turkish ladies who were my fellow-guests at dinner. After dinner a Greek play, the " Elektra " of Sophokles, was performed very creditably by the Turkish girls, the majority of whom were Mohammedans of sixteen or seventeen years of age. At Scutari I had a walk with a very interesting young Turk, Suliman Hamdi, a nephew of Hamdi Bey, who had inherited his uncle's archaeological tastes and would, I hoped, be his successor at the Museum. He was already well acquainted with the methods and results of scientific

archaeology and had he lived would have done much for the discovery and preservation of Turkish antiquities.

My spare moments were occupied in copying the fragments of Hittite cuneiform tablets which Miss Dodd, my hostess, had obtained at Boghaz Keui. The tablets excavated by the German explorers were lying in their cases in the vaults of the Museum, but the German ambassador, Marshal von Bieberstein, would not allow them to be opened. I had, therefore, to content myself with the inscribed monuments which Hamdi Bey had managed to transport to Constantinople and retain there.

After a while we were joined by Percival. He and I had meditated an expedition to Boghaz Keui, but we found that it was too early in the season for the highlands of Asia Minor, and that the roads were still blocked with snow. So along with the Pasha we paid a visit to Brussa. Our most interesting journey, however, was to Konia. The German ambassador, who was under obligations to Artin, provided us with a saloon-carriage on the railway which was now open to Konia. It was a strange sensation to be travelling by rail in a country which did not possess even roads in the days when I had formerly explored it. There was, however, a break at Eski Shehr, the ancient Dorylaeum, where the traveller had to be dependent on an inn kept by an old Austrian lady. At Konia there was a good French hotel, much frequented by the Italian engineers employed on the railway.

Ala-ed-din, the founder of the Meslevi dervishes, better known to Europeans as the dancing dervishes, was buried, like his mother, at Konia. The present head of the fraternity was under financial obligations to Artin, and before we left Constantinople he had sent orders to Konia that we were to be treated like royal personages and be shown all the treasures of the convent. We were, of course, taken to see the tomb of the founder, which is enclosed by a silver grill and overhung by Arab glass lamps of the thirteenth century. The discovery of these was especially appreciated by the Pasha who had written a memoir on the early Arab glass lamps, in which he had published all the lamps, both perfect and imperfect, which he believed to be now in existence.

And here at Konia five new ones, all in perfect condition, had unexpectedly shown themselves.

Among the other treasures produced for our inspection was the prayer-rug of the founder's mother, who died in 1208. It was carefully unwrapped from the folds of linen in which it was preserved and looked almost as fresh as when it was first made. Even the fringe at the end was uninjured. Another treasure of the mosque was a finely illuminated Qorân of the ninth century.

Apart from the Meslevi there was abundance to see at Konia. The beautiful Seljukian tiles of the thirteenth century with which the walls of the old mosques are covered are as superior to those of Brussa and Constantinople as the latter are to anything that is manufactured to-day. It is necessary to visit Konia if one would understand the art of which the Damascene and Rhodian ware was a later (and inferior) development. "Rhodian" ware, by the way, is a misnomer; it is now certain that it was made in Asia Minor, probably at Isnik where the old kilns with fayence "wasters" had recently been discovered when we were there.

Before we left Konia we paid a visit to the irrigation works that had been undertaken under German auspices in the neighbourhood. The Dutch engineer told us that many square miles of land had already been reclaimed for cultivation. A day or two later we returned to Constantinople through the valley of the Sangarius.

Just before our visit to Konia, Ramsay had been excavating there in the mound on which stand the ruins of the citadel, and I now found him in Constantinople. He and I lunched one day at Robert College with Professor van Millingen, chiefest of authorities on the history and topography of Constantinople. Then, leaving Artin in Constantinople, Percival and I started westward in the Orient express.

In November I left London with Major Rhodes. We were bound for Meroe; the Major had contributed very generously to the excavations and wished to take part in them. We had a stormy passage from Dover, the consequence being that the express to Paris was empty. About half an hour before we were due in Paris we were congratulating ourselves upon the fact, when suddenly there was a

violent shock and the train came to a standstill. The engine, it turned out, had run off the line. As a result we did not reach the Gare du Nord until a little before nine, and we had engaged berths in the sleeping-car which left the Gare de Lyon a little after nine. There were no porters at the Gare du Nord, as all expectation of the arrival of our train had been abandoned, so we shouldered our bags and wraps and ran along the platform into the street. Opposite the station was a cabaret ; three or four taxicabs were outside it, their drivers enjoying the absinthe which was to be had within. We rushed in and told them that any of them who could get us to the Lyons station in ten minutes should have an extra five francs. One of them volunteered to do so, and with the support of his absinthe and the prospect of the five francs carried out his promise. There was no limit of speed in Paris, and at that time of the evening there was little traffic in the streets ; but I shall never forget our drive. The foot-passengers fled on either side of us like a covey of partridges. When we reached the Lyons station the French porters for the first time in their lives entered into the spirit of the affair. They seized our baggage, jumped over the barrier and ran along the platform, we following, and both we and our baggage were flung into the open door of the car which was already on the move. And so we saved our seats as well as the money we had paid for them.

Five days after our arrival at Meroe the bronze head of Augustus, which is now one of the treasures of the British Museum, was discovered. It is an exceptionally fine production of Greek art, and was carried off from Assuan by the Ethiopians in their raid upon the Roman garrison in 24 B.C. The fame of the discovery brought a visit from the Wingates and Lord Kitchener, who was staying with the Governor-General at Khartum, and they spent a couple of days with us. Kitchener had changed a good deal since the days before he went to India. Owing to the fracture of his thigh and its unskilful treatment he was unable to ride or walk much, and we had to provide a carriage for him. Want of the active exercise of which he had been so fond was already causing him to look stout and somewhat bloated. On the other hand he had lost his old self-consciousness. When I

first knew him he was the shyest of men, and his unpopularity among the ladies was due to his shyness and not, as was commonly supposed, to misogyny. But he had now come to realise that the world also estimated him at the value which, like all men of exceptional ability, he knew was his by right. He could claim what he felt was due to him, and there was none to dispute it.

Just then Lloyd George was in high disfavour. The Limehouse speech had not long been uttered, and the landed proprietor could not forgive him his budget. And now the Irish question had again become acute, and civil war was threatened in Ulster. "If I were His Majesty," said Kitchener, "I should tell my Ministers that they must disarm Ulster, but if any fighting results from their action, out you go!"

Over the tea-table Lady Wingate was discoursing upon the iniquities of Lloyd George and Redmond, and saying that the English were "now governed by a Welshman and an Irishman." Whereupon Kitchener, who was sitting opposite me, looked across the table with a twinkle and remarked, "It seems to me, Sayce, that we Celts are having our turn at last."

The following week I went to stay at the palace at Khartum. The next day the Duke of Fife arrived with the three princesses. The Princess Louise was a little deaf, and her two daughters were very shy; so conversation was a difficulty. In fact, the time when the Princess was most communicative was after dinner when we were leaning over the balcony and listening to the Sudanese band which was playing in the darkness below. And a Sudanese band likes to get the most noise it can out of its instruments.

On my return to the camp Rhodes and I spent a day exploring the quarries of Um Ali, about ten miles to the north, from which the builders of Meroe had obtained their stone. We also found deposits of clay which explained the "biscuit" ware—thin, hard and porcelain-like—of which I have already spoken. It contained kaolin. Then along with Drummond and Weld Blundell, who had joined us, I started on camel-back for a place called Basa which lay between Meroe and the Red Sea. Here were the remains

of a temple and small settlement as well as of a huge reservoir, once ornamented with basalt figures, one of them representing a gigantic frog. On others there were the cartouches of an unknown Ethiopian king. The place had been a station on the trade-route between the Red Sea and the Nile. On our way back to the camp we were overtaken by a sandstorm which unluckily fell upon us just as we were sitting down to dinner, and we had to spend the night as best we could, dinnerless and under the cover of our camels. I now undertook the excavation of some of the tombs in what had been the nearer (or western) group of pyramids, while Garstang continued his work at the city, and I found that the entrance to the pyramids was through chapels at some little distance from the base of the pyramids, a stairway leading down to a passage which itself led to a chamber under the centre of the pyramid.

One evening we had an excitement. Garstang had discovered that afternoon a red earthen jar hidden in the floor of one of the rooms of the palace, which a cursory glance had shown him contained gold. After dinner, the doors being closed, by the light of our candles we examined the treasure. Solid gold objects, one after the other, made their appearance, glittering as brightly as they had done more than two thousand years ago. Among them were small pyramids inscribed with the names of early Ethiopian kings, and sphinxes with the heads of a hawk and a ram.

From Meroe I went to Assuan, and early in April left Alexandria for Beyrout. It was nearly thirty years since I had been there. The town had grown considerably; the baby whom I had left in Bassul's Hotel was grown-up and had become its proprietor; the house was crowded with personally conducted tourists, and the feeding was indifferent. There I was joined by my Syrian dragoman, with whom I had arranged to make a tour through Syria, and more especially pay a visit to Carchemish, where the British Museum had begun its excavations under the control of Hogarth and Campbell Thompson. There was now a railway as far as Aleppo, so that travelling was no longer a matter of difficulty.

On my way to Aleppo I saw the Hittite stronghold of "Kadesh on the Orontes," as well as Homs and Hama, from

whence a motor-service had just been organised across the desert to Palmyra. Hama, with its huge water-wheels and tall poplars, is wonderfully picturesque. At Aleppo the rain came down in torrents for the first two days, and made my tent the reverse of comfortable, so that I was very grateful to Mr. Fontana, the British Consul, for inviting me to the shelter of his house. From Aleppo I started in an araba, a wooden cylinder on wheels into which the traveller creeps from behind and lies at full length on his baggage and rugs. There is plenty of room for two persons, so the carriage was shared by my dragoman Selim and myself.

At Carchemish the excavators were living in the nearest village about a mile distant from the ancient city. The engineers and workmen of the Bagdad railway had not yet advanced farther than Aleppo ; the Euphrates was still unbridged and Carchemish was as deserted as it had been for the past thousand years.

My time at Carchemish was very enjoyable. It is a large site, and the oldest part of it rises into a lofty tell from which there is a fine view of the Euphrates, and of the plain to the south where Nebuchadrezzar shattered for ever the Egyptian empire in Asia. Hogarth had already uncovered a considerable part of the "tell," and had brought to light a good number of Hittite sculptures and inscriptions.

On leaving Carchemish, Jerablûs, as it is called to-day, I made my way southward to the Sajur, which flows into the Euphrates not far from where Pethor, the city of Balaam, once stood. Recent rains had swollen the river, and after fording it I had to wait for a time on the southern bank until the baggage was dry. While strolling along the bank I came across a dry bed of pebbles which were intermixed with multitudes of artificially worked flint implements of the so-called Magdalenian type. They were the first that had been found outside Europe, and in a few minutes I filled my pockets with them. In the cliffs overhanging the river I also discovered caves with stalagmitic formations, under which the remains of early man will doubtless some day be found.[1]

[1] See a *résumé* of the geographical results of my expedition in a paper entitled "Notes on an Unexplored District of Northern Syria," *Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archaeology*, June 1911.

At Aleppo I visited some collections of antiquities and saw a good deal of Dr. Christie, who was then in charge of the Scotch mission there. He took me to see George Smith's grave, as well as the synagogue where early Hebrew MSS. are preserved. On my way back to Beyrout I visited Baalbek, which had been excavated by the Germans since I had last been there. The great hall, now that it has been cleared, is very imposing. Facing the entrance and obtruding itself upon the sight was an enormous white marble tablet let into the wall and recording in large characters the munificence of the German Emperor. The Turkish representative of the Constantinople Museum, a native Syrian landed proprietor, who was showing me over the place, said, " Don't look up. That will disappear when we are allowed to govern ourselves." I wonder if it is there still.

From Beyrout I drove to Jebêl, the ancient Gebal, stopping on the way to visit once more the monuments of the Dog River. The Turks had made a very good road, which crosses the Nahr Ibrahim, the ancient Adonis river. There I saw a wonderful sight. The rains had brought the red marl down from the inland hills, and not only was the river itself a deep red, but for a distance of two miles from the shore the sea also was of the colour of blood. It was the blood of Adonis !

> Thammuz came next behind,
> Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
> The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
> In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
> While smooth Adonis from his native rock
> Ran purple to the sea.

Some of the huge blocks of stone which came from the earlier of its temples were still lying on the ground at Jebêl ; recent French excavations have shown that they belonged to a temple that had been built by the Egyptians before the pyramids of Giza were erected.

I left Beyrout for Constantinople and found that things were slipping back there into their old groove. The previous year when we arrived and Artin Pasha proposed to give the usual bakshish to the Custom-house official he had refused it with disdain, saying : " We don't take anything

of that sort now ; we are living under a constitution." But in 1911 bakshish was beginning to return. On reaching the Pera Palace I fell across Ismail Kemal Pasha, the leader of the Albanian party, whose acquaintance I had made in 1910 ; he asked me to tea, or rather coffee, and told me that " the new gang " of Enver, Talaat and Co. were worse even than the old gang of Abdul Hamid, a statement which Frew subsequently confirmed. I left Constantinople with Massignon, the French Arabist, who was returning from a mission to Bagdad ; he was much annoyed on reaching Paris at being obliged by the French Custom-house authorities to pay duty on an old Persian rug which, he said, he had carried through Turkey without any trouble.

In May I had to run up to Edinburgh for a week in order to deliver an address to the Scottish Ecclesiological Society, of which I had been elected President for the year. Later on in August I was again at Llanvihangel Court, and one warm morning accomplished one of my ambitions by climbing to the summit of the Skyrid which overhangs it. On the summit are the remains of a mediaeval chapel dedicated to the Archangel Michael, and less than a century ago the peasantry of Llanvihangel brought some of the consecrated earth from its precincts to throw into a grave at a funeral. The view from the top of the hill was extensive and reached as far south as the Blorenge range above Abergavenny. One of the old residents told me that when Tennyson was staying in the neighbourhood collecting materials for the " Idylls of the King," he had challenged him to find a rhyme for " month," whereupon the Poet-Laureate produced the following :

I would gladly climb the Blorenge
Daily for a month,
Sucking now and then an orange,
Reading in my Granth.

Tennyson, however, was not an oriental scholar, otherwise he would have known that " Granth " is pronounced " Grunt."

CHAPTER XIX

THE FAR EAST

MAJOR CAREY, formerly on the Daira Domains Commission in Egypt and now my neighbour at Dunbar, had arranged to spend the winter with me in the Far East. In November (1911) we went on board the *Hirano Maru*, torpedoed at the end of the war. It was my first experience of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the Japanese steamer company, the comfort of whose boats reconciled even a sea-hater like myself to a life at sea. At Port Said we were met by Artin and my servant Mustafa, and had a farewell lunch with the Pasha on shore. After encountering a water-spout in the Red Sea we reached Colombo early in December.

It was an exceptionally wet winter even for Ceylon. The first heading in large letters in the daily papers was "The Deluge." I was especially anxious to see the ruined cities and other archaeological remains of the island, and the motor-roads which had just been constructed through the jungle made travelling easier and more expeditious than it had been previously. It was now possible to visit Sigiriya, Polonaruwa and other ancient sites which were being excavated in half the time formerly required. But the floods interfered seriously with our progress; the newly-made roads were bisected by deep torrents of water and sometimes wholly washed away, and the rest-houses where we passed the night afforded but little protection from the tropical rain. However, we triumphed over all difficulties; the motor was an excellent one and the native chauffeur a skilful driver. At Polonaruwa the rest-house is built on the edge of an old tank now filled with mud and alligators. As we took our afternoon tea in its balcony birds of paradise picked up the crumbs before us, and thirty feet beneath the balustrade was

a mass of hideous black monsters, writhing one above the other in the slime.

At Anura-dhapura I caught a cold which the electric fans of Kandy fanned into a cough. It was not improved by a visit to the shrine of " the Buddha's tooth " on the occasion of a great pilgrimage from Burma and Siam when the rain was falling heavily. In spite of the weather the procession round the lake with the priests in brilliant vestments and the Burmese pilgrims in their coloured silks was a very pretty sight. A night at Colombo brought matters to a climax, and when I went on board the Japanese steamer the following morning the Japanese doctor found that I was suffering from pneumonia and sent me to bed at once. To his skill and care, for he acted as nurse as well as doctor, I owed my life, aided by tropical warmth and sunlight. His only mistake was in allowing me to hold a service and preach a sermon on Christmas Day. But he happened to be a Christian, and could not resist the temptation of taking advantage of the presence of a cleric on board the ship, and as soon as the sermon was ended I was given a stiff glass of punch and sent to bed again.

We landed at Singapore, and there Dr. Galloway soon transferred me from the hotel to the Military Hospital. It was New Year's Day, and as I motored through the streets to the Hospital, which stands in its own grounds outside the city, I saw a curious sight. The larger part of the population of Singapore is Chinese from Southern China, where the Revolution had its chief supporters and whence it derived most of its funds. That morning a telegram had arrived announcing the proclamation of the Chinese Republic, and every Chinaman was sitting outside his shop or house having his pig-tail cut off. Carey told me that our waiter at the hotel, whose magnificent pig-tail we had been admiring, appeared also without it and told Carey that it had been thrown into the sea. The pig-tail was the badge and symbol of Manchu domination, having been imposed upon the Chinese by their Manchu conquerors, and in Southern China, south of the Kiang-tze, feeling ran so high that for several months after the Revolution to be found with a queue meant decapitation.

When I entered the Hospital, I was afterwards told, neither doctors nor nurses supposed that I would leave it again except in my coffin. But once more good doctoring and nursing, tough vitality and a warm climate, came to my help, and in about a week all danger was over and I was despatched on board the tourist steamer *Rumphius* for the health-resorts of Java. At sea I rapidly recovered; so rapidly, indeed, that I was able to visit the Museums of Batavia and see the Chinese ware of the Sung and Ming periods which has been excavated in Java, as well as the relics of Pithecanthropus who has been hailed as the missing link between the ape and man. From Batavia Carey and I went to Buitenzorg where I saw a Javanese play, and sat under the shadow of the trees in the famous Botanical Gardens until I once more became strong.

Java is a very beautiful island. It has all the charm of the tropics without the jungle, the usual blot in a tropical land. The lowlands are well-cultivated, the highlands are exceedingly picturesque. Active volcanoes are numerous; from the terrace in front of my bedroom at Buitenzorg I looked down upon a valley through which the river dashed in foam over the rocks; the cliffs on either side were covered with flowering trees, and at the far end was a smoking mountain. It is, moreover, an island of fruits. First among them is the mangosteen—veritably the fruit of Paradise. There is no other fruit in the world so delicious, and the more one eats of it the better one feels. Externally it is somewhat like a pomegranate; internally it contains kernels which are buried in creamy lusciousness. I had no longer any difficulty in discovering the answer to Kipling's geographical riddle or where Pau Amma's babies lived:

> You'll know what my riddle means
> When you've eaten mangosteens.

As soon as it was possible we left Buitenzorg for a health-resort in the mountains, Garût, and there we passed a pleasant time in a very comfortable hotel. There were romantic walks, a Chinese town near at hand, and a warm and equable temperature. Day after day we awakened in the morning to a cloudless sky, about four in the afternoon

a black cloud settled on the neighbouring volcano, after a while flashes of lightning illuminated it, the cloud spread over Garût, and a warm stilly rain descended up to the hour when we fell asleep. There was also a tapioca factory where various qualities of tapioca were made, and we learned that the choicest kinds never left the island, the third and fourth qualities alone being exported to Europe. Drives were numerous ; the hot springs near the picturesque Bagendit Lake were not far distant ; there was a smoking crater a little above them, and near Mungul was the famous Valley of Death where the travellers of the seventeenth century saw the deadly upas-tree surrounded by the corpses of the birds that had attempted to fly over it.[1] By the time we left Garût I had forgotten that I had ever been an invalid.

Our next resting-place was the old Malayan capital Djokjakarta, where a native sultan still maintains a shadowy existence. His palace with its quaint interior is one of the sights of the place. But Djokjakarta is chiefly interesting on account of its vicinity to the early Buddhist monuments of Java, the chiefest of which is Boro-Budur. Boro-Budur, the real discovery of which we owe to Sir Stamford Raffles, is one of the wonders of the world, in fact I should call it the wonder of the world, superior even to Abu-Simbel. On the slope of a mountain, facing a volcano, rises a vast pyramidal structure of stone with stairways on each of its four sides, which lead to the flat summit and pass long corridors that divide the building into a succession of stages. The walls of the corridors are all sculptured with representations of the earthly life and adventures of the Buddha and his apostles ; the sculptures, which probably belong to the eighth century, are at once delicate and life-like and strongly reminiscent of Hellenistic art. Many of the figures indeed, with their Greek features, might have been wrought by Greek artists. The summit of the monument is crowded with dagobas or shrines within each of which sits a figure of the Buddha with the spirit of an eternal calm upon his face. The monuments at Prambanam and other places are hardly less remarkable and indicative of a high sense of art ; the floral designs upon

[1] The upas is the *Antiaris toxicaria*, a large and handsome tree with thick foliage.

some of them so closely resemble those that distinguish the monuments of the Italian Renaissance that it is difficult to realise that though both alike doubtless spring from a common Hellenistic source they are separated from each other both in time and space.

Surabaya, the last place in Java at which we stayed, was also the only place in Java where the hotel was built in the European fashion and not in that of the bungalow. It was also the only place where the mosquitoes were troublesome. But it is the starting-place of the tourist and cargo steamers to the islands of the Dutch East Indies as well as to New Guinea and Borneo.

On our way back to Singapore we touched at Dutch Sumatra and also saw the relics of the island of Krakatoa. Gaunt splinters of naked rock are all that is left of the island that was blown up by the great volcanic explosion which caused the brilliantly red sunsets of 1882 and carried a wave as far as the coast of Cornwall. At Singapore I stayed with the Bishop whose wife was a daughter of my old acquaintance Professor Hull, and occupied myself with labelling the Ming porcelain exported from China to the Malays and natives of Sumatra and Borneo, and bringing to light many other specimens of it which had been hidden away in the cupboards of the Museum. A considerable trade in porcelain had been carried on by the Chinese in the Sung and Ming periods, and even to-day a Dyak of Borneo is a better connoisseur of early celadon than a European dealer. Eventually we took the *Mishima Maru* for Hong-Kong and Kobe.

I was fortunate in having my first sight of Hong-Kong in the winter. Later in the season the wet fog settles densely on the Peak and mist and drizzle envelop the town below. But in February the sky was cloudless, and the view from the Peak over the bay is the most beautiful I have ever seen. Sir Frederick Lugard was now the Governor ; Carey and I had known him in Egypt ; unfortunately Lady Lugard's health was indifferent and the climate of Hong-Kong did not seem to suit her.

At Hong-Kong we left warm weather behind us and soon plunged into the cold and stormy seas of Japan. Snowstorms greeted our arrival at Kobe. After spending a few

days there we moved on to Kyoto. Professor Saeki had been good enough to come from Tokyo to act as our guide and interpreter during our first week in Japan ; he was then hard at work on his book upon the Nestorian Christians in China, and as soon as we arrived at Kyoto gave a lecture at the University on traces of them which he believed he had discovered in a neighbouring village.

Kyoto was still the capital of old Japan. It was still the Meiji era ; the Emperor, who had steered the state through its period of revolution and change, was still reigning, and the war-profiteer had not yet appeared upon the scene. The streets of Kyoto were not as yet modernised ; there were neither trams nor motors, and the *kuruma* or " riksha " was universal.

The day after our arrival we lunched with Dr. Harada, the Head of the Doshisha or Christian College just outside Kyoto, which was founded and endowed by a Japanese Christian, and under Harada's able administration has become one of the chief educational establishments of the country. Afterwards we had tea with the Acting Abbot of the great Nishi Honganji temple, who showed us all his " treasures." The titular Abbot, Count Otani, with whom I subsequently became acquainted, was travelling in Central Asia to which he had sent an exploring expedition in the track of Sir Aurel Stein. Two days later Professor Hamada and I helped to unpack some of the spoils which had already reached the monastery. Besides manuscripts there were terra-cotta figurines from Western China as well as antiquities of the Gandhâra period from the Punjab.

The previous evening the governing body of the Imperial University had given me a dinner at which many healths were drunk and many speeches delivered, and I made the acquaintance of many pleasant friends. Most of the Professors could speak English more or less, so that with the slight smattering of Japanese at which I had laboriously toiled on board the steamers I was able to feel myself at home. Baron Kikuchi, who had been educated at Cambridge, and had been at one time Minister of Public Instruction, was now the Rector of the Imperial University, and to his kindness I owe not only many of the happiest days I spent in Japan,

but also some of the warmest friendships I have ever made.

I had lunched that day with Dr. Gulick, the head of the American missionaries in Japan, and very superior to the ordinary type of missionary. The Japanese told me that with the exception of Professor Chamberlain he was the only foreigner who had succeeded in writing Japanese like a native, and they had a great respect for his knowledge of Japanese literature.

In return for all the hospitality I was receiving I gave a lecture at the Doshisha and another at the Imperial University, and my vanity was flattered by the crowds of Japanese students who not only filled the halls but also stood in a queue outside, anxious to get a glimpse of the foreign lecturer. Sentence by sentence my lectures were translated by one of the Professors, and that the translations were literal I knew from the fact that where my remark was intended to evoke a laugh it invariably did so.

Of course we made an excursion to Nara, the earliest capital of Japanese civilisation, and spent some days in the luxurious hotel the Government has built there. Baron Kikuchi sent the Professor of Archaeology, Kosaku Hamada, to be our "guide, philosopher and friend," and a very efficient one he proved. Nara was a revelation; there one learned for the first time what the art and culture of Japan once were under the inspiration of the China of the T'ang epoch. The early statuary in the Museum and in the ancient temple of Horyuji is to the art of later Japan what the statuary of the IVth Dynasty is to later Egyptian art. If it is necessary to go to Cairo in order to learn what Egyptian art was like, it is still more necessary to go to Nara if one wishes to know what Japanese art could be. And my introduction to it was made under the auspices of the leading authority on the subject, to whom all collections were open, whether public or private.

Before we left Kyoto we had a "ceremonial tea" with Dr. Saiki, who was destined in a later year to be my doctor. His old mother was one of the last devotees of *cha-no-yu*, "the tea-ceremony," and on certain great occasions, like the anniversary of the birth of its institutor, she and two or three

of her old cronies celebrated the event. The observances of the ceremony are minute and numerous, and when the older generation passes away are likely to be forgotten. During the war I took part in another ceremonial tea at Dr. Saiki's house; his two daughters, who represented new Japan, and had just left school, were among the guests, and had difficulty in suppressing their laughter at its solemn trifling. To them the whole thing was a joke, but to their grandmother and two octogenarian friends it was both real and solemn. All the morning had been occupied in preparing the tea, which when it was served was a bitter decoction, exciting thirst rather than assuaging it: it was served in the prescribed "hare's fur" bowls of the Sung period, whose age and merits were duly discussed by the old people. And we had to enter the tea-room, which was specially reserved for the ceremony, by crawling through a low aperture.

From Kyoto Carey and I went to Yokohama, principally with the object of visiting the great bronze statue of the Buddha at Kamakura, the photograph of which had determined me so many years previously to see Japan before I died. And I was not disappointed. The statue sat in all its divine calm under a blue sky, with the evergreen trees on either side of it, unspeakably majestic and impressive. I wish I had never seen it again. But when I was at Miyanoshita during the war I once more paid it a visit. Telephone wires ran in front of the face, and a confectioner's stall had been erected on its left side. The tranquillity of the shrine, the divinity of the figure, were gone; the old Japan was dead.

While at Yokohama we saw a good deal of Dr. Gordon Munro whom I had met in Edinburgh where he has enriched the Royal Scottish Museum with the relics of prehistoric Japan. He had been occupied for many years in excavating the dolmens and prehistoric villages of the country, and had borne a leading part in helping the native scholars to build up the science of Japanese archaeology.

From Yokohama we went to Tokyo where Sir Claude Macdonald was now the British Minister. Sir Claude was a great favourite with the Japanese, and there were few distinguished Japanese who were not to be met at the embassy.

Lady Macdonald was equally a favourite, and her heroic escape from Pekin at the time of the Boxer troubles and successful hiding in the Tientsin River were still remembered. I lunched one day with Dr. Tokutomi, the proprietor and editor of the *Kokumin Shinbun*—the *Times* of Japan; the long luncheon-table was filled with representatives of the Japanese press, and some amusement was excited at dessert by a "two-minutes" sketch being made of me by the artist of the Japanese *Graphic*. Dr. Tokutomi took me over his printing establishment; owing to the number of Chinese characters—at least 3000 in number—which have to be used in a daily paper along with the native syllabic characters, it is necessary to have three compositors as well as two or three boys at every press. Wages at the time were low in Japan and living cheap, but Tokutomi observed that the time would come—as indeed it now has come—when that would no longer be the case, and it would be commercially impossible to retain the Chinese signs if the price of the papers was not largely increased. Unfortunately the Japanese cling to the use of their beloved Chinese characters just as the Englishman clings to his unphonetic spelling.

The following day we lunched with Prince Jun-sho of the Lu-chu islands who afterwards came to Oxford, and later on with Count (afterwards Prince) Okuma, "the Grand Old Man" of Japan. Count Okuma had founded the Waseda University which adjoined his grounds and absorbed a large part of his attention. I had promised to give a lecture to the students there in the course of the afternoon, and our host had asked several guests, both Japanese and British, to meet us. First of all, however, he took us over his orchid-houses, of which he was very proud, orchids apparently having had the same attraction for him as they had for Joseph Chamberlain. After lunch there was a small garden-party, and I happened to be sitting next him on a sofa in the drawing-room when he uttered a remark which made me realise that he must have been nearly thirty years of age when the revolution in Japan took place. Up to that time he had been living after the old fashion of the Samurai, knowing nothing about the hated stranger except that he would be ready to use his sword upon any one of them who contrived to land in Japan.

And now he was leading the life of an English gentleman ; his drawing-room might have been Lord Curzon's, and his outlook on life and politics that of a member of the British House of Lords. I could understand the mental change all this implied in the case of the younger Japanese generation to whom the older Japan was nothing more than a somewhat unintelligible page of history, but here was a man who had been part of that older Japan, and yet had seemingly not only forgotten his earlier training and life but had even become a leader of a Radical party.

It must, however, be remembered, that just as in the case of the classical Greek outburst of art and culture the seeds of the earlier culture which had been crushed by the so-called Dorian invasion were still lying as it were under the soil, ready to spring up again as soon as circumstances were favourable, or as the Renaissance in Italy was but the rebirth of a civilisation that had been overwhelmed by the northern barbarians, so, too, the revolution in Japan was but a reawakening of the earlier spirit of enterprise and receptivity which had been stamped out by the triumphant Tokugawas in the sixteenth century. The progressive party had been also the Christian party, and against the latter were arrayed not only Buddhism but still more the susceptibilities of patriotism. But the old spirit survived, especially in the southern part of the kingdom, and it is a striking fact that when the edict of religious toleration was promulgated, it was found that in the close neighbourhood of Nagasaki the villagers had preserved their Christian traditions through two and a half centuries of persecution and repression.

It must also be remembered that the Japanese are a very mixed people. I was once saying to Dr. Gordon Munro that they seemed to me to be as mixed as the British ; to which his reply was : " They are more mixed." Like the British Isles, the Japanese Isles have been the last refuge of the various races who have migrated or been driven, in the one case westward, in the other eastward. Beyond them is the ocean. It is in the south and centre that the Yamato race has been preserved in its greatest purity. When the Fujiwara period of Kyoto, which corresponds to the Roman Empire in Europe, was succeeded by the era

of Feudalism, the Dark Ages of Japan, it meant the successful uprising of the older and less civilised elements in the population. But out of the admixture came, as in Europe, the institutions and spirit of chivalry which eventually found its most perfect expression in the *Samurai*, the nearest analogues to whom would be the country gentlemen of England as they once were. The Revolution destroyed the power, the wealth and (where they existed) the landed estates of the Samurai and higher nobles of whom they had become the retainers; but the old traditions survived, and up to the time of the late war their influence was great throughout the country.

I have always found the upper-class Japanese a delightful companion, the oriental representative, in fact, of the English "gentleman." Talking with them in the dusk of the evening I have forgotten, indeed, that they were not "English gentlemen"; their point of view was the same as my own and we started from the same principles and the same assumptions. And as in Great Britain, so too in Japan the people, whatever be their class, may be divided into two broad divisions. On the one hand there is the talkative, excitable, artistic Japanese, open and frank in his conversation and manners but lacking in perseverance; on the other the silent and reserved type, cool-headed and persevering, to whom modern Japan owes so much. The fact was brought to my notice by Professor Ichikawa, himself an illustration of the second type, who had lived much in England and knew the English language and its history better than most Englishmen, and who told me how much he had been struck by the existence of the same two types in England—the Keltic and the Saxon.

Unfortunately, perhaps, for Japan the influence of the old upper-class is rapidly passing away. There was a time when Japan was the only country in the world that was governed by reason; its policy was dictated, not by the opportunism of the moment, but by a reasoned consideration of the future. Now it has become more and more dependent on the ignorance and passing whims of a democracy. The daily paper wields much the same power as in America or Europe; the Emperor has lost his divinity; the multi-

millionaire tends to be more and more omnipotent. And the multi-millionaire, more especially the war-profiteer, has too often come up from the slums—without education, manners or morality, and with all the vulgarity which we used to suppose was the peculiar privilege of the Teutonic nations. The trading class was the lowest of the low in the days of Samurai supremacy, but the Revolution sent many of the Samurai into trade and they imported into it their own standard of ethics. And now the profiteer has eclipsed the Samurai.

Education, however, is wide-spread in Japan, ninety-three per cent of the population being able to read and write—a notable feat considering the number of Chinese characters and the learning of a little English—but the Japanese youth are very eager for knowledge.

The Imperial University of Tokyo gave a lunch in my honour, which involved a speech in Japanese by the Chancellor, Baron Hamao, and a reply in English by myself. While we were at lunch there was a heavy snow-storm which obliged me to spend most of the afternoon in the seismological observatory of Professor Omori. Two days later Carey and I visited the exquisite shrines of Nikko and the spectacle presented by the temples was one never to be forgotten. Under a brilliantly blue sky, and set against a dark background of pines, their roofs were covered with a mantle of dazzlingly white snow.

Before we left Tokyo we lunched one day with Baron Kuki who presided over the Ministry of Fine Art, and possesses the largest and most perfect collection of Japanese pottery in the world. It had already driven him out of his Kyoto home; Lord Acton once told me that his books had driven him out of one of his houses, the multiplication of them leaving no longer room for a chair or table; and the same fate had befallen the Baron at Kyoto. The house which he had taken in Tokyo, large as it was, was already threatening to become like that which he had left: half the dining-room table was occupied by old specimens of ware, leaving only one end of it free for a meal, and even the passage that led to the kitchen had shelves on either side from the floor to the ceiling which were

similarly crowded with the rare products of ancient ceramic art.

After paying a visit to Miyajima in the Inland Sea we landed in Korea at Fusan, the southern terminus of the Korean railways. The Japanese had removed a mountain and built a railway station in its place, using the stone for the construction of a breakwater. They had further determined to have an avenue of trees in front of the station, and accordingly had sunk holes in the rock which they filled with earth and there planted their trees. It was just what queen Hatshepsit had done at Thebes nearly two hundred years before Moses was born; there, too, holes had been similarly excavated and a double row of trees planted from the pylon of her stately temple under the cliffs of Dêr el-Bâhari down to the banks of the Nile.

We passed a pleasant time at Seoul. Count Terauchi was Governor-General, and under his efficient régime the country had been transformed both inwardly and outwardly. Mr. Bonar, who had just ceased to be British Consul, told me that it was difficult to realise that the country was the same as that in which he had come to reside a few years before. Then no man's life or property was secure unless he professed to be a convert of the American missionaries, and so placed himself under American protection; roads, and still more railways, were non-existent, brigandage was rampant, justice there was none, and dirt and disease were universal. All that had been changed by the Japanese Protectorate. Railways and roads had been made throughout the country, brigandage had been suppressed, efficient law-courts and police had been established, compulsory education had been introduced along with the creation of primary, secondary and technical schools, the towns and villages had been cleansed, hospitals built, and a sanitary police established who, in Seoul at all events, compelled the people to observe the new scavenging laws. It was just these, however, that were resented by the native population; the other reforms could be tolerated, but not the order to keep their houses and streets clean. At lunch one day at Count Terauchi's table I remarked to one of his aides-de-camp who was seated next to me that the Japanese language

was apparently unconnected with any other of the known languages of the world: "Yes," he said, "but it is also true that the habits of the people are unlike those of their neighbours; take the question of cleanliness, for example: the Koreans are dirtier even than the Chinese; but there is not a Japanese peasant who would go without one warm bath a day." While I was in Korea, the Government was busily employed in reforesting the bare hill-sides; thousands of trees were being planted, and it was hoped that before long the rainfall in the country would in this way be regulated. It was astonishing that so much in the way of reform could have been accomplished in less than half-a-dozen years, and I could not help contrasting it with our work in Egypt. Unfortunately the American Missions have been exploited by the Koreans for political purposes, and still more unfortunately some of the missionaries have been men of little education and less knowledge. Dr. Gulick, the head of the American Missions in Japan, told me that zeal without knowledge had caused certain of the missionaries who had come to Korea without previous training to take the part of political anarchists and assassins who posed as Christians suffering for their faith. Indeed in one instance the murder of Count Ito was traced to an unwise discourse upon the murder of Eglon by Ehud. Korea is the Ireland of Japan, and the spiritual confidants of its nominal Christians were sometimes only too ready to support their "converts" rather than the Government.

Dr. Komara, the Head of the Civil Administration, kindly placed the royal carriage and servants at our disposal while we were in Seoul, and he himself took us over the palaces. A day or two after our arrival we were entertained in the conservatory of the royal park, where a dish of strawberries, grown in the conservatory and already ripe, was placed before us.

The new Museum had already been built, but the antiquities which the Japanese excavators had discovered in the tombs of the country were still in their temporary shelter in one of the temples. There was, however, a "Service of Antiquities" and a law relating to illicit excavation and the preservation of the monuments based upon that of Egypt.

Before we left Seoul we visited some of the ancient tombs in the neighbourhood.

From Seoul we went to Antung and Mukden, where we were met at the station by the Japanese Consul-General, who told us he had received a telegram from Tokyo ordering him to arrange for our inspection of the Imperial Treasury. The porcelain treasures of the Ch'ing dynasty were still stored there, most of which have now been removed to Pekin, along with other precious objects, embroideries, lacquer, cloisonné and the like, which had been collected by the Emperors Kang-hsi, Yung-chen and Kien-lung. Two days later we spent most of the day in it with the Chinese Foreign Secretary (Dr. Wang). Over the lunch which he gave us he pressed upon us not to let our Japanese friends know how much there was in the collection of value, as he believed that they were seeking an excuse to transfer the whole of it to Tokyo. Subsequent history, however, has shown that his fears were groundless.

It was a very interesting day. The objects were kept partly in cupboards, partly in chests, the seals of which in many cases had remained unbroken and the locks unturned for a century or more. In one cupboard there were bronzes of the Chow and Han periods piled one upon the other and thick with dust; in another I found two or three white Sung plates of the choicest kind buried under Ming wine-cups, half-filled with dirt. The porcelain services, for the most part of the Kien-lung epoch, were disappointing. The individual pieces were multitudinous, but they were largely repetitions one of the other. Dr. Wang told me that negotiations for their sale had been carried on after the Revolution with Mr. Pierpont Morgan, but his agent, after examining them, came to the conclusion that it would not be worth his while to purchase them; two or three specimens of each part of a dinner-service would be all that was needed for a Museum, and so much would consequently have to be resold that the market price of the imperial porcelain of Kien-lung, so far as dinner-services were concerned, would be reduced to very little. Another interesting day was occupied in an excursion to the tomb of the founder of the Manchu dynasty of China. On our way we passed the

scene of the battle of Mukden ; the graves of the Japanese and Russian soldiers still looked fresh, and it was interesting to notice the care that was taken of both alike by the Japanese authorities.

The day before we left Mukden I tried to copy some of the Chinese and Manchu inscriptions on the stelae that stand on the backs of marble tortoises in the deserted fields outside the city. But the wind was so bitterly cold that I had to give up the attempt, and our Japanese landlord at the Station Hotel had some difficulty in unfreezing me. The next day we had a cold journey in a cushionless truck to Shan-hai-kwan. The railway bridge over which the train ran just before reaching Shan-hai-kwan had been destroyed in the fighting a week or two previously, but had just been replaced by a temporary one of wood. Our train was one of the first to pass it.

The morning after our arrival at Shan-hai-kwan there was still frost on the ground. But the thaw began immediately afterwards, and twenty-four hours later we had passed from the Manchurian winter to the Chinese summer. Shan-hai-kwan is a picturesque place : the great wall of China runs up the hills behind it, and forms one side of the walls of the town. Our walk upon it was very enjoyable ; still more enjoyable was our expedition to its extremity at the seashore, where a sort of pier or breakwater runs out into the sea. I found that the " flambé " blue cups and bowls of the so-called Chün pottery of the Sung age are still being made in the kilns of Shan-hai-kwan, and I purchased a cup for sixpence which a non-expert would certainly be unable to distinguish from the products of the Sung epoch.

Pekin was still in the throes of the Revolution. Some of the main streets were still smoking or smouldering, and the Manchu princes whose palaces were as yet unburnt were daily expecting a recrudescence of the rioting. One result was that their servants were constantly bringing their heirlooms to the safe precincts of the Legation quarter and begging us to buy them at any price we liked to fix. So long as they were not destroyed their owners were satisfied. Carey and I took advantage of our opportunities, though perhaps not to a full extent. What the possibilities were,

indeed, was indicated by my last purchase. I was just leaving the Hôtel des Wagons-lits, my baggage was packed, my cases delivered to the agent, when a servant arrived from the Imperial palace with a "sang-de-bœuf" group of a stag and doe of the Kien-lung period, which he implored me to buy. I explained that it was impossible, as my luggage was on its way to the station; but the man would not leave, and to get rid of him I turned out the silver that was in my pocket, amounting to seventeen shillings, and he left the figure with me. I stuffed it into my bag, thinking that, so far as price was concerned, its injury or destruction would not matter, and, of course, it arrived in England safely.

The sudden plunge from winter into summer brought with it one of those dust-storms for which Pekin is famous in the spring, and I had some difficulty the morning after my arrival in forcing my way to Dr. Morrison's house. The larger part of the street had been burnt a few nights before, and a day or two later I walked over the ruins of the house of one of the chief native art-dealers, where the ground was strewn with fragments of priceless porcelains. Dr. Morrison had just completed the erection of a fire-proof library in the middle of his courtyard and had transferred his collection of books to it, and as that, he told me, was the only thing about which he cared, the fighting and incendiarism had left him practically unmoved. He was good enough to place the library at my disposal, and I passed many hours in it. Everything relating to China in the various languages of the world was there—even cuttings from daily newspapers, and every edition that had been published of Marco Polo's travels. The rarest of them he secured while I was in Pekin on the occasion of my second visit.

But though the library escaped destruction from fire, it was unhappily reserved for semi-destruction from water. In 1917 it was bought by Baron Iwasaki, who intended to present it to the Imperial Library in Tokyo. The books reached Yokohama in safety and were stored there in a warehouse, pending removal to Tokyo. Hardly had they been placed there when the terrible tornado of September 1917, whose fury I experienced at Kyoto, broke upon Japan; the ware-

house was flooded, and a large part of the books—more especially the early editions—was more or less injured.

Pekin is the most interesting of cities. It is, in fact—or was—a group of three cities, the Imperial, the Tartar and the Chinese. The Tartar city is the largest, and is surrounded by its magnificent wall thirteen miles in circuit, on which it is a delight to walk at sunset and look down upon the busy streets and picturesque buildings that lie below. The main thoroughfares, which cross each other at right angles, are broad and long, with roadways that are divided into two halves, one for carts, the other, macadamised or tarred, for carriages and motors, while the footpaths run on either side. I was much struck by its exceeding cleanliness; even the side-streets were clean, and it was a pleasure to enter the neat and dainty courts of even the poorest houses. The contrast presented by Pekin to the filthy lanes of the cities in Southern or Central China is more than striking.

A day or two after our arrival we drove to the Temple of Heaven, and on our way through the Chinese city passed two small crowds that were gathered in the middle of the street. Two insurgent soldiers had been caught that morning looting and setting fire to a house; they had been promptly decapitated, and their bodies were lying in the road with their heads beside them. When we returned, bodies, heads and crowds were all alike gone.

At lunch next day at the British Legation, Sir John Jordan pointed out to us a large hole in the wall of the dining-room, caused by a shell during the Boxer siege; it had been left as a memento of the event, perhaps also as a reminder that such things might happen again. The same day we were taken over the Pai-tang Cathedral, where the French mission had successfully defended itself: here, too, similar mementoes of the event were still in evidence.

I saw a good deal of Dr. Morrison, who had just been appointed Foreign Adviser to the Chinese Government, and met at his house most of the leading Chinese politicians. Among them was the Swinburne of modern China, whom Yuan-shih-kai had made his secretary. At the Legation we were introduced to General Koe, who volunteered to take us over the fortifications, and described the successive stages in

the siege of the Legations, in which he had himself taken part. Our hotel was still full of Mandarin refugees from the revolutionary mob ; Madame Wegener was also there, purchasing pictures, bronzes and the like for the Berlin Museum.

Of course we spent a day at the Summer Palace, most delightful of royal residences, and another day among the ruins of the old Summer Palace, destroyed with all its priceless treasures by Western vandalism. Fragments of precious porcelains still lay on the ground among its broken walls. Another day we visited the Observatory on the Tartar Wall, with its famous instruments, at once scientific and artistic, which had been sent to the Chinese Emperor by Louis XIV of France. But the choicest of them had been carried away to Berlin, to the undying resentment of the Chinese. The mutilation of their palaces and temples by the Russians after the overthrow of the Boxers they could forgive ; they could never forgive or forget the " abominable theft," as they called it, of what they regarded as a tribute to their scientific eminence. Nor did they forget it in the hour of Germany's defeat ; the return of the stolen bronze instruments was insisted upon by the Chinese delegates to the Conference of Versailles.

At the end of April we went to Nankow, where we climbed the Great Wall and visited the Ming Tombs. At Nankow we came across Miss Mary Hall, whose journey across Africa from Cape Town to Cairo, it might have been thought, would have made her satisfied with any kind of accommodation ; it was therefore somewhat of a surprise to me to hear her complaining of the Chinese inn, which I found clean and comfortable.

Soon after our return to Pekin we took the train to Harbin, and there joined the Trans-Siberian express to Moscow. The only picturesque part of the route was the hilly country on the southern shore of Lake Baikal. After the war with Japan the Russians had engineered a line through the gorges and precipices of this region so as to avoid the uncertain passage across the lake. It was as well for us that they had done so, for the ice with which the lake is covered during the winter months was now breaking up, but was not yet

sufficiently melted to allow the steamers to cross the water. The lake, which is of a vast extent, looks like an inlet of the northern sea, and the gilded domes of Irkutsch gleamed over it in the setting sun.

West of Lake Baikal the line passes through Siberia. The undulating grasslands of Manchuria with their Mongol herdsmen are left behind, and we traverse a country partly woodland and partly cultivated fields. Villages and towns are numerous all along the line, and I was struck with their neatness and air of prosperity. The village houses had pretty gardens surrounding them; walls and roofs were brilliantly painted, and the church was invariably a bright and well-kept building. It was all in strong contrast to the squalid hovels and filthy refuse-heaps of the villages on the European side of the Urals. The population which had emigrated to Siberia was evidently the enterprising and industrious portion of the Russian nation; the "ne'er-do-weels" had been left behind. A good deal of mining was also going on, though most of the mines were worked by foreign capital and were in the hands of foreign companies.

The Urals were a disappointment. Where the railway crosses them they are low-lying and far from picturesque. Nor did the Volga show to advantage; it was in flood, and the country on either side of it was covered with pools of dirty yellow water. In Moscow we spent several days, as my companion had never been there before. Little had been changed in it since my visit in 1889, except that the magnificent Church of the Saviour had been finished. But the weather was bitterly cold, and we were not sorry to be once more in the train on our way westward. We had, however, to stop in Warsaw owing to a break in the communications, and make some acquaintance with the dull and monotonous streets of that uninteresting city.

In October Mrs. Stopes was in Edinburgh lecturing on Shakespeare and female suffrage. As no one apparently could be found at the moment to act as Chairman of the Suffragist Meeting, she persuaded me to undertake the post and so appear in the unwonted rôle of a politician. She told me that her great-grandfather, whose name was Brown, was intimate with Sir Walter Scott, and took the larger part of

the office work off his hands, in return for which Sir Walter called him his " Brownie." She also related to me a story she had had from MacColl, the editor of the *Athenaeum*. Just after the publication of Marie Corelli's *Sorrows of Satan* the novelist took a house in the Highlands. This was afterwards pointed out to a friend of MacColl's by a local guide, who said, " That's whar Mary Gorilla lives, she that's weel acquaint with the de'il."

CHAPTER XX

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY IN INDIA AND CHINA

MAJOR RHODES and I had arranged to go to India and the Far East together, and Percival was anxious to join us. As, however, he could not leave until December, the Major and I started a month earlier for Egypt, where I stayed with the Artins until the P. & O. boat with Percival on board arrived at Port Said. We left Europe in an Austrian Lloyd steamer, and were joined at Trieste by Liebreich, who intended to spend the winter in Cairo. At Alexandria I passed a few days with my old friend Salib Claudius, and we made an expedition along the coast west of the city, where the Mecca of early Coptic pilgrimage, the church and monastery of St. Mena, were being excavated. Kitchener had now returned to Egypt as plenipotentiary, and a new era for the government of the country had commenced. He arrived in a special man-of-war with all the pomp and ceremony that the Orient demands, and his influence made itself felt at once. Motor-roads were made and much-needed spaces cleared in Cairo itself, and the gardens of the Residency, as it was now entitled, were filled from morning to night with petitioners and applicants from all parts of the country. High and low, rich and poor, were all alike admitted to his presence and addressed in their own language, and, as one of them expressed it to me, "every Egyptian felt that the great Mohammed Ali had come back again." It was a régime which the Oriental could understand and appreciate, the personal government of "the father" of the country, not the inhuman machinery of abstract laws based upon traditions and ideas of justice that were alien to the inhabitants of an oriental land. Naturally, I saw a good deal of Kitchener

during the month I spent in Cairo. It was the misfortune of Egypt that he should not have come there as its practical ruler several years before, or that having come there his tenure of office should have been so short. In either case the history of Egypt would have been very different from what it is to-day.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald was on board the P. & O. *Macedonia*, and I found him a very different personage from the bogey of the Conservative newspapers. But he had the faults as well as the virtues of the Keltic temperament, the instinct of revolt against the conventional conceptions and laws of society, especially if they were made by the Saxon, and a one-sided enthusiasm for the views which he had himself adopted.

Unfortunately our companion Percival contracted influenza on board the steamer; and shortly after our arrival at Bombay all hope of his being able to accompany us in the rest of our tour had to be given up. Rhodes and I, however, made an expedition to the caves of Ellora and the rocky fortress of Daulatabad, and afterwards northward to Ahmedabad and on to Ajmir and Jaipur. Jaipur, with its streets of houses decorated with Italian designs in sickly pink, its royal lake of live alligators in the place of carp or gold-fish, and its collection of astronomical instruments constructed for a princely astronomer who once ruled over it, is a unique place even in India.

More interesting than Jaipur is the deserted city of Ambêr, with its Mogul palaces and rich architecture, to which we had to ride, much to our discomfort, on elephant-back; and equally interesting is the Museum, built after the fashion of the Taj Mahal under the supervision of Colonel Playfair, and filled with the best products of modern Mohammedan art. There, too, are the copies of the Buddhist paintings in the caves of Ajanta, made while the designs and colouring were still fairly visible.

Delhi received us with cold skies and a good deal of rain. Indeed, it was so cold that we were glad to have fires in our rooms, and I pitied the unhappy officials who were encamped under canvas in the spot where the new Delhi was about to be built. The motor-car now makes it possible to scour the

whole of the neighbouring district without difficulty and visit places which distance or bad roads had previously protected from the tourists; of all that I saw, the massive walls of Toghlakabad, with their reminiscences of Egyptian masonry, impressed me the most. From Delhi we made our way to Amritsar, with its gilded Sikh temple, and Lahore.

I had hoped to visit Sir Aurel Stein in his rural retreat at Srinagar in Cashmire. But it was now the middle of winter; it was cold even in the sunshine of Lahore; the distant slopes of the Himalayas were white, and I learned that snow had completely blocked the road to Srinagar. Rhodes proposed that we should go to Peshawar, but here again the snow blocked the way. Lahore, however, was a pleasant resting-place; the air was bright and stimulating, the neighbourhood was pretty, and the remains of Mogul art were captivating. Moreover, I met some ecclesiastical friends there, including the Bishop, while my companion paid a visit to his military friends in the camp at Meerut.

Agra was our next destination, and there we enjoyed to the full its monuments of Mogul art. Alike in Agra, Delhi and Lahore, the art was Persian, but Chinese craftsmen must have been employed in painting much of its decoration, which corresponds with the decoration of the Ming porcelain imported in large quantities to the Mogul court. At Agra, if not elsewhere, the influence of the Italian architect is also manifest. The dynasty of Akbar was as cosmopolitan in its art as it was in its philosophy.

The beauty of the Taj Mahal has been in no wise exaggerated, especially if it is seen from the opposite bank of the river. But of all the monuments of Mogul art in and about Agra, I was most struck by the tomb of the great Akbar at Sikanderabad. Its very simplicity adds to its effect, and its enamelled tiles are the finest in India. It is a fitting pendant to the deserted palace at Fatipur Sikri, with its airy debating-hall perched on the summit of a slender column, like the staircase of the dining-hall at Christ Church in Oxford; but the Mogul hall led not to a refectory but to the room where philosophic theologians discussed the foundations of a universal religion.

We passed a week-end at Cawnpore, and I preached for

the chaplain, a brother of my Assuan friend Dr. Leigh Canney, in the Memorial Church. The hotel was run by an ex-sergeant, and my bedroom had two exits, one into a verandah and the other into a passage leading to the kitchen. Early on Monday morning I was roused by footsteps and other noises in the passage, the explanation of which came just after we had finished breakfast. Then our landlord asked us to excuse the deficiencies of the meal as he had had to cook it himself, the cook having died suddenly of the plague in the middle of the night. An hour or two later we were on our way to Lucknow.

From Lucknow we proceeded to Benares, Patna and Calcutta. At Benares the bestiality of Hinduism and the hideousness of Hindu art (so-called) are revealed in all their shamelessness. The temples are sunless receptacles for cattle-dung or the abodes of grinning monkeys, upon which the mosque of Aurengzeb looks down with the cold contempt of the man upon the wild beast. Even the Ganges, as it flows past Benares, is a polluted river ; here, at any rate, sanctity and dirt are interchangeable terms. On an eminence above the river a naked devotee lay on his back on a couch covered with iron spikes, the points of which, however, were blunted, whatever may have been their condition originally.

It was a relief to drive to Sarnath and there enjoy the shattered relics of Buddhistic art and culture. The great column of Ashoka, with its memories of Achaemenian architecture, still rears its stately capital to the sky, and the little Museum is full of fragments of that " Gandhâra " art—the Eastern expression of a Greek inspiration—which can best be seen and understood in the Museum at Lahore. No one who has beheld the statue of the ascetic at Lahore can doubt that India once possessed an art and culture of the highest kind ; but like Mogul art it was an exotic of which India proved itself unworthy ; Buddhism was banished to the north and the bestiality of Benares prevailed in its stead.

At Patna Mr. Spooner was disinterring the palace of Ashoka, and showing that it was a copy of that of Darius at Persepolis, thus anticipating the reintroduction of Persian art into India in Mogul days.

Calcutta, which we next visited, is an interesting city ;

the tombs in the old Cathedral churchyard are full of memorials of the pioneers of British trade, and bear testimony to the fatal effects of the climate to most of them. Whatever may be the case with the official world, the commercial world, at any rate, will never desert Calcutta for Delhi. I spent one morning going over the Moslem College, where the students receive a Western education. They seemed at once numerous and eager to learn.

We left Calcutta for Rangoon, somewhat disenchanted with India, it must be confessed, which we had both seen for the first time. The romance had passed from it, and there was little to take its place. From the day of our arrival to that of our departure we had never seen a smile on a native's face; much less had heard a laugh. The contrast with the light-hearted, good-tempered Egyptian was marked, and in the towns the native passed the Englishman with a sullen scowl. But what mostly struck us was the want of friendly intercourse and sympathy between the governors and the governed. Between the Oriental and the Occidental was an unbridgable gulf: the Mohammedan did not forget that the Christian was an infidel who ought to serve the true believer and not be served by him; and on the Hindu rested the blight of caste.

It was a pleasure to find oneself among the Burmese. Instead of sullenness there was merriment, instead of repulsion there was brotherhood. The Burmese ladies are especially charming; smiling and sympathetic, with their gaily-coloured silks always in the best of taste, they are nevertheless shrewd "women of business," who conduct most of the affairs of practical life for their more indolent husbands. It was always a delight to spend an hour or two at the gorgeous Shwe Dagon temple, and there watch the women and children climbing or descending the steps in their brilliant costumes, with their garlands of flowers and constant laugh and chatter. Truly, judged by its fruits, the Buddhism of Burma is a good religion for its people.

Our voyage up the Irrawaddy brought back memories of Egypt. The river is broad like the Nile, the steamer was luxurious, there were ancient temples, deserted cities and golden pagodas to be visited on either bank. Pagan was a

glorified Thebes, where the villagers at its northern extremity made dainty cups of red lacquer instead of scarabs. At Mandalay we sympathised with the regret of the "British soldier" when forced to leave. The hills surrounding it were reminiscent of Athens; the moat around its palace, filled with the red flowers of the lotus, was what the ladies call "a dream."

Eventually we made our way into the mountain regions of the Shans, after eating the strawberries of February at Maimyo. The scenery was magnificent. At Goktheik, for example, the precipices descend from Alpine heights to a tropical gorge below, where a foaming river dashes over the rocks to lose itself in a huge fern-mantled cavern. From the woods of the temperate zone we descend in an hour or two into the rich growth of a tropical vegetation, or climb more slowly from the tree-ferns of the south to the pine-woods of a northern land.

I had hoped to cross the Salween and so enter China through the province of Yunnan. But I found that the preparation of a caravan would demand more time than I could spare, and accordingly returned with Rhodes to Pegu and Rangoon, and from thence took ship to Penang. From Penang the railway now runs to Singapore through the Malayan jungle. The tangled masses of jungle growth look strangely out of place as they peer in through the windows of a railway carriage—primaeval savagery with its unknown menace to civilised man.

Johore stands on grassy slopes in an oasis won from the jungle. Here we spent a day, and amongst other sights were taken to see a vast Chinese gambling-hell or rather palace. Then we found ourselves in Singapore.

The Japanese boat in which I had intended to sail had broken down, so I took a passage in a P. & O. steamer along with Rhodes, who was going to Japan, a new country to him, whereas my own destination was China. Accordingly I left him at Hong-Kong, which I found buried in wet fog. At the hotel were Mr. and Mrs. Le Blonde, like myself devotees of china-ware, the result being that we passed many hours together in the "curio" shops. I visited a good many private collections of porcelain, lunching one day with Sir

Paul Chater, who was eloquent over his collection of Kang-hsi "blacks." In a collection of Sung pieces belonging to a Chinese gentleman, who had inherited most of them from his ancestors, was a Sung bowl of "peach-bloom" colour. In America it would have been worth a king's ransom. Canton was another happy hunting-ground, and I secured there some good specimens of Ming and early Ch'ing porcelain. There, too, I visited a wealthy native who introduced me to his father, now dead for some years. But the bedroom in which he died remained unchanged, with his favourite books by the side of his coffin, as well as the clothes which he might be expected to wear the following day. I also paid a visit to the old execution-ground under the city walls. Its glory, however, had departed from it; Young China had abolished the executioner and his sword, and the convicted murderer to-day is hanged in the solitude of his prison.

At Shanghai I dined with Captain Maxsted, who had taken places for his guests at the principal Chinese theatre, to which we adjourned after dinner. The first play was in native style: the music consisted of incessant tom-tomming, and the players occupied themselves in performing acrobatic feats. The native drama is largely symbolic, like the script; certain postures and movements indicate a battle, love-making and the like. One of the performers fell, rather than entered, upon the stage in a series of somersaults.

The native performance was for the sake of Old China; it was immediately followed by a European play for the sake of Young China. The stage remained the same, but the scenery was changed, a European band took the place of the tom-toms, the dresses were European and so, too, was the acting. This, however, became more and more broad, and as it was evidently aimed at the European, we thought it prudent to retire.

Before leaving Shanghai I spent an afternoon with the American missionaries in their fine College buildings, and also attended a tea at the opening of the Shanghai *Salon*, over which Sir Edward Frazer, the British Consul, and Mrs. Ayscough presided. A day or two later I went to Nankin, and found comfortable quarters at the Bridge Hotel.

At Nankin the old Examination Hall still remained, and

Young China was discussing what was to be done with it. At Pekin an orphan asylum was being built on the site of the streets of cells in which the examinees had been immured during their ordeal ; but at Nankin, it appeared, there were not enough orphans to fill such an institution. The new University was already in existence, and one of the students volunteered to act as my interpreter. I was with him in a carriage a day or two later driving through what had been the Manchu quarter on our way to the tomb of Hung-wu, the founder of the Ming dynasty. The Manchu quarter was a wilderness ; the walls by which it had been encircled were partially destroyed, and all the houses had been looted and burnt, nothing remaining of them except their foundations. As we passed the ruins my companion turned to me and said, " Twenty-five thousand Manchu men, women, children here. Last March we cut all of their throats, all ! " at the same time passing his hand across his own throat. And there was a fiendish gleam of triumph in his eyes which I shall never forget. The Manchu garrisons had been planted in different parts of China to prevent any risings on the part of the natives ; they enjoyed certain privileges, which was much resented, and what was even more resented was the fact that they received a regular salary, " for doing nothing," as it was explained to me.

A Chinese steamer took me from Nankin to Hankow, and on board it I made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Washington Thomas, with whom I was destined to enjoy a very pleasant time later on in America. The Yang-sze is a magnificent river, broader than the Nile and hardly diminishing in size for at least 600 miles. At Kiu-kiang, the port for the potteries of Ching-tê-chen, the insurgent army was besieging the town ; they were camped on the southern side of it furthest from the river, and their guns, which did no damage, were booming all the long day we spent in loading the steamer with porcelain. Nobody minded the besiegers, though it was not advisable to walk too near them. The porcelain was really good, and very cheap ; a pair of blue-and-white vases, for example, which the inexperienced eye would not have distinguished from products of the eighteenth century, were offered at sixpence each.

Half-way between Nankin and Hankow the scenery becomes picturesque, and wooded islands interrupt the stream. Here, too, are the iron mines, which are (or were) worked by a Japanese company. There is no iron in Japan, and though the coal mines of the Yalu furnish the Japanese Government with coal, it is practically dependent on the iron mines of the Yang-sze for the greater part of its supply of that metal. The control of the river and the mines is consequently a vital necessity for Japan.

Hankow, or rather its foreign quarter, where the British and Japanese concessions occupy the larger part of the river front, is already a rival of Shanghai. Its streets and public buildings vie with those of the seaport, and it commands the trade not only with central China but with Central Asia as well. Native Hankow (or rather Han-yang), divided by a small stream from the foreign city, was a wilderness of ruins when I was there ; it had been destroyed during the revolutionary fighting and had not as yet been restored. Wu-chang, on the opposite bank, was in a similar plight, except that the soldiers with a true commercial instinct had left its factories and artisans' houses uninjured. Fighting of a desultory sort was still going on there, and we were warned not to go too near the enemy's cannon on the south side. In fact, Chinese police were posted in convenient situations to prevent our doing so.

The journey from Hankow to Pekin is interesting, and it was with a pang of regret that I was obliged to pass Cheng-chow, the stopping-place for Sian-fu with its Nestorian monument and other archaeological remains, without being able to stop there. At Pekin the Hôtel des Wagons-lits was full of guests. The Chinese Parliament was about to open, and the deputies from all parts of the country were strutting about in tall hats. A day or two later it was inaugurated with a written address from the president, Yuan-shih-kai ; this was read by his secretary, as he was afraid to venture outside the well-guarded precincts of the Imperial city for fear of assassination. The first subject debated was whether or not the hats of the deputies should be removed on their entrance into the House ; after a long and heated discussion it was determined that the deputies should sit with them on their

heads, since that was the practice of the British House of Commons.

Shortly before I left Pekin I attended a dinner of the Kuo-ming-tang, that is to say, the party of Opposition. Next to me sat an Englishman who understood Chinese. After dinner several speeches were made, and my neighbour told me that in certain of them the assassination of their political adversaries was advocated without any disguise. Yuan-shih-kai himself was publicly believed to have rid himself of his chief opponent in this way.

Dr. Morrison was now married, and while his luncheons were as pleasantly informal as ever, his drawing-room had ceased to be that of a bachelor and bore testimony to his wife's taste. One day I lunched with Dr. Fergusson, a leading authority on Chinese art, and spent a delightful afternoon looking at the bronzes and paintings of the T'ang, Sung and Ming periods which he had been purchasing for the Metropolitan Museum of New York. A good deal of my time was again spent in the shops of the art-dealers under the kindly guidance of Captain G. A. Robertson, killed afterwards in the Great War, and in the company of Miss Washington Thomas, whom I had inspired with a zeal for ancient porcelain. I was also much beholden to the hospitality of Sir John Jordan and Sir Edmund Backhouse, profoundest of Chinese scholars, to whose generosity the University of Oxford owes its unrivalled collection of early Chinese books; and I thus became acquainted with Dr. K'ung, the seventy-eighth lineal descendant of Confucius. Dr. K'ung had been educated in America, and when first introduced to him I supposed him to be an American, since in dress, appearance, speech and ideas he was a typical New Englander; he had also the reputation of being a first-class medical man.

My conversations with him made me realise in a new way the change that had come over China, and also the antiquity and unbroken continuity of Chinese culture. By the side of the old families of China the oldest families of Europe are but the upstarts of yesterday.

Politics was naturally the all-absorbing topic of the day, and speculation was rife as to what next Young China was

likely to do. I asked the Japanese Chargé d'Affaires if he could throw any light on the matter, Japan being not only geographically nearer to China than was Europe or America, but culturally nearer as well. His reply was: "None but the Chinese mind knows what it is thinking about; it is as inscrutable to us as it is to you."

Together with Sir John Jordan I lunched one day with Yuan-shih-kai. We had a *recherché* repast, served with champagne, in which we drank his health. He was still occupying the rooms of the old Imperial palace, for though the new building in European style, which had been built for him in the palace grounds, was now finished, it was not yet furnished. We were received at the door by a tall Chinese soldier dressed in the steel helmet and the other appurtenances of a Prussian guardsman. Yuan-shih-kai himself knew no language but Chinese; his first secretary, however, was a good English scholar and acted as our guide. Before lunch we had been conducted over the beautiful grounds of the Imperial city, had seen the view from the pagoda on "Coal" Hill, had examined Kien-lung's magnificent porcelain screen, fast going to decay, and been rowed across the lake in the old Dowager-Empress's barge with its blue satin cushions and hangings adorned with dragons in yellow or gold. The furniture of the palace itself was for the most part the cheap and tawdry furniture of modern Paris; the older furniture had been destroyed or stolen during the Boxer rising and been hastily replaced from Europe. Even the "china" was of French manufacture. But in one of the courts there was still standing the largest piece of carved jade in the world, a huge bowl-like vase ornamented with bas-reliefs which had been cut out of a single block of jade in the reign of Kien-lung.

The neglected and decaying condition of Kien-lung's porcelain screen and the beautiful Buddhist temple which adjoined it brought home to me more forcibly than ever the shameless neglect of their old treasures of art by the Young China of to-day. All over the country the temples and other monuments were being allowed to perish. No attempt was made to repair or restore them, and the peasants were permitted to devastate the ancient cemeteries by un-

checked and unregulated excavations. It was, therefore, with no small surprise that I received a visit from Dr. Chiu, the Dean of the University, who asked me to help him in a movement he was making for the preservation of the antiquities of his country, for checking the export of its treasures and for putting an end to illicit digging. Yuan-shih-kai professed to be sympathetic; the Minister of War was actually so; the Minister of Education was forced by his position to assume an attitude of benevolence. The result was a meeting of the four Chinamen and myself, at which the President and Minister of War promised contributions for founding a Museum at Pekin and starting a Service of Antiquities, and I was asked to furnish them with a copy of the Egyptian law relating to the subject. This I did immediately after my return to England, and the Museum was established, but Dr. Chiu died suddenly a few months later, and nothing more was heard about monuments or antiquities.

Meanwhile the old tombs are being rapidly destroyed for the sake of their contents, and the archaeological record of China is being lost. When the railways were constructed the lines were cut through numberless tombs, China being one vast cemetery, and the graves of the dead were for the first time in Chinese history deliberately laid bare; and as the tombs belonging to an earlier date than the Ming period were filled with objects which fetched money in Pekin, the Chinese peasant followed the example of the Egyptian peasant and gave himself up to the lucrative pursuit of tomb-robbing. Before I left China I paid a visit to the early cemeteries on the Yellow River, where the tombs are cut in layers one above the other in the marly loess of that region. The tomb itself is generally built of bricks and has a vaulted or barrel roof; in those of the T'ang epoch I noticed that the dead were laid on a couch in the centre of the tomb, a bronze mirror hanging from the roof over the face of the dead, while pottery and (as I was informed) vestments also were piled up around them. Multitudes of terra-cotta figurines are found in the Sui and T'ang periods, besides large portrait figures, often of nearly life-size, in all the glorious glazes of the T'ang culture; two of these

I secured for a nominal sum for Lord Kitchener. He had asked me to remember him while I was in China, and more especially obtain if possible a Kang-hsi screen: this latter commission I was unable to accomplish, and so offered in the stead of it the two figures of a T'ang general and his wife. In the Sung and Yuan tombs the "flambé" pottery seemed as plentiful as the figurines of the earlier graves, and the ground was as thickly covered with the fragments of bowls and saucers smashed by the unskilful excavators as was the ground in the early graveyards of Rakka, on the Euphrates, where the Circassian excavators broke half a dozen pieces of Persian ware for every one which they excavated intact. Mr. Hopkins, who paid me a visit the following summer, told me that, up to the time of his leaving China, for a European to be present at the opening of a grave would have meant almost certain death, and that such an act of desecration on the part of a native villager would formerly have been inconceivable. Even in the villages it would appear that the old China has passed away.

It is not only in northern and western China, however, that the graves are yielding up their contents to the ignorant excavator. An Anglo-Italian engineer, Mr. Garibaldi, a grandson of the Italian patriot, who had been engaged upon the projected railway from Canton to Nankow, told me that some forty miles from Canton he had cut through a hill of considerable size which turned out to be wholly artificial, and to consist of strata of tombs one above the other. The pottery of the lowest strata was unglazed, and would therefore have belonged to the period before the conquest of Southern China in the time of the Han dynasty.

My journey through Siberia was not as comfortable as it had been the previous year, as I was unable to obtain a place in the international train and had to travel by the Russian express. The food was bad and insufficient; the carriages were exceedingly dirty, and we had to change at Irkutsch and there spend a number of weary hours. We were, however, a pleasant party of British and Japanese, and as the jolting of the trains made reading impossible, there was a considerable amount of conversation. But it was a relief to get to the hotel at Moscow, where it was

snowing heavily, and there, after a warm bath, to sit down to a good lunch. Then I left my companions and proceeded to Berlin.

I had not been in Berlin since 1889, and the change was extraordinary. The Kaiserhof was still luxurious, but it had ceased to be comfortable. It was filled with arrogant Germans drinking champagne all day long. In 1889 the German dinner-hour had been five o'clock; now it was eight. I lunched one day with Professor Sachau, and he complained bitterly of Young Germany. Were it not for the foreign students, he said, the professors whose subjects did not pay commercially or politically would not have a single pupil; Young Germany cared only for making money. The Thiergarten had become a show-place of vulgar statuary; the Museum was in process of reconstruction. My old friend Professor Delitzsch had entirely lost his hearing, so even Assyriological conversation was denied to me.

I was glad to be back in London. There I found my Japanese friend Professor Hamada, who had crossed Siberia only a couple of weeks before myself. He had been sent by the Japanese Government to Europe for two years, in order to visit our archaeological museums and the classical lands of the Mediterranean. Kano, the Professor of Chinese at Kyoto, and Take, the editor of the *Kokka*, the organ of Japanese art, were with Hamada at the time. The latter came to stay with me in Edinburgh a month later, and we were joined there by the Baroness de Malortie, who had now taken up her residence at Oxford, and later on by Artin Pasha.

The Baroness was an old friend of mine. Her husband for several years held the sinecure post of Censor of the Press at Cairo, which had been given to him by Tewfik Pasha. He and his wife had lived interesting lives, fragments only of which have been revealed in his published works. The eldest representative of an old Hanoverian family, related to the Bismarcks, he had commenced his career as Hanoverian Ambassador in Paris, where he met his future English wife, for some years the "belle" of the European Courts. When Hanover was conquered by Prussia, Bismarck

informed him that he could choose either to desert his King and be rewarded with honours at Berlin or to follow the fortunes of the fallen sovereign and spend his life in exile, and he preferred the latter course. Shortly after his marriage his ill-starred friend, Prince Maximilian, accepted the crown of Mexico. More than once the Baron has told me how he enlisted some soldiers and chartered a ship to accompany the Mexican Emperor to his new kingdom. Then came disaster, and Emperor and Baron were captured by the Mexicans and condemned to death. His wife, who had been left in Paris, went to the French Emperor and entreated him to save her husband. Napoleon shrugged his shoulders and declared he could do nothing. Then she went to the Empress, who at once exerted herself to such good purpose that with the gentle persuasion of bribery, means were found for enabling the prisoner to escape.

In August the Cambrian archaeologists, who had been invited to Wiltshire by the Wiltshire Archaeological Society, met at Devizes, and I persuaded Hamada to come to the meeting, over which Professor (now Sir) William Boyd Dawkins presided. We had what the Americans would have called a "thoroughly good time." The local archaeologists were hospitable; Mr. and Mrs. Cunnington showed us the results of their archaeologically important excavations, and we visited, of course, Avebury, Silbury and Stonehenge, where the aeroplanes of the neighbouring military aviation camp formed a somewhat formidable rival to the ancient British monument. I had never visited Devizes before, nor, apparently, had any one else who was acquainted with Egyptian archaeology, and it was therefore a surprise to me to find in the Devizes Museum numerous beads of blue Egyptian fayence and of a particular type which had been discovered in grave after grave of the early Bronze Age period on Salisbury Plain. They are beads characteristic of the time of Rameses II., the Pharaoh of the Oppression, and must have been brought by traders to Britain about 1300 B.C. I also noticed other (melon-shaped) Egyptian beads which originated at an earlier period, as well as the remains of ivory dagger-hilts, one of which still bore traces of Egyptian work.

One of our expeditions was to a cromlech, where Sir Henry Howorth compelled Hamada, willing, nilling, to stand up and make a comparison between the cromlechs and dolmens of Britain and Japan. It was a "bitter" experience, said Hamada to me afterwards, as his command of English was still immature and the upper-class Japanese has all the shyness of the Englishman. But he came out of the ordeal with flying colours, and at a dinner that evening the Mayor complimented his fellow-citizens upon their having been instructed in the history of their own country by a native of far-distant Japan.

Before the end of the month Hamada and I went to stay with Mrs. Attwood-Mathews at Llanvihangel Court, and while there paid a visit to the excavations that were being conducted on the Roman site at Kenchester. It was the last time that I saw Mrs. Herbert of Llanelly; she was losing her energy, and the Welsh harpist had ceased to play at meal-time. After my return to Edinburgh, Boyd Dawkins spent a few days with me, and we discussed, not British antiquities, but Chinese porcelain, of which like myself he is a collector.

Miss Gertrude Bell was with me a week or two later. I had been meditating a winter tour with Percival in Babylonia and the adjacent regions, and Miss Bell proposed that we should meet "by Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold." Unfortunately for me, Percival was forced to postpone the journey until the following year; then the war came, and Bagdad is now one of those places which I shall never see. Instead of Babylonia, I joined Garstang at Meroe.

Just before leaving England I met Lord Redesdale—better known to students of English literature as Mitford—at dinner in London, and enjoyed an instructive conversation with him about Japan. One evening, too, at the Author's Club, I heard an after-dinner speech of Lord Haldane which enabled me to understand the war-time remarks concerning him in the *National Review*.

In Cairo I passed a pleasant month in what I had come to regard as a home — Artin Pasha's hospitable house. Schweinfurth and Seligman were in Cairo at the time, and I saw a good deal of them, as well as of Kitchener and Storrs. Our talk was chiefly of art and archaeology, dashed, at the

Residency, with discussions upon aviation; little did we foresee what a changed world and changed Egypt it would be a few months later. Egypt was contented and prosperous; it had the Government, or rather the Governor, that suited it, and a native remarked to me, "Grenfell and Scott were our fathers, but Kitchener is our master." But it was a master whom the fellahin trusted implicitly, and as long as the nine millions of fellahin were content, upon whom the very existence of Egypt is dependent, it did not matter what the mongrel population of Alexandria and Cairo, or the schoolboys who are educated there, might say or do.

I spent the New Year's Day of 1914 at Halfa, and the next day found myself under the hospitable roof of Midwinter's charming bungalow at Atbara. A few days later I was again at Meroe. Here the Sudanese Government had built a house for the excavators, and tent-life was at an end.

On January 12 Pourpe flew over our house on his flight from Cairo to Khartûm, and descended a little in order to salute us. The flight was an historical event in the history of aviation, and opened up new possibilities to commerce and international intercourse. At Khartûm the natives were much interested in his machine, many of the Sudanese Arabs having a taste for engineering; a son of the Khalîfa, in fact, held one of the chief posts in the locomotive department at Atbara. One old lady, just before the departure of the French aviator, begged him to convey a message to her dead son who had passed beyond the clouds.

I spent the week-end at the palace at Khartûm, as I had undertaken to preach a sermon in the Cathedral after the dedication of the Gordon Memorial in it by Bishop Gwynne. The chairs and sofas in the drawing-room of the palace had been recently re-covered. When the palace was built Kitchener in a fit of economy had bought a good deal of the furniture from a Khedivial palace in Cairo where it was being sold, the result being that the satin coverings in the drawing-room soon began to show signs of wear. Hall Caine arrived, anxious to obtain local colouring for his book, *The White Prophet*, which he was writing, and was duly invited to dinner by the Governor-General. When Lady Wingate entered the drawing-room she found him gazing

at the ragged satins, and one of his first remarks to her was, " I suppose this was the drawing-room of the *Maydy*."

Towards the end of February I was once more in Assuan, keeping house with Leigh Canney, who was now, however, no longer a bachelor. Little did I imagine that it would be my last sight of Assuan or the last winter when my Egyptian servant Mustafa would make me forget that life has its worries. Later on, when I was again staying with the Artins in Cairo, the Pasha and I took him to Damietta to cook and wait upon us. I had long desired to see the famous mediaeval town which supplanted the classical Alexandria and is still a happy hunting-ground for the artist in search of the picturesque. The Governor had asked us to stay with him, but we preferred to live in our saloon-carriage at the station. We dined with him one day, however, and found with him Hafiz Bey from Assuan, where a certain German spy, said to be one of the wealthiest men in Germany, had been endeavouring to sap his loyalty.

The day before leaving Cairo I had tea with Borchardt, who had just returned from Tel el-Amarna, where he had been conducting the German excavations during the winter. He showed me a cuneiform tablet which he had discovered in what must have been the residence of the Hittite ambassador. At Borchardt's request, Maspero allowed him to take the tablet temporarily to Berlin in order to be copied there for the *corpus* of Tel el-Amarna inscriptions which the German Government was issuing. It is needless to say the tablet was not returned to Cairo.

I spent a week with Salib Claudius at Ramleh, and we dined one evening with the Ruffers. Ruffer had just come back from his annual sanitation visit to the Sinaitic Peninsula, and on this occasion had performed it by motor. He had travelled through the gravelly desert of Tih, which proved to be ideal ground for the motorist, and told me that he had done in thirty-six hours what it had taken the Israelites forty years to accomplish. It was the last time I saw him ; before I was in Egypt again he had perished when his ship had been torpedoed on its way from Athens.

CHAPTER XXI

WAR: AMERICA AND JAPAN

At Oxford I found that arrangements were being made for holding the next Oriental Congress there. Pargiter was appointed Organising Secretary, and we had a meeting at his house, when we settled the programme and notices. Before another meeting could take place the war had been declared, and Oriental Congresses became one of those things which will never happen again. On the 3rd of June Professor Fiedler gave a luncheon-party in the Hall of Queen's College in honour of the German ambassador, Prince Lychnowsky. Many pretty speeches were made, some of which, however, I did not hear, as I was giving a public lecture myself that afternoon and had to leave the party prematurely. The Prince was very affable, and spoke much of the eternal friendship between the German and "English" nations; we now know, however, that he was kept in ignorance of the approaching explosion.

In Edinburgh Hamada came to stay with me. Hamada and I had arranged to go southward together on August 5; he wanted to see Durham, and I was going to Oxford. That morning the newspapers informed us that war had been declared, and we drove to the station not knowing whether any seats had been reserved for civilians. We found places in the express, however, and at Newcastle Hamada transferred himself to a local train to Durham. He had with him Baedeker's Guide to Great Britain, the maps of which he unthinkingly began to study. A young territorial who sat opposite to him, after eyeing him for a while, finally told him that he must give up his German book of maps and consider himself under arrest. In vain his companions in

the railway carriage assured the young fellow that his prisoner was not a German spy, but a Japanese. It was not until they were near Durham that the truth eventually forced itself upon him ; so by way of amends he produced a bottle of whisky from his pocket, and the two drank together to the confusion of Germany and the prosperity of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. Meanwhile Hamada's place in my compartment had been taken by two young Londoners, who arrived at the last moment, panting and excited. They had been to Alnmouth for a holiday, but the declaration of war had obliged them to return to their business in London. They had had to wait in Newcastle, and there they had occupied themselves in strolling through the city and attempting to take a photograph of the river from the bridge. The attempt brought a howling mob around them ; they were promptly arrested and carried before a magistrate whose ears had evidently never heard the Cockney accent before. Accordingly he sent them on to the military authorities, who set them at liberty just in time to allow them to catch their train. I could not help thinking of France in the days of the Franco-Prussian War.

The days were full of anxiety. The newspapers, strictly muzzled, insisted that all was well, but private advices which I received from London were more than disquieting. Unless Providence intervened it seemed impossible to avoid disaster : the British army was doubtless the best fighting machine in the world, but it was, as the Kaiser said, contemptibly small, and the French were unprepared. The only redeeming feature in the situation was that Kitchener remained optimistic.

And Providence did intervene. The Kaiser, devoured by megalomania, overruled the plans of the General Staff and insisted upon an immediate march upon Paris. He anticipated the hour when he would be crowned Emperor of the West in the palace of Versailles, and the crown, sceptre and throne had already been prepared for the ceremony. Had the chief military authorities been allowed to have their way, the Channel ports would have been seized before Paris was attacked ; the communications between England and France would then have been severed and both Paris and London

been at the mercy of the assailants. As it was, von Kluck was sent forward before his lines of communication were complete and his men could recover from their fatigue, and the appearance of Gallieni's army with its taxis and auto-buses completed the German rout.

But neither France nor Great Britain deserved its good fortune. In spite of warning and actual knowledge little or no preparation had been made against the German attack. A year later I was lunching with Lord Abercromby. The other guest was Professor Hume Brown, and as we walked away from our host's house he told me an astounding story. A few years previously—I think he said, in the year 1908—he had been employed in translating a document for the War Office which provided for joint military action on the part of France and England were France to be attacked by Germany. It was anticipated that France would be so unprepared that not only would Paris and the Channel ports fall into the hands of the invader, but the larger part of the country as well, and that the French Government and army would have to retire to Bordeaux. Bordeaux, accordingly, was to be the port of disembarkation for the British troops, and from Bordeaux the combined forces were to start in their reconquest of the rest of the country.

One afternoon I was having tea with Mrs. Max Müller, and was somewhat amused at noticing a change which had taken place in the drawing-room. On the wall at one end of it hung one of Max Müller's most treasured possessions, a large portrait of the Kaiser in a heavy gilt frame, which had been presented to him by the Kaiser himself. It was still hanging there, but a sheet of brown paper had been carefully pasted over the portrait. I could not help thinking how fortunate it was that Max Müller had died before the war commenced. He was an ardently patriotic German; Mrs. Max Müller was an equally patriotic Englishwoman, and friction at home would have been inevitable.

The dreariness of an autumn of disappointment was alleviated by a visit to Mr. James Curle at Melrose. I was taken to see the site of the Roman fortress—perhaps the Trimontium of Ptolemy—which he had brought to light at Newstead and proved for the first time what a real hold the

Romans had once had on the country north of the Wall. Another afternoon we spent in Dryburgh Abbey, with the softly mellow autumn light warming its decaying walls and thickly clustered trees. Soon afterwards I returned to Oxford and London, where I arrived in time to be present at Lord Roberts's funeral. My ceramic tastes were gratified by a sight of the famous collections of Chinese ware belonging to Mr. Hippesley and Mr. Eumorfopoulos, which I had long desired to see. At Mr. Eumorfopoulos's house at Clandon Regis I met a French refugee (M. Bachelier), one of the Lille factory-owners, who had formed a celebrated collection of early Persian fayence. This he had buried in a brick vault in his garden and planted shrubs over it, in the hope that it would not be discovered by the Germans. I learned afterwards from him that the hope was a vain one; when he returned to his desolated home not a vestige of the fayence remained.

At the end of the year I paid a visit to the McClures, and then crossed over to Paris. Mrs. Strong crossed the Channel with me on her way to the British School of Archaeology at Rome. We lunched one day with Salomon Reinach, and M. Bénédite, who was also present, told me that just before the war the Louvre had purchased a prehistoric Egyptian flint-knife with an ivory handle engraved with a Babylonian design, which he wished me to see. As it was in his room at the Louvre, we spent part of the dark January afternoon in walking by the dim light of two or three lanterns through the deserted halls and corridors of the Louvre. It was a weird experience; not a picture was on the walls, not a statue on its pedestal, and the glass cases were empty.

Paris itself was a city of the dead. The streets were empty of vehicles, and it was possible to stroll across the most fashionable of them with impunity. Most of the shops in the tourist quarter were closed, and the larger hotels had been commandeered by the Government. I was the solitary occupant of the sleeping-car in the train to Nice, where I intended to pass the winter, as Liebreich had settled himself there. There, too, the hotels were occupied by the military, and the tourist as well as the foreign resident was absent. Even the Casino at Monte Carlo was closed.

At the beginning of March I was joined by my Japanese friends Hamada and Ichikawa, and henceforward ceased to feel lonely. The few British and American residents who remained on the Riviera, however, naturally saw a good deal of one another. At Mentone there was Mrs. Hearne, chiefest among them, in her beautiful villa on the Italian frontier, and foremost in Red Cross work. She was the daughter of the French writer Joubert, and had married a rich American who had passed much of his time in collecting the artistic spoils of the Renaissance, and his widow had continued his life-work under the guidance of the authorities at the South Kensington Museum, to whom the collection was eventually to come. Though born and brought up in England, she was, as I have said, of French origin, and when the stress of war obliged her to provide herself with a passport it was a good many months before the lawyers could decide to what Government she should apply. The Americans refused to acknowledge her as her husband was dead, and she had lost her British nationality by her marriage. It was finally determined that since she owned property in France she must be regarded as a Frenchwoman.

While I was at Nice, d'Annunzio arrived there, and the impassioned addresses he gave from the balcony of the Italian Consulate, one of which I heard, stirred the Italian population of the town into a frenzied determination to declare war against the devastators of Belgium. Our head waiter was among the most enthusiastic of the poet's followers; he perished afterwards at Caporetto.

Nice was full of British and French officers, a large number of whom were suffering from "shell-shock." Still more were suffering from pulmonary diseases, the result of an abnormally wet winter passed in trenches which, unlike those of the enemy, afforded but little protection from the cold and damp.

We often had our afternoon tea at the "London House," where our neighbours at the next table were the three Persian princes, cousins of the Shah, who were residing at the time in England. One of them was called away to London by the death of an uncle, and on his return to Nice a week later was one of the passengers who perished when the cross-

Channel steamer *Sussex* was torpedoed. All three princes spoke English fluently, and had become intimate with my Japanese friends.

The latter left me in April in order to travel in Sicily and Greece, while I made my way back to Paris and London. On my way to Boulogne I had to visit the " war-zone " ; it was a ghastly sight, a sort of nightmare that can never be erased from my memory. It was not so much, however, the ruined town or railway-bridge which impressed the imagination ; they were the works of man, and the works of man are, not unfrequently, more picturesque in their ruin than in their perfection ; it was rather the blackened stumps of trees dotted here and there throughout the landscape. Among them crater-like holes marked where the shell had fallen ; dwarfed and ugly ridges protected the gunner, and fragments of rusted iron lay in the slime or dust.

In Paris I saw Maspero for the last time. He had been appointed Secretary of the French Academy of Belles Lettres, but was still not sufficiently recovered from the paralytic attack he had had just after his return to France the previous July to be able to walk across his room. He told me that he had been unconscious all the time the Germans were marching upon Paris, and it was not until after the battle of the Marne that he learned how narrow had been its escape. In London I had tea with Sir Edwin Pears, who had just arrived from Sofia, where he had been on a confidential mission from the British Government. He assured me that his Bulgarian protégés would either join the Allies against Germany, or maintain a benevolent neutrality in favour of England. It was in vain that I told him I had heard a very different story in Paris ; his Bulgarian friends, he declared, would rise in revolution against their king if he attempted to ally himself with Berlin. Unfortunately the Liberal Government, with its Gladstonian traditions, believed his report, or, at least, the leading politicians in it did so, and the declaration of war by Bulgaria shortly afterwards came upon them with a shock.

Mahaffy came over from Dublin in the summer to give some lectures in Oxford. Just before his return home he and I lunched with the Master of Balliol (Strachan Davidson)

and spent some pleasant hours in talking over old times. Little did I think as I parted from them at the door that I should never see either of them again. Mahaffy was as brilliant and active-minded as ever. But age had begun to tell upon him physically, and, as he said to me, he was "no longer of any good in the morning."

At the beginning of November I left London for Marseilles along with Claudius Pasha. I was carrying letters from Kitchener to the new Sultan of Egypt, and Claudius and I had taken berths together in the P. & O. *Oroya*. The British cantonments south of Boulogne had largely increased in number and solidity since I had seen them the previous spring, and I was able to understand the French apprehension that we intended to establish ourselves permanently in that part of France. On my arrival at Marseilles I received word that a younger man had been found to undertake the more arduous part of my mission, and that I was to remain in Marseilles or its neighbourhood until further instructions. Accordingly I cancelled my berth, and after spending a few days in Marseilles returned to my quarters of the previous winter at Nice.

Nice had already recovered some of its pre-war aspect, and several hotels were open. So, too, was the Casino at Monte Carlo, where gambling began to be carried on again upon a small scale by shabby shopkeepers from Nice. Throughout the Riviera, however, maid-servants had taken the place of men; the greater number of the latter had been Italians, and the entry of Italy into the war had summoned them to the camp. Cooking and service, therefore, had alike deteriorated; the maids were as yet new to their work and untrained.

My naval brother died suddenly in London the last day of November, and a fortnight later my old friend Rhŷs passed away equally suddenly. I had lost the companion of my walks in Oxford and the ever-ready response there was to my questions about Keltic philology and British history.

Early in January, Hamada, who had been staying in Paris, paid me a week's visit preparatory to his departure to Japan. Soon afterwards M. Golénischeff arrived and occupied a flat belonging to him in Nice. He brought with him his Egypto-

logical library, which had a near escape of destruction in the North Sea, where a vessel immediately in front of his steamer had been torpedoed and sunk. The rumblings of the revolution were already beginning to be audible in Petrograd, and Golénischeff prudently gave heed to them. He little thought, however, that revolution meant Bolshevism in which the wild dreams of the Slav and the long-treasured revenge of the Jew upon the Gentile would combine in an orgy of destruction.

While I was at Nice a requiem service for the Serbians who had perished in the war was held in the beautiful Russian church built by the late Czar (March 25, 1916). The Anglican clergy were asked to assist the Russian celebrants, and the chanting of the choir, who had been sent from Petrograd, was profoundly impressive and moving. The church was filled with Serbians and Russians, French and British officers, and among the congregation I noticed Essad Pasha, once a prominent figure in Albanian politics and destined to fall by the hand of an assassin in Paris.

Meanwhile the French papers were much excited over events at Athens and the treachery of King Constantine and his Germanophil followers. I happened to be dining with the Cassavettis the evening after the *coup d'état* which overthrew the Greek constitution and transferred the government of the country from the parliament to the court. Mr. Cassavetti was a Greek who had married a Russian lady. "I have not been in Athens," he said, "for more than thirty years, so I do not know what changes may have come over its inhabitants, but if they are still what I remember it will not be long before the king has a bullet in his back." It has been unfortunate for Greece that his prediction was not fulfilled.

About this time Dr. Gibbons, the American journalist and historian, arrived at my hotel with his family. He had come from Cairo, and brought me a letter of introduction from Artin Pasha. I had just been reading an important and somewhat revolutionary book of his which had recently been published on the origin and rise of the Ottoman Turks, and his appearance in the hotel immediately afterwards was a curious coincidence.

I reached Paris on the morning of Gallieni's funeral and

found the city draped in mourning. But to a large extent it had already recovered its pre-war appearance. The streets were once more full of motors and trams, and the nurse-maids were looking after their charges under the chestnuts of the Bois de Boulogne. In London I dined with Percival at the Geographical Club, and then listened to Sir Aurel Stein's description of his recent explorations and discoveries in Central Asia and Seistan. He had just arrived in England after two and a half years of travel and exploration, and the story he had to tell was of surpassing interest. Mr. Austen Chamberlain presided in right of his position at the India Office and began his speech of introduction with the confession that he had no knowledge of the places with which the lecturer was going to deal. It is only in Great Britain that a politician could venture to boast of his ignorance regarding matters which intimately concern the Empire and are popularly supposed to belong to his own sphere of work.

Little did we imagine while we listened to the paper what a tragedy was taking place in the northern seas. Next morning came the startling and almost incredible news that Kitchener had been drowned. He had received an invitation to pay a visit to Petrograd and, needing a holiday badly, had accepted it. Mr. Lloyd George had also proposed to go to Petrograd on Governmental business, and the *Hampshire* had accordingly been selected to convey him. Lord Kitchener, therefore, seized the opportunity of sailing in the same vessel; Lloyd George, on the other hand, was delayed in London at the last moment and sent his secretary Robertson in his place.

One of the last letters written by Kitchener, perhaps the last, was awaiting me at Oxford. It was partly private and concluded with a characteristic sentence. We were both interested in a young scholar whom I had urged should be sent to Mesopotamia, nominally for military purposes, really in order to look after its antiquities. "Tell Mr. X.," wrote Kitchener, "to remember that some very nice tiles are to be found at Samarra."

I wonder whether the true history of Kitchener's two years at the War Office will ever be written. They were years of anxiety and struggle, not with the enemy abroad,

but with the enemy at home. From the first day when he told the Prime Minister that he could not undertake to organise the defence of England if a civilian were placed over him at the War Office his foes had been those of his own household. Twice he had determined to resign ; on one of these occasions at least the King had persuaded him to change his intention. His preparations for a long war were derided or opposed, and he was called upon to perform impossible miracles in the way of immediate action. He was taunted with his ignorance of political affairs, and unfortunately his shyness, which made him distrust himself, led him to yield to decisions which his military prescience knew to be wrong but which he was assured were rendered necessary by political exigencies. His health deteriorated under the mental strain and the inability to take physical exercise ; the powerful will was weakened, and he became fretful and sometimes even indecisive.

The miserable fiasco in the Hellespont he felt acutely. From the first he saw that the weak point of the German coalition was its heel, in other words the eastern area of the war. With the Dardanelles open, Russian corn could be carried to the western Mediterranean and Western munitions to Russia, while the Russian forces which were needed in Europe would not be employed in fighting the Turks in Asia. The British fleet, however, failed to overawe Constantinople, and Turkey entered the war. Kitchener's plan was to seize Alexandretta and therewith the surrounding country, thus cutting the Bagdad railway and separating Turkey in Asia Minor from the rest of Asia. The plan would have been easy of accomplishment, but it was overruled. The result was the long campaigns in Palestine and Mesopotamia and the Hellespontic graves of those British soldiers who were so sorely wanted in Europe.

When the history of that Hellespontic campaign comes to be fully written it will seem to be incredible. Blunder after blunder was committed of an elementary character. Some time after the battle of Suvla Bay I was at a luncheon party in France sitting next to a young French officer, the son-in-law of my host. He had been wounded at Gallipoli and was eloquent on the subject of the battle Owing to the extra-

ordinary valour of the Australian troops, he said, the Anafarta heights had been occupied, and had they continued to be held the whole Turkish army must have surrendered. But neither men nor guns, nor even food and drink were sent to the Australians, and after waiting for twelve hours the mere want of drink obliged them to descend to the shore. The Turks thought it must be a stratagem and accordingly delayed marching up the hills for two or three hours; then at last they did so, and "the campaign in Gallipoli was over." "Had the English generals," my neighbour added, "been French, we should have shot them all."

While I was in France, at the beginning of April, a Zeppelin raid had been made upon Edinburgh. The Edinburgh houses are built of stone, and consequently more damage was done to human life than to the erections of human hands. An incendiary bomb fell in the garden at the back of my house, and was carried away by the fire-engine officials next morning; an explosive bomb struck a house opposite mine and made a clean hole through it from the roof to the basement. The bomb was charged with lyddite, but fortunately for myself and my neighbours the peg which was intended to release it was made of inferior materials and so did not work. An examination of other bombs showed also in them the use of inferior materials and had a good deal to do with the little impression they made upon the city. The blockade of Germany had, at least, one good effect; it prevented the German engines of destruction from being as deadly as they would otherwise have been. Edinburgh was totally unprotected from an aerial raid, and the Zeppelins were therefore able to remain as long as they chose over it and work their will at leisure. And yet there was a large camp in the immediate neighbourhood, the port of Leith lay on its north side, adjoining it was the Forth Bridge which united the northern half of Scotland with the south and behind the Forth Bridge was the naval station of Rosyth. In the autumn after the commencement of the war Kitchener had come north in order to inspect the defences of the Cromarty Firth and spent a night on his way at Edinburgh in order to visit an aunt. To his horror he found that the fishing fleet with some scores of German sailors on board

was still going out week after week ; and though he promptly put a stop to this and saw that the mouth of the Forth was at last properly protected, the Zeppelin raid proved that the official authorities in the third year of the war were still living in a fool's paradise so far as aviation was concerned.

I spent a few days in Edinburgh settling my household concerns, and then started upon a journey to America which I had undertaken to make. The day before I left Edinburgh I visited Rosyth, and was impressed not so much by the number of the ships I saw there as by the extraordinary variety of their forms and character. At Liverpool I was joined by Langdon (now Professor of Assyriology at Oxford). He was now a private in the British army, and a day or two before had been engaged in shovelling manure into a railway truck at Didcot. He had been given, however, a year's release from military duties in order to work at the cuneiform tablets in the Philadelphia Museum, which had applied for his services. We left Liverpool in a dense fog, which continued for the next forty-eight hours. The captain told me he had had an anxious time ; the fog removed the danger of submarines but largely increased that of mines, with which our path was infested.

The voyage lasted nine days. At New York I was welcomed by Professor Rogers, who showed me the chief sights of the city, among them being the Episcopalian Cathedral, destined to be as colossal as America itself, but of which the only finished part is the choir with its seven chapels, a marvel of architectural art. My American friends had made me a member of several clubs, and I generally lunched at the Century and dined at the University Club. The Century, which corresponds to the Burlington Fine Arts Club of London, was the home of an artistic society and an artistic library ; its walls were covered with paintings, and Greek vases and a letter from Dickens were among its treasures. Eventually Rogers carried me off for a few days to his house at Madison, New Jersey ; the morning after my arrival we were aroused by what we thought was a clap of thunder, but proved to be the explosion in the New York docks thirty miles away, when the dynamite barges were blown up by German agents. When we visited New York

later on in the morning the streets were covered with splinters of glass and looked as if they had been visited by an army of Zeppelins.

At the end of July I paid a visit to Mr. Washington Thomas in his beautiful summer residence at Pride's Crossing, north of Boston. It was like a return to the England of Jane Austen. The houses, filled with portraits and other relics of " colonial " days, resembled the old country-houses of England, and the grounds by which they were surrounded with their woods and pastures and very non-democratic walls were like the domains of our own countryside. Salem, city of witches, is not far from Pride's Crossing, and though largely swallowed up by its new and squalid manufacturing suburb is still an interesting place. There Professor Morse showed me in the Peabody Institute the collections he had made during the days that he spent in Japan when Japan was still the Japan of the past. Morse's scientific enthusiasm was as fresh as ever; so, too, were his memory and bodily activity in spite of his eighty years.

It was with regret that I left my hosts at Pride's Crossing and their abundant hospitality. On my way back to New York I stopped at Yale in order to see the University and the Museum of Babylonian antiquities which the expert knowledge and industry of Professor Clay, backed by Pierpont Morgan's money, had established there. At New York I saw the tablets which the great American financier Pierpont Morgan had reserved for himself and stored in the basement of his house, where I spent a very delightful day. The Chinese porcelain, it is true, had been sold, but the library remained, and so too did one precious *sang-de-bœuf* vase of the Kang-hsi epoch.

Dr. Nies, the Assyriologist, had invited me to spend a few days with him at Brooklyn, and to Brooklyn accordingly I now moved. On a bright Sunday morning we drove to Coney Island, where I realised that whatever might be the case with the upper strata of society the main bulk of the population of New York had nothing in common with the prejudices and ideals of the Englishman. The semi-nude throngs of men and women, the bands of noisy musicians, the cheap shows and cinemas, were redolent of the Levant.

My business in New York was finished, and after another night or two under Rogers's hospitable roof at Madison I made my way to the mountains and Lake Pocono, where Clay had asked me to visit him in his summer bungalow. It was a small but select community which was gathered round the lake, where their bungalows had been built among the luxuriant trees of a primitive forest. Lunch and dinner were eaten in a club-house where such members of the community as were not engaged to a private dinner-party met twice a day, and for those who enjoyed such things the lake afforded abundant opportunities for boating and fishing. A good road had been made through the forest, though it was rumoured that bears were still to be seen occasionally in it even in summer. On the Sunday morning I preached after the service to a congregation which assembled under the shade of the trees, through which the sunlight trickled and the bees hummed.

From Pocono and its brief holiday I descended to Philadelphia, and there was provided with rooms at the Rittenhouse Club. Rogers had been good enough to come from Madison and take me over the chief sights of his birthplace, the chiefest of which were the rooms of the old Philosophical Society with its carefully preserved electrical machine which had once been owned by Franklin. I found Langdon installed at the Museum, and there I spent many hours with him copying cuneiform texts. There, too, I found the greater part of Pierpont Morgan's collection of porcelain and passed a pleasant time with the Director, Dr. Gordon, in examining it along with early Chinese paintings and Persian ware. Gordon and I also had some delightful " week-ends " in the old " colonial " residences in the neighbourhood, and Mrs. Stevenson carried me off one day to Bryn Mawr—most picturesque of Universities—and introduced me to its charming lady-principal. But my happiest week-end was spent with Dr. and Mrs. Charles Harrison in their summer home, Happy Creek Farm. It was not far from Valley Forge, where Washington and the relics of his army spent a fateful winter in the cold and snow, and on the Sunday morning we drove to the Anglican service there. A stately memorial church was being erected by the Episcopal communities of

the various States; but little of it had as yet been erected except the cloisters, and the service was held in a temporary building adjoining the Museum in which the Washington relics are kept.

One evening I dined with Churchill, the Polynesian scholar, who was celebrating the arrival of a "cabbage" from a cabbage-palm on his Florida estate. Churchill had spent most of his life in the Pacific islands, collecting ethnographic and linguistic information, and the volumes containing it were in process of publication. But the work has never been finished; when the United States declared war against Germany, he was appointed to superintend the Censorship Department. One evening he remained in the office after the departure of his clerks, and was found next morning lying dead on the floor with the back of his head battered in.

While at Philadelphia I was called away to Washington and given a room in the Cosmos Club. I could not have been in better quarters. The Club is the meeting-place of the scientific world in America; the meals are on the *table-d'hôte* system, no introductions are required, no evening dress worn, and conversation is general. The house is that in which President Madison found shelter after the burning of the Presidential residence by the British.

I was not prepared to find Washington such a fine, indeed magnificent city. Its broad, straight streets, laid out by a French architect, are now lined with handsome houses, while the public buildings are at once stately and beautiful, well worthy of the situation of the city itself. The Capitol has been made a fitting companion of the Congressional Library, over which I was taken by the Librarian, and where I was duly impressed by the newest devices for facilitating the use of books as well as by the frescoes with which it is adorned. Among them I saw with interest the work of Blashfield, whom I had known so many years before on the Nile. The new Lincoln Memorial was practically completed: its architecture and its position, overlooking the valley of the Potomac, are worthy one of the other

Dr. Mitchell Carroll was my archaeological friend and councillor, and I paid more than one visit to his sanctuary,

the Octagon, one of the historical buildings of Washington, from whence he directs the archaeological world of America. Another old acquaintance turned up in the person of Hyvernat, now a Professor in the Roman Catholic College in the suburbs of the city.

But at Washington, as at New York, at Boston, or at Philadelphia, it was the same story ; the one absorbing topic of conversation was the European war and the misdeeds of the President who had prevented America from rallying to the side of civilisation and avenging its own honour. Nothing too bad could be said or thought of him, and I had some difficulty in finding any one who would take me to the White House. The ladies even declared that his second marriage was indecent, and that it was horrible that it should have taken place " while this terrible war in Europe was going on." His former colleagues at Princeton assured me that he was a megalomaniac, whose one object was to " outdo Lincoln and sit at the same table as czars and princes." At the time I ascribed this to political partisanship ; subsequent events showed that it contained an element of truth. For the first time in American history domestic questions had fallen into the background ; the coming Presidential election was to be decided on a question of foreign policy. So far as I could gather, it was clear that the Eastern States would record their votes against Wilson.

I returned from Washington to Philadelphia, and towards the end of September went to Chicago. On the way I stopped at Buffalo with Langdon, who had accompanied me thus far. We both wanted to see Niagara, and were fortunate enough to enjoy for our expedition the last day of summer, or rather autumn. I had expected to be disappointed, but my expectation was not fulfilled. We had lunched on the Canadian side of the Falls in an encampment of Canadian soldiers just starting for the war, the sight of whom cheered my companion's heart.

At Chicago my nephew met me and put me up at the University Club. Chicago is the ugliest and noisiest city I have ever seen, and my first experiences in it impressed me with a sense of its size. The American University Clubs were having their annual dinner at the Oonwentsia Club-

house, and we had to drive more than twenty miles along the shore of the lake through an almost continuous line of houses before we reached it. I was there as the guest of my nephew, and heard, I will not say with edification, the " yells " of the various Universities with which the banquet concluded.

In spite of Chicago and its climate the University flourishes, and forms an oasis of intellectual and artistic tranquillity in the midst of noise and mechanical ugliness. Naturally I saw a good deal of the Professors, more especially Professor Breasted. The Field Museum, with its priceless collections, was still housed in the old Exhibition building of lath and plaster which a spark could have burnt down in half an hour; there Dr. Laufer, most learned of Chinese ceramists, took me over the collections of pottery he had amassed among the modern kilns of China, and one morning we had the further pleasure of a visit from Mr. Cole, who had brought to light the great vases of early date treasured by the natives of the Philippine Islands and, as among the Dyaks of Borneo, regarded by them as endowed with magical qualities. Some of these he had presented to the Museum.

Even more incongruous with its setting is the Newberry Library, consisting of books of early travel, more especially in America, of an unique collection of American Indian drawings, and above all of early printed books. The Librarian told me that it already contained more than 800 incunabula, printed before the year 1500. It was the last institution I should have expected to see in " Porcopolis."

The foreigner is even more in evidence at Chicago than he is in New York. And by the foreigner I mean Jews, Slavs, especially low-class Russians, and the scum of Central Europe. More than 80 per cent of the population is not American in the true sense of the word. There are streets in which the shop-signs are all written in characters unknown to the dweller in Western Europe, and many parts of the city where English in any shape is never heard. One day I was walking through Washington Park on the way to visit a friend. Not being sure of my road, I asked a lady who seemed to be engaged in reading a book if I were on the right track. " Yes," she replied, and then immediately added: " I am writing a letter which I hope will appear in all the

newspapers to-morrow. I have discovered four German spies, one of them concerned in the attempt to blow up the Welland Canal. I am not a Chicago woman myself, as I come from the South, but I have lived here more than thirty years, and you can't walk along a street in the place without hearing that beastly German language spoken."

Political feeling was at high tension. The anti-German element was confined to a comparatively small and, for the most part, wealthy class, but it had already made preparations for forming and arming a regiment against what it believed to be the military forces brought into existence by the predominant Germanophils. The possibility of civil war was freely discussed, and while on the one side no words were sufficiently strong in which to denounce the President's policy, on the other side I was asked what there was in common between the interests or ideals of the Eastern States and the Middle West. Indeed I was more than once told that if New York were bombarded by the Germans it would be to the advantage of Chicago. One evening I was at a large dinner-party given by a prominent member of the anti-German section. The dining-room was draped with the flags of the Allies, and we drank confusion to Germany in champagne, indulgence in which for some unexplained reason seemed to be considered a mark of anti-German sympathies.

Before I left Chicago I was joined by my brother, who had just arrived from England in order to settle some business matters with his son. Shortly afterwards the anniversary of the great fire of Chicago was celebrated, and a barrel of paraffin burnt in memory of the barrel kicked over by a cow which was said to have started the fire. My brother had been in Chicago a day or two after its extinction—the credit of which, as I have already recorded, was due to Cope Whitehouse—and he remembered seeing " old Leiter," the father of Lady Curzon, walking in front of one of the tents that had been hastily set up on the shore of the lake in front of the University Club. It is startling to think how short a time it has taken to create the huge pandemonium of to-day.

While I was there I attended a lecture by Sir Rabindranath Tagore, who had recently come from Japan. I confess I was

not impressed by either the man or his address. He exhibited all the personal affectation which I had previously associated with Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, and his lecture was a diatribe against patriotism, part of it being an attack upon Japan and Great Britain, whose representatives happened to be seated in front of him. Like most Indian productions of a similar nature, it belonged to the land of dreams rather than of reality, or rather to that primeval jungle where the ascetic could renounce his consciousness. But unfortunately the lecturer or writer of to-day no longer lives in the jungle, but in the limelight, and the attempt to fuse the political ideas of the West with the philosophy of the unconscious means disaster to both of them.

The work for which I had come to America was now finished and I was free to go where I would. Early in November, therefore, I started for California, stopping at Santa Fé on the way. Santa Fé is the most delightful place I have seen in the States; it is a mediaeval Spanish town, where the inhabitants still speak Castilian, and the old Spanish buildings of adobe brick are not commingled with modern crudities. It is, moreover, in the country of the Pueblo Indians, the last recipients to the north of that culture which started in Peru and reached its highest point in central America. The pottery still made in their villages is the lineal descendant of types of ware that can now be traced back beyond the Christian era.

If the ethnologist has the Pueblo Indians and their habits wherewith to beguile his time, the archaeologist has the remains of the cliff-dwellers, which are being carefully and scientifically excavated. Santa Fé is the centre of a district in which before the days of the Spanish conquest the civilised inhabitants of the country protected themselves from the raids of the "Red Indian" savages by taking refuge in almost inaccessible cliffs where towns and villages were constructed, partly built of brick, partly excavated in the rock. The fields below were irrigated and cultivated, while in every settlement the most prominent feature was the "kiva" or council-chamber, a circular arena cut in the rock and provided with seats like the Colosseum at Rome. The history of the cliff-dwellers begins in the stone-age and comes

down to the age of copper, and its history can now be traced through the successive stages of the richly ornamented pottery which they produced. They had already invented a glazed ware before the arrival of the Spaniards. I felt myself back in my old Egyptian days as I wandered over some of the unexcavated sites, picking up the potsherds and obsidian arrow-heads that lay at my feet or copying the pictographs with which some of the rocks are covered.

The American archaeologists had been good enough to place a motor at my disposal, and Mr. Walker, the leading local archaeologist, acted as my guide. Before I left Santa Fé I had come to have a great respect for Ford cars. The scenery of the Rio Grande is very picturesque, but the roads are little better than boulder-strewn precipices, and at first I never expected to return in safety from any of my expeditions. But the Ford car was proof against any amount of obstruction, and I came to acquire as much confidence in it as I had acquired in the Lebanon horses of my early travels.

The most interesting of my expeditions was to the Rito de los Frijolas, at the bottom of a deep and precipitous hollow into which even a Ford car was unable to penetrate. There we enjoyed the hospitality of an old lady and gentleman, Judge Abbott, who were living there in daring isolation. The cliff-dwellers' town beyond their house which extended for nearly a mile had been thoroughly excavated a year or two previously.

The objects found in the excavations are exhibited in the Museum of Santa Fé, and one of the best archaeological libraries in the world exists in the neighbouring Palace of the Governors, which was built in 1604. Here, too, are held exhibitions of pictures, for Santa Fé is like Newlyn in Cornwall, the favoured haunt of the American artists. And here, too, I gave a lecture.

Before leaving Santa Fé I paid a visit to the great Indian college not far off, where the United States Government has successfully undertaken to transform the native Indian into an American citizen. Then I moved on to the Grand Canyon, where I spent a week waiting for my brother. It was a sudden change from an archaeological world to one of the

most striking marvels of nature, and I shall never forget the scene that greeted my eyes the morning after my arrival. There had been a fall of snow in the night, and the sun in a brilliantly blue sky was forming soft clouds of white vapour over the chasm which descended for nearly five miles, past yellow and red cliffs, into the abyss below. A week earlier the cotton-trees, planted along the streets of Santa Fé, had suddenly assumed a garb of golden yellow, and the yellow cliffs of the Canyon under the combined influence of sun and mist were now clothed in the same colour.

From the frost and snow of the Grand Canyon it was a sudden change to the warmth of Los Angeles, more especially as we had to pass through a sand-storm on the way. The day after our arrival we dined with the Celtic Club, where I was called upon to make a speech; then we spent an afternoon in the "Universal City," where most of the cinema films were made, finishing with an evening at the performance of *Intolerance*, one of the largest and most remarkable films ever produced. The author, Mr. Griffith, had consulted me about the first scene, the capture of Babylon by Cyrus, and I was therefore in duty bound to see the performance. The following day we settled ourselves at Pasadena.

Time passed pleasantly there. The residents were very hospitable and dinner-parties were frequent. At the Bishop's table I was introduced to the Episcopal clergy and attended a dinner of the Twilight Club. I gave two or three lectures, or rather after-lunch discourses, and had tea with the Japanese priest who looked after the Buddhist temple in Los Angeles. I saw a good deal of Dr. Alliot, the Director of the new Museum, an American citizen but a Frenchman born, and there my porcelain-loving soul was delighted by finding some of the Ming tiles which once adorned the famous pagoda of Nankin. We paid a visit to the Observatory on Mount Wilson, and saw the huge reflector which after many years of difficulty had been manufactured in France and had just been fixed in its place, and in Pasadena I had a good deal of talk about politics with its Director, Professor Hale, who had recently returned from England. He had all the bitterness of the New Englander towards the President and his policy.

In December we went to San Diego. My aspirations after a visit to Mexico, however, were not gratified ; though the war with the United States was over, relations between the two countries had not been resumed and no trains were running on the Mexican side of the frontier. But several ships of the United States navy were in the harbour. Their crews consisted very largely of Philippinos ; the " white " American, I was told, would not submit to naval discipline. Whatever may be the case as regards the commercial marine, a naval marine rivalling that of England is not to be feared, unless the " free-born American " is transformed. I had already noticed that in America, as in France, the laws and regulations are more numerous and meticulous than they are in Great Britain, but no one thinks of obeying them.

The anti-British feeling throughout California was strong. It seemed to me to be largely due to the German and still more the Swedish element in the State, backed by the crusade of the Hearst newspapers. But the Anglo-Japanese alliance had also something to do with it. We were the allies of the Japanese, whose immigrants were endangering the high wages and idleness of the " working " class by better and cheaper labour. The British Consul at San Diego, Major Gerrard, told me that when he wanted new rooms for his Consular Office he had the greatest difficulty in procuring them. In place after place the landlord was anxious that they should be taken until he heard the purpose for which they were to be used ; then at once the Major was informed that he could not have them. As one landlord remarked, if it were known for what they were wanted he would lose all his other tenants.

The Exposition of the preceding year was still open. It had been impossible to send back the exhibits to Europe and they were accordingly still on show. The buildings were in good taste and I was glad to hear that some of them had been built for permanent use. The collections of American antiquities over which Dr. Hewett presided naturally had the chief attraction for me.

Close to San Diego is Point Loma, where the Theosophists have a luxurious establishment. The house in which they live in common is richly furnished, the grounds

are extensive, and the Professors have aesthetic quarters in which to lecture. And I found there was a common bond of sympathy between us—a liking for Chinese paintings.

At the beginning of the new year (1917) my brother and I established ourselves at Riverside, near Los Angeles, in the Mission Inn, the most comfortable hostelry in the world, a sort of cross between an Oxford College and an Art Museum. It has been the venture of Mr. Huntington, the millionaire inspirer of the Hispanic Museum at New York and collector of early printed books, and he has filled it with old Spanish furniture and the relics of the Spanish occupation of America. The collection of early church bells is unique. Mrs. Richardson, who helps her brother in managing it, is an ideal head of such an establishment, where lectures and the like are provided for the guests in place of dances, and an organ is played after dinner in the religious gloom of a chapel hall. One of the lectures which I heard, given by Mrs. Bliss, Chairwoman of the School Board at Buffalo, was very illuminating. She told us that a year previously the Board had been horrified at discovering that 90 per cent of the teachers in the public schools were Roman Catholics, which meant that most of them were not Americans in the true sense of the word, but Irish, Italians, and other " undigested " foreigners. The chief problem which faces the United States in the near future is the fact that it is no longer American. More than half its population is not only of foreign extraction, largely consisting of Jews, Russians, Poles, Italians and Levantines, but it has not yet been assimilated, and so far as the older America is concerned can never be assimilated. Buffalo is typical of the rest of the country ; it is one of the smaller cities and is in the Eastern States ; nevertheless three-fourths of its inhabitants are already alien to the traditions and habits of the older America. Even Boston has ceased to be a " New-England " city. Ignorant journalists and politicians may still write and talk about " an Anglo-Saxon race " ; anthropologically such a race never existed, and in so far as it merely meant a community of traditions, habits, ideas and ideals between the American colonist and the people of Great Britain, it exists no longer. All that remains is a common language, and Ireland is a proof how little that conduces to

political unity. The sooner the British politician gives up the belief that he is dealing with a people akin to his own the better ; in certain respects the gulf between the British and the modern American peoples is greater than that between one European people and another.

It was not, however, the foreign relations of America, Mrs. Bliss pointed out, that are menaced ; in time the real facts would be discovered on both sides ; it is rather the United States themselves. The war had revealed the startling fact that a large part of the country was occupied by a more or less hostile population. I had already been impressed by the cleavage that existed in feeling, outlook and those material interests which determine the political action of the ordinary man between the Eastern States, the Middle West and the Pacific States. There are three Americas—for aught I know four, since I have not visited the Southern States—and between these three Americas there is little in common except the language. And even that factor is wanting in the case of a large part of the population. Now that it is too late the American Government is endeavouring to close the stable-door against the immigration of the politically unfit.

A curious commentary upon all this was afforded me before I quitted the neighbourhood of Los Angeles. What I had been told in Chicago was repeated even more emphatically in California : they had nothing to do with Europe; that was the affair of the Eastern States, whose interests were antagonistic to their own ; it was the British, and more especially the Japanese, against whom they had to protect themselves. Alliot, who was looking after the Red Cross depot in Los Angeles, came to me one day and told me they had just been ordered to close it by the City authorities on the ground that everything was sent to the Central Office in New York, and there, instead of being equally divided between the two belligerents, was reserved for the Allies only. Before a week had passed I was at a great public demonstration where flags and dummy guns were exhibited, patriotic songs and hymns were sung, and the chairman began his speech with the words " I am a Quaker ; my father and mother were Quakers ; and I never expected to find myself

on a public platform urging my fellow-countrymen to go to war." Between the beginning and the end of the week the Zimmermann correspondence had been published and the West had learned that German agents were intriguing to bring Mexican raiders into New Mexico and Japanese warships against the cities of the Californian coast. It was no longer a question only of the Eastern States; the Westerners themselves were threatened, and in twenty-four hours public feeling had swung completely round. Even the Hearst papers acknowledged that war was inevitable.

While I was at Riverside my portrait was painted by Pushman, a young Armenian artist who had already distinguished himself as a portrait-painter. One day Mrs. Richardson invited me to afternoon tea and introduced me to a handsome young Jew, whose name I did not catch. He had pleasant manners and a fund of interesting conversation, particularly about art, and it was not until he was departing that I discovered he was Charlie Chaplin. It was a good example of the difference between the reality and the personality of one's imagination.

My brother left me to return to England. I had intended to return with him, but I received an invitation from Japan which changed my plans. So I made my way to San Francisco, breaking my journey only at Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. At Los Angeles I was the guest of the novelist, explorer and excavator, Charles Lummis, in the mediaeval Spanish castle he has built for himself. He showed me some of the objects he had excavated from the cemeteries of Peru; among them was a specimen of lace, not distinguishable, to me at least, from the lace that is made to-day. The evening before I left there was a large dinner-party which included the "prima donnas" of California, who sang some of their songs, and it did not break up till the early hours of the morning after a good deal of the excellent wine of California had been drunk.

San Francisco is beautifully situated, but after the earthquake—or "fire" as the inhabitants prefer to call it—the town authorities lost a great opportunity. The former owners of property were allowed to build where and how they liked, and the result is a conglomeration of streets and houses

without architectural beauty or even seemliness. It is simply a second Los Angeles, from which it is pleasant to escape to the University of California at Oaklands on the other side of the harbour and still more to the Leland-Stanford University some thirty miles to the south.

The latter University was the centre of the San Francisco earthquake, and the damage done to its beautiful buildings can never be wholly repaired. The rooms of its spacious Museum were still a scene of wreckage. The magnificent collection of Greek vases it once contained had been hopelessly shattered ; even the Egyptian mummies were torn and dismembered I discovered among its relics the scarabs which Brugsch Bey had sold many years ago to America, where the European world had lost sight of them, while the Egyptian world invented the scandalous story that they had been abstracted from the Cairo Museum during the Arabi troubles. At Leland-Stanford I enjoyed the hospitality of Professor Fairclough and gave a lecture in return. I also gave another lecture of a semi-private character at the Bishop's residence in San Francisco.

A couple of German raiders were reported to be in the Californian seas, and the Japanese steamer in which I intended to sail, and which was carrying two millions of dollars in specie to Honolulu, was consequently kept waiting for three days before it was allowed to start. The voyage, however, was uneventful, the only excitement being the capture of a large shark just before we reached our port.

At Honolulu I took rooms in one of the bungalows attached to the Moana Hotel about three miles from the town. Just below my windows was one of the large fish-ponds which were the perquisite of the chiefs in pre-European days. A violent thunder-storm one night threatened the rupture of the weir which held back the water, and the efforts of a gang of workmen hastily summoned in the early hours of the morning were only just in time to stave off the danger ; as it was, the garden and lower part of the house as well as the adjoining roads were all flooded.

The Hawaiian Islands well deserve Tennyson's description of " summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea." Mountains and plains are alike clothed in tropical

vegetation and gorgeous flowers, and the climate is as perfect as the scenery. Honolulu, the capital, is on the smaller island of Oahu; the capital of Hawaii itself is Hilo, which is not much more than a village. The population of Oahu is mainly Japanese, of whom there are about 90,000; next in number are some 20,000 Portuguese from Southern America; the pure-blooded Polynesians are but a fraction, not 10,000 in all; while the British and Americans amount only to a few hundred settlers. The old dethroned queen still lived in the house assigned to her by the American Government; she had never recognised her dethronement and insisted on flying the Hawaiian and not the United States flag. But on the morning on which the news came that the United States had declared war against Germany she ordered the Hawaiian flag to be lowered and the stars and stripes mounted in its place.

One of the chief sights of Honolulu is its aquarium filled with fish of the most dazzlingly brilliant hues. Some are golden, some red, some blue or black; others are as many-coloured as Joseph's coat, and all alike are iridescent. Another sight is the Bishop Museum with its collection of royal cloaks made of the scarlet and yellow feathers of a bird, to the making of which hundreds of birds and years of labour had to be devoted.

One of the prettiest sights I have ever witnessed was the procession of the Sunday School children through the beautiful Cathedral and its grounds on Easter Day. The children were marshalled by Bishop Restarick into groups corresponding with the different races, or rather languages, to which they belonged; and one after the other the American and British, the native Polynesian, the Japanese, and the Chinese marched with their banners, singing hymns each in their own tongue.

During the month that I was in the Islands I paid a visit to Maui with its volcano, and Hawaii on whose shore Captain Cook was murdered and which contains the wonder of the world. Kilauea, the Lake of Fire, is a sight never to be forgotten. The road to it lies through beds of lava and forests of tree-ferns up to a crater which is about three miles in circumference. Within it is the Lake stretching for half

a mile, where the waves roll one over the other and scatter into foam, but the waves are of fire and the foam consists of burning sparks. Here and there a miniature volcano is formed in the middle of the flaming stream; after a while a mimic eruption takes place, and then eruption and crater disappear together. The scene is impressive by day; it is enthralling at night. Tennyson's "Kapiolani" is a striking instance of a poet's power to visualise the unseen; he had never been in Hawaii and, nevertheless, his description of the Fiery Lake is true to reality. My companion at the crater was Professor Jaggar, who presides over the Observatory which has been built on the edge of it, and who was at the time engaged in some interesting experiments. By means of asbestos tubes filled with chemicals fusible at certain temperatures he had discovered that the heat diminished, instead of the reverse, the deeper the tubes were plunged in the burning mass. He therefore concluded that the heat was due to pressure on escaping gases which rose into flame upon contact with the oxygen of the air.

Another Japanese ship took me from Honolulu to Japan. I found McClure, the founder of *McClure's Magazine*, on board it, whose acquaintance I had made some years previously in Cairo. He was on his way to interview the leading financiers and commercial men of Japan for a book he had in hand. We landed at Yokohama, and I made my way at once to Tokyo, where I was met by Hamada, who had come from Kyoto to welcome me. We had tea with Professor Take, the editor of the *Kokka*, the *Burlington Magazine* of Japan, and spent a pleasant hour or two in discussing Japanese art. I told my companions that I had been adventurous enough to make a speech on the subject a little while before in Honolulu at a meeting of a Japanese Society founded by the American poet, Philip Dodge.

Tokyo was still cold, so I did not stay long there. One morning I spent among the curio-shops with Bashford Deane, who had come from the Metropolitan Museum at New York to buy old Japanese armour, and another morning with Dr. Tsuda, the Director of the Imperial Museum. On my way to the Museum I stopped on the summit of the hill on which

it stands to enjoy the view which I so well remembered there. But a very different scene met my eyes. The old Tokyo was no more; the horizon was bounded by a line of smoking factory chimneys, typical of the change that had suddenly overtaken Japan. The death of the Meiji Emperor, followed almost immediately by the Great War, had effected in five years in Japan what it had taken fifty years to effect in Great Britain. Industrialism with all its concomitants—pauperism and multi-millionaires, strikes and socialistic unrest—had taken the place of the old agriculture. Railways and motor-roads covered the island, the age of horse-vehicles having passed away before the age of road-making had begun, and the *kuruma*, familiarly known to Europeans as a "'riksha," was becoming a thing of the past. Even Kyoto, which was still the capital of "Old Japan" when I first saw it, was transformed: trams and motor-roads had been run through it by tearing down lines of intervening houses between two parallel streets, and the tram-conductor and chauffeur were taking the place of the *kurumaya*. The streets of Tokyo itself were made hideous with the noise of engines and hooters, and sometimes I thought myself back at Chicago. Even the "sky-scrapers" of the American city were being imitated: it seemed to be a temptation of Providence in an earthquake-ridden city, but I was assured that they were built after the model of those of San Francisco with cemented frames of steel and were better fitted to resist the shock of an earthquake than the old buildings of wood.

It was not so much, however, the factories and other outward signs which impressed me with a sense of transformation, as the social and economic changes which were evident on all sides. The wealth of the country, and therewith its political power, had passed into the hands of men, a large number of whom had come up from the slums. "Profiteers" were numerous, for war trade was flourishing and the wealth of Japan was greater than it had ever been before. And along with the industrial wealth had come the evils of the industrial system. In the first six months of 1917 there had been more than seventy strikes, two of them in the Government dockyards. There were anarchic as well as communistic clubs, and a plot had been discovered

for murdering the Emperor, the Prime Minister, and others. Even in ordinary life the effect of the new order of things was beginning to be apparent: the wives of my Japanese friends at Kyoto complained that they could no longer get maid-servants, the women finding that they obtained higher wages and more time for their amusements by working in the Osaka factories.

The old aristocracy was being quietly pushed aside by the newer men. The heirlooms of the Daimyos were being sold by their possessors and bought at fabulous prices by the *parvenu*, and the old estates were similarly passing into other hands. At the same time the younger generation of the upper middle class was being democratised in an undesirable way. When the modern system of education was introduced into the country it was framed after an American model. In the Government schools the children of both sexes, and of all classes alike, receive the same education, and sit on the same benches side by side. The private schools have gradually disappeared, and with the exception of the peers' and peeresses' schools in Tokyo there is nothing corresponding to the public schools of England. Some of the professors complained bitterly to me that their children had consequently to mix with companions from whom they learned bad language and bad habits.

I travelled to Kyoto with Bishop, the curator of the Far-Eastern Department in the Philadelphia Museum, who was on a mission of exploration in Western China. He had been born in Japan and could therefore speak Japanese. At Kyoto I was in time to see the cherry-blossom dance, which was a prettier performance than ever, the committee which manages it and introduces improvements from year to year having been lately reinforced by some members of exceptionally good taste. Another pageant I saw was the Aoi or "Green" festival, which comes down from the days when Kyoto was first made a capital, and consists of a long procession, partly on horseback, partly on foot, clad in the costumes of a thousand years ago. After the procession was over I spent the rest of the day with Mrs. Norton Brown in some of the numerous second-hand book-shops,

hunting for early-printed Japanese and Chinese books, of which she had a great collection.

One of my first occupations at Kyoto was to visit the simple but impressive tomb of the "Meiji" Emperor at Momoyama. It was constructed in the primitive Japanese fashion, a mere mound of earth, enclosed by low fences and backed by a forest of dark-foliaged trees—in striking contrast to the gorgeous tombs and memorial chapels of the Buddhistic Shôguns. The following day Hamada and I started on an archaeological expedition to the Kô district, south of Osaka, where a prehistoric sarcophagus had just been brought to light by the quarrymen, and flint implements of palaeolithic appearance had been discovered by the peasants. A little digging, however, showed that the latter belonged to the neolithic and not to the palaeolithic period, though the site proved to be extensive and interesting. We discovered some more rock-tombs and tumuli in the neighbourhood, most of which have since been explored by my companion. After our return to Kyoto, Professor Uchida, the Professor of Political Economy, carried us off along with Kanô, the Professor of Chinese, on a delightful picnicking excursion to Uji, where the tea-picking season was at its height. The best tea in Japan, it may be noted, is considered to be produced there. We spent the morning in the Manpuku temple, the treasures of which had been made ready for our inspection, and the afternoon in the old Byodo shrine, where some of the few existing frescoes of the early age of Japan are still visible. Then we dined in the native hotel at Uji, overlooking the river, and returned home in the soft haze of an early summer evening. Uchida had a charming villa just outside Kyoto, where the chief treasure of his library was a letter of John Stuart Mill; he was sent on a mission to America in the spring of 1918, and on his return to Japan through Europe spent a few days at Oxford with my colleague, Dr. Walker, whom he had met on board the steamer. He died suddenly just after his return to Japan.

Towards the end of May Hamada and I paid a visit to Ise, the Mecca of Shintoism, and there I gave a short lecture at the Shinto College. Whatever scruples about

doing so might have been inspired by my clerical position were dissipated by the exceedingly liberal-minded tolerance and hospitality of the professors of what is not a religion but a political creed. The Japanese Shintoism of to-day was really the invention of the men who engineered the revolution and restored the power of the Mikado. The real religion of Japan still remains Buddhism. While I was at Ise I happened to see the celebrated Kagura dance, which was being performed for one of the rich magnates of new Japan. Hamada and I made several exploring expeditions on foot, among others to the cave in which early Japanese tradition averred the Sun-goddess hid herself at the beginning of creation. It is certainly in a very romantic spot, in the middle of a thick wood on rising ground above a marsh.

From Ise we went to Nara, where Kanô joined us. The following day we motored with Torii, the proprietor and editor of the leading Osaka paper, to the Buddhist convent of Chûgû, where we lunched with the Abbess, who is always a member of the Imperial family, and were shown a precious piece of embroidery, worked by the nuns and finished in the year 623, though still in a good state of preservation. Then we spent a long afternoon examining the artistic treasures of the monastery of Horyu(ji), of which I have spoken before. Hamada was drawing up a report upon them for the Government, and selected two or three for exhibition in the Kyoto Museum. The day before we left Nara was spent in a long *kuruma* expedition in the country, as I wanted to see the tumulus-tombs of Shômu and other early Emperors, and we had been invited to lunch with the Abbot of one of the Buddhist monasteries, a few miles from the city.

Two or three days later I returned to Tokyo, my friends congratulating me on the fact that I was leaving Kyoto safe and sound. Shortly after my arrival in Kyoto there had been a sharp shock of earthquake, the worst experienced for twenty-one years. A week later came a violent thunderstorm, and the main entrance of the University was struck and damaged by the lightning. Before a week had passed I was roused at an early hour from my slumbers and told

that I must at once get up and put what I could into a hand-bag, for there was a fire on the opposite side of the street. On looking out of the window I saw that a big furniture godown was in a blaze; the flames were mounting to the sky, and the five fire-engines that had arrived upon the scene appeared to have no effect upon them. For nearly two hours we watched the course of the fire, momentarily expecting to have to vacate our premises; fortunately there was not a breath of wind that morning—a very unusual event in Japan—and the firemen eventually succeeded in mastering the flames. Had there been any wind the whole of that quarter of Kyoto would have been in ashes before noon. My Japanese friends then informed me that they have a saying in Japan: "There are four terrible things in life, an earthquake, a storm, a fire, and to be the father of a family," and the last was now all that was left me to experience.

I had tea with the Nitobes immediately after reaching Tokyo, and preached at St. Andrew's the following Sunday. At lunch at the British Embassy, where Sir Conyngham Greene was now our representative, I met Robertson Scott, *The Times* correspondent, who was just starting a new periodical devoted to modern Japan. We had some discussion as to the lines along which it should be conducted; it seemed to me that Scott was too commercially British on the one side and not sufficiently critical in his attitude towards the Japanese on the other. Just at that time, however, Japanese friendship was particularly valuable to the Allies; they were looking after German raiders in the Pacific, protecting the eastern end of the Mediterranean, and manufacturing both the necessaries of life and the necessaries of war, while the Opposition party were inclined to make overtures to Germany and openly advocating the abolition of the alliance with Great Britain.[1] I gave a lecture at the Embassy to the Asiatic Society, had a lunch given in my honour by the University, had some interesting

[1] At the beginning of the war it was found that the torpedoes made for the British submarines had no effect upon the German men-of-war, and we had to wait until Japan came to our help and supplied us with torpedoes which were serviceable. At the same time our soldiers were provided with Japanese rifles, the supply of rifles for the British army being ludicrously deficient.

conversations with the Ministers, and dined one evening with my old friend Saeki ; then I returned to Kyoto, and a few days later joined Mr. and Mrs. Wells, who were attached to the American Embassy, at the Fujiya Hotel in Miyanoshita. There after another day or two we were joined by the Marquess and Marchioness of Mayeda, the representatives of the old Daimyos of Kaga, as well as by the Tokugawas, descendants of the Shôguns. Mr. Gorisado Tokugawa was a graduate of Cambridge ; and the Marquess's house in Tokyo was full of the beautiful Kaga pottery and porcelain that had been made in the eighteenth century under the fostering care of his ancestors. I found the Post Wheelers at Miyanoshita ; Mr. Post Wheeler was at the time Councillor of the American Embassy, and his wife had the same fancy as myself for curio shops.

The *nyubai* or forty-days' period of rain had already commenced, but it did not mean rain every day. The damp heat, however, filled the walks in the woods with snakes ; but I was told that they were not poisonous. We motored a good deal — to Odawara, Hakone, Kamakura, and other places, and it was a great loss to me when the Wellses had to go, Mr. Wells having been promoted to a post in South America. They were followed by the Mayedas and Tokugawas, and I was left alone.

The rooms next to me were occupied by the Baron de Schelking and his German wife. The Baron was a Russian who had been compelled to leave Russia by the first revolution, that which dethroned the Czar, so that, although in exile, he was still receiving his usual income from his estates. He had been employed the previous year to tempt Rumania to its destruction : the Rumanian Government had been informed that if it would declare war on a certain day, a Russian army would be in Bessarabia ready to support it at once, and a large force of artillery would be sent to Bukarest. When the declaration was accordingly made there was neither army nor artillery. One day the Baron was talking to me about aviation, and by a very undiplomatic slip remarked, " I had an interesting experience in a military aeroplane at Sofia about this time last year." Instead of being at Sofia the Allies imagined that he was at

Bukarest. Needless to say that although in public conversation between him and his wife was carried on in French —and very bad French, too, upon her part—in what they supposed to be the privacy of their own rooms it was always in German. The Baron was busy writing his political experiences; but as far as I know they have never been published.

Miyanoshita is built above the hot springs which are considered among the most efficacious in Japan. While I was there serious dislocations of the ground were caused by them, and for some time there were almost continuous earthquakes. One day there were no less than forty-one slight shocks in the twenty-four hours, and the villagers were so alarmed that they all decamped in a body to Odawara. Towards the end of August I had a visit from Dr. Harada, the head of the Doshisha University, and his two brothers, who were on a walking tour to Fujiyama, and a few days afterwards I went to stay with Mr. A. P. Scott at Yokohama. I had a very pleasant week with him there, the only drawback to it being that Dr. Gordon Munro was absent in his summer residence among the Ainu of Northern Japan.

I returned to Kyoto at the end of August, and three weeks later Hamada and I made a pilgrimage to Koya-san, the Mount Athos of Buddhism. Many of the monasteries which once sprang up there round the tomb of Koba Daishi, the Apostle of Chinese religion and culture in the early part of the ninth century, have ceased to exist, but they are still fairly numerous. We were lodged in one of the principal monasteries, the Hojo-in, where the rooms that had been built for one of the Shôguns had been made ready for us. My bedroom was of bewildering size, and when I opened my eyes in the morning the first thing I saw were the priceless pictures of one of the Kanôs with which the walls, or rather sliding screens, of the chamber had been decorated in the seventeenth century. My toilet table and looking-glass was a black and gold lacquer work of art, which had been made for Iyeyas, the founder of the Tokugawa Shôgunate (1603), whose burial-place at Nikko is one of the marvels of Japan. No animal food was of course allowed, but the Abbot kept a good cook, and we had brought a supply of butter with

us and were permitted to obtain eggs from the neighbouring village. I could not help suspecting that the Abbot had his share of them when he was not dining with us or the monks.

The mountain is nearly three thousand feet above sea-level, and until recent years no woman was allowed within the sacred precincts of the summit. All that is changed to-day, and Mrs. Gordon took part in the dedication of a duplicate of the Nestorian Stone, the chief monument of Nestorian Christianity in China, which she had presented to the monks and which is erected at the entrance to the old Buddhist cemetery. Christian monument though it is, it was set up and consecrated by Buddhist priests.

The monasteries were full of treasures—paintings, manuscripts, lacquer-work and the like—and the Government had discovered that the monks had begun to sell them surreptitiously to agents of the American art-dealers. A Commission was accordingly appointed to make a complete inventory of them and also select a site for a Museum to which they should all be transferred. I have never passed a more ideal time than sitting on the floor of the temple on a wet afternoon along with the Commissioners and examining some unexpected treasure of early Chinese art that had just been brought to light from a chest or cupboard where it had lain locked up and concealed for centuries. Now it was an illustrated Japanese manuscript of the twelfth century or a beautiful red-lacquered box of the Fujiwara period, or again a Chinese painting of the T'ang epoch or a Sung celadon dish. As for the Museum, a good site was found for it close to the Bell-tower in the centre of the monastic buildings. Before I left I gave a lecture on Comparative Religion to the three hundred students in the Buddhist Theological Training College, which is modelled after those of the Anglican Church, and dined afterwards with the Principal and some of the professors.

After our return to Kyoto, as it was still warm weather, Hamada and I made one or two excursions together, one of them to Lake Biua, which we concluded by climbing up Mount Ishi to the temple where the Princess Murasaki-Shikib wrote one of the most delightful and modern of novels, the *Genji-Monogatari*, about the year 1000. Other expedi-

tions were to temples buried in remote villages where early works of art are still preserved; Hino, for example, where my companion had discovered statues and frescoes of the Fujiwara period; or else to prehistoric tumuli and the tombs of the early Emperors. One night, the last day of September, came a typhoon. All night long the hotel rocked like a ship in a violent storm at sea, and the wind and floods cut us off from telegraphic communication with other parts of the country for three days and from railway communication for five days. Tokyo had been in the centre of the storm and 40,000 persons were reported to have perished there.

On the 1st of October I commenced the course of lectures which I had undertaken to deliver at the Imperial University. The subject of the lectures had been prescribed for me; they were to be upon the "Sumerian script and language." It was a subject which would have attracted no pupils or auditors at Oxford, though it must be remembered that the use of the Chinese script by the Japanese resembles the use of the Sumerian script by the Semitic Babylonians, and that the structure and grammatical peculiarities of Sumerian, the primitive language of Babylonia, are similar to those of Japanese. I had, moreover, been instructed to give the lectures in English; in my previous lectures in Japan what I said had been translated sentence by sentence into Japanese by an interpreter. Of course I had a black-board on which I could write, not only Sumerian or Japanese characters as well as proper names, but also unfamiliar English words, and I did my best to repeat the same statement in different forms.

Nevertheless I was surprised to find the lecture-room full of eager students, each with his note-book. This I ascribed to a desire to see the foreign lecturer; but it was the same at the second lecture, at the end of which I said that I should be glad to answer any questions which might be put to me. From this time forward up to the end of the course the number of my hearers remained practically undiminished; they wrote busily in their note-books, and the questions they asked me at the conclusion of each lecture showed that they had understood and appreciated what they had heard. Where else in the world could such a disinterested zeal for knowledge be found?

At the end of October I went again to Nara. I had received permission from the Emperor to visit the unique and marvellous collection of art-treasures which exists there in the Shoso-in, and the privilege was further extended to me, which had hitherto been denied to foreigners, of examining and handling the objects myself. The Shoso-in is a wooden building built on a platform raised a few feet above the ground like the native Malayan houses, and it contains the furniture of the palace of the Emperor Shomu, who died A.D. 748, which was deposited in it in 749 by his successor the Empress Koken, there being no Salic law in Japan in those days. The first inventory was made in 756, and this was followed from time to time by other inventories down to the time of the Dark Ages of Japan of the feudal period. Most of these inventories, including the first, have been preserved, and a comparison of them with the three thousand objects still existing shows that but few of the objects have been lost or destroyed. How the building and its contents could have survived the civil wars and barbarism of the Japanese Middle Ages is a miracle. Still more extraordinary is their state of preservation. Brocades and embroideries, rugs and silks are as well preserved as if they had been lying in a tomb in Upper Egypt.

Once a year everything is taken out of the great teak chests in which the objects are kept, compared with the inventories, cleaned or dusted, and placed on shelves behind glass doors. The work lasts about a fortnight, since the objects are exposed only when the sun shines ; if it rains, as it is apt to do at the beginning of November, the building is temporarily closed. The Emperor Shomu lived when China was governed by the T'ang dynasty, and its art and culture reached a height which they have never since attained. They were transferred bodily to the Japanese court at Nara, where Chinese artists and artisans worked side by side with their Japanese pupils. In China itself few traces of the art are left : in the Shoso-in we can still see it in a living form. It is, indeed, a revelation of beauty and artistic perfection such as the world has seldom beheld. The furniture is exquisitely beautiful—tables and chairs, musical instruments and the like, inlaid with electron and ivory, mother-of-pearl

or coral, worked into designs of perfect beauty. In those days the Japanese nobles sat on chairs like the Chinese, and covered the floor, not with mats, but rugs. The chair upon which the early Emperors were enthroned still remains in the palace at Kyoto, and is still used at imperial ceremonies.

Among the treasures of the collection are a number of bronze mirrors, with backs covered with *cloisonné* work, in which a turquoise blue plays a conspicuous part. We have been told in Europe that *cloisonné* work was unknown in China before the beginning of the Ming era (1368); it was therefore a surprise to me to find that it had already reached its perfection in the eighth century, not only in China but also in Japan, since one or two of the mirrors were evidently of Japanese work. I was specially interested in a dinner service of T'ang ware, which included twenty-nine large dishes, glazed with a green "tiger-skin" pattern; on the base of one of them I found the inscription: "Dish for the use of the sacred priest in Kai-do-in, the 7th month of the 7th year of Tempyo-Shoko (A.D. 755): Todaiji." It was in that year that the Empress gave the service to the Todai temple, in the grounds of which the Shoso-in stood. Another interesting "find" was an aubergine glass goblet of Byzantine workmanship which stands on an incised gold stem and foot; it must have been brought from the West along with an uncoloured glass jug with handle, of exactly the same shape as a modern washing-stand jug. Other glass objects, of Chinese and not Byzantine origin, were a pinkish bowl with large incised disks, and a green oval dish in which palm-branches and two fish had been cut. Equally interesting to me were the autograph letters of Shomu and Koken; the Emperor wrote an exceptionally good hand, and the length of his correspondence seemed to indicate that he was proud of his calligraphy.

Adjoining the Shoso-in is another similar building containing early documents and records. These were being examined by Dr. Tsuda and other Commissioners, who showed me some inscribed bamboo slips they had just come across. It was interesting to find that the use of bamboo slips continued as late as the eighth century in Japan; it

was a survival like the use of tallies in our own Government Offices.

I spent several days at Nara; Tsuda dined with me the last evening I was there, and then I returned to Kyoto. A few days later the national chrysanthemum show took place at Hirakata, near Osaka, and excursion trains were run to it from all parts of the country. It was certainly a wonderful sight. Besides chrysanthemums, single and clustered, of all colours and forms, there was a long series of tableaux representing scenes from the mythology and history of Japan, the figures and scenery of which were made entirely of chrysanthemums on wires. The figures were of life size, and like the sea-waves and landscapes were extraordinarily realistic. The show was followed a few weeks later by the maple festival, when all the world made pilgrimages, or rather picnics, to certain temples where the golden red of the maple leaves was especially brilliant.

Meanwhile the *Salon* which had been held in Tokyo was reopened in Kyoto. There were miles of pictures, mainly of the Japanese school, though there was also a considerable number painted in the European manner, some of which were very good. The young Japanese "futurists" started at the same time a rival exhibition of their own, in which their productions outdid the most advanced monstrosities of Italian futurists and cubists. It was a veritable nightmare. But the weather was now cold; the *Salon* was held in the old Exhibition building, which was draughty and unheated, and I therefore preferred spending my time in the Fine Arts Club, the Japanese Christie's, where sales took place from time to time. As in this country, so too in Japan, the impoverishment of the landed class was causing the heirlooms of the old families to come into the market, where they were bought by the *nouveaux riches*. Utterly ignorant of art and history but having more money than they knew what to do with, the purchasers were entirely in the hands of the dealers, and the most outrageous prices were given for objects of art or antiquity. For a small *kakemono* of Korin representing two kneeling figures, 131,000 *yen* were given; another with the picture of an iris fetched 87,800 *yen*; 61,100 *yen* were given for a tea-caddy of dark *seto* ware of the fourteenth

century, just 4 inches high, and 33,300 for another of later date; a rough terra-cotta tea-bowl which had belonged to a famous master of the tea-ceremony went for 22,100 *yen*, and a celadon vase of the late Ming period for 83,336 *yen*. At another sale a small polychrome box of the late Ming period was bought for 2711 *yen*, and a small celadon vase of the same date, which I had valued at about £20, for 8588 *yen*. A *yen*, it must be remembered, was worth two shillings.

My lectures were now coming to an end; winter had already arrived and the first snow had fallen. The Post Wheelers and Nitobes had spent a few days in Kyoto, and we had explored the *antika*-shops together. Then the University gave me a farewell dinner, and I sat for a portrait to be hung up in the Hall of the Arts College. On the 7th of December I went to Kobe accompanied by some of my Japanese friends. We had our last dinner together, and next morning they saw me off on board the steamer for Nagasaki.

My voyage through the Inland Sea was pleasant, for, though cold, the weather was bright and sunny. Nagasaki, so long the sole point of access to Japan, is picturesque, but I was not prepared to find the island of Deshima, in which the Dutch traders were cooped up from one year's end to another, of such lilliputian dimensions. It is, however, an island no longer, as the channel, or rather ditch, which divided it from the mainland is now filled up.

From Nagasaki I went to Shanghai, there to wait for a steamer which should convey me to Colombo. I had to wait longer than I expected, for the last Japanese ship that had sailed westward had disappeared and all attempts on the part of the Japanese Government to ascertain its fate had thus far failed. Eventually it was found to have been captured and sunk by a German cruiser, and its crew and passengers were discovered marooned on a desert island with their stock of provisions exhausted. Then at last another Nippon Yusen Kaisha boat was allowed to start from Kobe.

It was bitterly cold at Shanghai. The heavy rains of autumn had flooded the country to the north, and the north winds were now sweeping southward to Shanghai over fourteen thousand square miles of frozen water. And owing

to the uncertainty as to the arrival of my steamer I was unable to leave Shanghai, even to visit the neighbouring city of Hang-chow, where I wanted to see the porcelain kilns of the Sung dynasty which were being exploited. But I had pleasant and hospitable friends among the British residents at Shanghai, the library of the Asiatic Society was at my disposal, I preached for Dean Walker in his stately Cathedral, and gave a lecture on Jerusalem on behalf of the Red Cross Fund. Moreover, there were many private collections of Chinese wares to see, and Mr. Lorden, the Architectural Adviser of the Customs, initiated me into the mysteries of the tea-houses, where bargains of all kinds are to be picked up at the beginning of the Chinese New Year.

The *Mishima Maru* arrived at last, or rather arrived within reach of Shanghai, for the river was frozen for some miles below the town. At Hong-Kong, where I saw the funeral of the police who had been killed in the recent riots, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu came on board on his way to an Aviation Conference at Delhi. He still bore the marks of his terrible experience in the Mediterranean, when his ship had been torpedoed, his companion drowned, and he himself rescued after thirty-two hours of exposure in the water; but he was as keen as ever over his aviation projects, and had already mapped out the aerial routes and stations to be established for commercial and passenger traffic in the happy years that should follow the war.

We had a narrow escape from a German cruiser at Penang, but reached Colombo in safety. It was cloudless weather, very unlike my last experience of Ceylon, and the hospitality of the British officials seemed unlimited. Sir Conyngham Greene had given me a letter of introduction to his brother, who was at the head of the railway administration, and the Hon. G. Stubbs, who was Acting-Governor, placed his motor at my disposal. One evening I lectured at the Museum before the Oriental Society.

I had intended to go to India with Lord Montagu and take shipping with him from Bombay. But a transport on its way to Port Said turned up unexpectedly, and I was put on board it along with Colonel Kershaw, the Head of the Jamaica Constabulary, who had been one of my companions

from Hong-Kong and was on his way to Cyprus. The transport was attached to the Indian Government and did not reflect much credit upon its administrative supervision. The food was deficient and bad, the cooking was done by a sailor; there was, of course, no bread, and the biscuits walked across the table. The captain was semi-educated, with a fear of German cruisers on the brain; after sunset not an aperture of the smallest kind was allowed to be open in the cabins, and lights were of course altogether forbidden. It was somewhat trying in the tropics, and a striking contrast to the Japanese steamer I had lately left.

We stopped at Hodeida, where there were some British soldiers, on our way through the Red Sea, and at Suez Colonel Kershaw and I were glad to land. There were a few Japanese boats in the harbour, but Suez itself looked deserted. The next day we journeyed through the leagues of camp which the British troops had occupied or were occupying along the bank of the Canal, and at the Cairo station I was welcomed by Artin Pasha. It was a shock to me; he had become an infirm old man, seeing his way with difficulty; and the ever alert mind and cheerful spirits had been replaced by continuous dejection.

After a few days, however, he brightened up and began to recover his old energy and interest. I stayed two months with him, and long before I left he was once more visiting and being visited by his old friends, wandering with me over the mounds of Fostât, and even accepting an invitation from Lady Wingate to dine at the Residency. When I left him on the 1st of May he was preparing to go to Alexandria with Miss Artin; but before he could start a severe heart seizure took place, and though he managed to get to Alexandria, from that time forward he was a dying man.

CHAPTER XXII

EGYPT IN WAR-TIME

I ARRIVED in Cairo on the last day of February 1918. My faithful Egyptian servant had died in 1916, and certain financial and other matters needed settlement, but I expected to have been free to return to Great Britain by the middle of April. Before April arrived, however, the great German offensive had taken place and we were cut off from communication with Europe. The eastern basin of the Mediterranean was now in charge of the Japanese, but their sphere did not extend beyond the mouth of the Adriatic. To the west of that was the British sphere.

Three days after my arrival there was a garden-party at the Residency in honour of the Duke of Connaught, which was attended, not only by the Sultan of Egypt, but also by those of Lehaj and Zanzibar. I had not seen the new Sultan before, though I had known his predecessor, who was hospitable and Anglophil and the leading patron of agriculture in Egypt. It was to him, in fact, that the initiation of the Agricultural Shows at Cairo was due. Whether the appointment of a " buffer " power in the country was politically wise was, however, a question. As long as he lived it was believed that he could be trusted not to play into the hands of the anti-British party, but even before his death he had made a speech in Upper Egypt which proved that he could not be depended on. It was said in his excuse that he was at the time suffering from the disease which killed him a few months later, and was therefore not wholly responsible for his words. The Egyptian, however, needs personal rule ; he must see and know his ruler before he will obey him or at least be in that happy frame of mind which

is expressed by the word *mabsût*, "content." "A living dog is better than a dead lion," and a veiled British protectorate was worse than no protectorate at all.

There had been an aeroplane raid upon Cairo, several persons had been killed, and lights after dark were accordingly forbidden. The Cairo streets are dangerous places for the unwary to traverse after dark at the best of times; the native workmen are apt to leave unguarded cavities and heaps of stones in the path; and consequently it became difficult to go abroad at night. Food was plentiful, for Egypt is a land of cereals and sugar-cane; but foreign imports were not to be obtained, and those who did not wear khaki were reduced to rags. Coal, of course, was unprocurable; most of the trees which shaded the roads had already been cut down for fire-wood; but the Government allowed each household a little oil from Gebel ez-Zeit for cooking purposes. The Japanese came to our rescue in the matter of matches.

Society had returned to the pleasant and intimate cosmopolitanism which had distinguished Cairo during the first few years of the British Occupation. British and French, Americans and Copts, Italians and Armenians, Moslems and Greeks, we were all mingled together. I spent a good deal of my time in the splendid library of the Institut Français, where my only companions were Foucart and Gauthier, and at the end of March ran up for a week to Luxor, where the old Luxor Hotel was kept open for the British officers, for whom personally conducted tours of three days' duration were arranged. The Nile was high but deserted; the only craft upon it being fishing- and ferry-boats. And the shops and hotels in the tourist quarter of Luxor were, of course, closed. I saw a good deal of my old friend Insinger, and spent a day with him in his steam-launch on the river, little thinking that I should see him no more. My last morning was passed at Karnak; that, too, was deserted, and as I wandered through the stately colonnades, swept clean and garnished, with walls and columns repaired and restored, I seemed to commune once more with Legrain, whose life had been devoted to the work, and who had died just when that work was complete. It was only eight months previously that sunstroke and fever had carried him suddenly away.

From the old dead world I returned to Cairo with its half-suppressed excitement and war-rumours. One morning the newly raised Jewish regiments marched through the streets, carrying Zionist banners, on their way to the Promised Land. That afternoon, at a tea-party at Lady Allenby's, one of the guests remarked that "the Germans had been nearly five years trying to win the war and the Allies trying to lose it, and neither party had as yet succeeded." The strict censorship prevented us from knowing how near to success the attempt was at the moment, however much we might suspect it.

At the beginning of May I went to help Home, the Sub-Director of the National Bank, in keeping house on the Gezira. He was living there as a bachelor, his wife and son being in England. Lady Allenby was a few doors away, and, as her husband was absent in Palestine, was equally lonely, while the Willcockses were not far off. At the end of the month I paid a visit to the American excavators at Memphis, where Fisher had discovered the throne-room of Meneptah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus. It was a large and magnificent hall, its ceiling supported on rows of columns, and the upper end forming a dais. At the back of this against the wall stood the throne, on either side of which was a door opening into a bath-room, where the Pharaoh could refresh himself if he were hot or tired. The discovery had been made in 1916, and I had seen a plan of the hall when I was in Philadelphia, but for more than a year no excavating work had been carried on, as all available labour had been conscripted for military service.

In June I went to Ramla, where Claudius Pasha had asked me to stay with him. His house was opposite the new Victoria College, which had been transformed into the chief military hospital, and the grounds were filled with the tents of the convalescent soldiers. Ramla and Alexandria were full of native visitors from Upper Egypt and Cairo, no other summer resort being available; among others was an old Assuan acquaintance of mine, Takla Bey, from whom I heard a good many folk-tales, of which he was a skilled reciter. I did not return to Cairo until the beginning of October.

The war was practically over, but those of us who were

acquainted with the natives knew that trouble was brewing in Egypt itself. There had been terrible mismanagement. After the declaration of war by Turkey the country had been placed under martial law, which meant the transference of the driving force in the administration from the civilians, who were familiar with the language and habits of the people, to military officers, who knew nothing of either. It did not matter at first; General Maxwell, who was in command of the British forces, was an "old Egyptian," and though Sir Arthur MacMahon, who was brought from India as High Commissioner, was a mere figure-head, intended to hold the place until Kitchener could return to it, things went on much as before. With Sir John Maxwell's departure there was necessarily a change; the newcomers knew neither Arabic nor the Egyptians, and an attempt was made to equalise matters by putting Sir Reginald Wingate in Sir Arthur MacMahon's place. But it was too late; the High Commissioner had become the Governor of Egypt in name only, and all that he could do was to send protests and warnings to the British Foreign Office, which were disregarded. To make things worse, the men and officers of the new conscript army had taken the place of the old army, which the Egyptians had known and liked; the new "Tommy Atkins" they did not like. The conduct of the Australian troops before I arrived in Egypt had already made a bad impression on the Cairene and Alexandrian populations, and this was now transferred to the British troops. More than once they got out of hand: while I was in Cairo some of them one night looted and burnt the jewellers' shops in the Ezbekia and Muski. Many of the officers did not know how to treat the upper-class natives, whom I have heard called "niggers" to their faces; and no one is quicker at detecting "the gentleman" than an Egyptian or in appreciating good manners.

The so-called Labour Corps was fatally mismanaged. The Egyptian soldiers had asked to be put on a level with their British comrades and be led against the Turk; but this was refused by those who were unacquainted with the fellahin on the ground that being Mohammedans they could not be trusted in a struggle with their brother Moslems. The

fellahin, however, are good spadesmen, and accordingly a Labour Corps of some 700,000 men was raised by conscription. This was itself a mistake, as it excited their suspicions, while the prospect of good pay would have attracted them without any difficulty. The men were sent to the desert and to Palestine, and were promised wages which satisfied them. But the wages were paid through middle-men, Jews, Maltese and the like, and the workers complained that little of it found its way into their own pockets. Some of them told me that it was a return to the days of " Ismain Pasha " ; they were torn from their homes, carried to a foreign land, made to work hard, and then paid nothing. I could not help replying that in Ismain's time they would have been starved as well, so that there would have been no chance of their complaining afterwards.

Similar ignorance of the people and their habits caused a scarcity of grain. Egypt is a land of cereals, and there was more than enough for the needs both of its inhabitants and of the army. But again " corners " were allowed to be made by Jews and Greeks as well as Copts ; stores of wheat were concealed and sold at exorbitant prices. It was currently believed among the native population that men died of starvation in the streets of Cairo. I myself have seen the women struggling for a small pittance of *dura* at the entrance to a Government *shûna* or granary, and in the July of 1918 a number of women were crushed to death in the attempt to obtain it in the *shûna* at Rôd el-Farag, the port of Cairo.

A strict censorship was exercised over the news from the seat of war, and in the want of it the wildest legends were current among the Mohammedans. They believed firmly that the British soldiers had been annihilated, and that the Turks were triumphant, and preparations were even made to receive the victorious Moslems, which would be followed in Northern Egypt by a massacre of the Christians. The latter prospect especially was attractive to the fellahin, who would thereby rid themselves of their debts. As the Mohammedans are forbidden by their creed to receive interest the money-lenders and usurers are necessarily Christians—a fact which has much to do with the massacre of the latter when Moslem passions are aroused.

On the 24th of November General Allenby returned to Egypt. Elaborate arrangements had been made to receive him, the foreign population and native Jews and Christians were *en fête*, and the streets were gay with flags and other signs of welcome. At last the Mohammedan elements would be convinced that Great Britain was victorious and that the holy city of Jerusalem was in its hands. For long we waited in expectancy ; then the victorious General arrived and was saluted at the railway station by an Egyptian regiment. Then he mounted a motor-car, drove rapidly through the streets—and that was all. A great opportunity had been lost. Those of us who knew the East went back to our lunch with forebodings of evil. A native remarked to me that " the General need not have been afraid of being shot."

When I arrived in Cairo at the beginning of October an epidemic called influenza by the doctors for want of a better name was raging there. The natives were dying like flies ; it was impossible to pass through a street at any time of the day without seeing funeral after funeral, and I was reminded of the cholera years of the past. Few Europeans escaped, though in their case the attack was not usually fatal. Dr. Khayyât told me that it was even worse in Upper Egypt than in Cairo.

I had not been long in Cairo before I received a great shock, Insinger's son-in-law, who was a resident there, telling me that his father-in-law had been seized with a sudden attack of illness and had just been brought to the English hospital on the Gezira. I promised to call on him the following morning, but before I could do so news was brought to me that he was dead, and I attended his funeral the next day.

Not long afterwards I met General Kekewich at lunch at the Residency, and before the end of November Robert Mahaffy and Woolley turned up. Mahaffy had been badly wounded and after convalescence had been given a temporary judgeship in the Sudân ; he was now meditating matrimony, and gave me news of his father, of whom I had not heard for a long time. Woolley had been captured by the Turks in the Sinaitic Peninsula early in the war, and had passed most of his time in the internment camps of Asia Minor. The Turks had allowed him to receive books and even correspond

with his friends; in fact, their treatment of the prisoners became stringent only when a German officer appeared on the scene. While he was in the neighbourhood of Angora a fire took place which destroyed two-thirds of the city, laying bare its walls. No objection was made to his copying the Greek inscriptions which had been built into them; there were, however, a few which were too high to be legible without a ladder. Here the Turks drew the line; he might wander at his will on mother-earth, but a ladder was out of the question.

The Armistice had now been signed, and arrangements made for the British occupation of Palestine. Home and I accordingly gave a "send-off" tea-party to Storrs, Creswell, Ashbee and others who were interested in art and antiquities and likely to be sent there. Ashbee, indeed, was soon called upon to plan the civic reconstruction of Jerusalem and the repair or restoration of its ancient monuments.

CHAPTER XXIII

BATH, PORTUGAL AND MALTA

THE new year (1919) brought with it a letter from the Secretary of the French Institute announcing my election as Foreign Correspondent. It was at once unexpected and gratifying; the chief ambition of my life, in fact, was realised. Salomon Reinach afterwards told me that the discovery that I was not already a member was made by accident; "they had supposed that I had been elected long before." Shortly afterwards, on January 21, Artin Pasha died and his funeral took place two days later. It was an impressive sight, all the shops in the European quarter of Cairo were closed and the funeral procession was accompanied by the Ministers and foreign Consuls as well as by a military guard. The streets were packed with the natives, to whom the Pasha's name was a household word, and the service in the Armenian Church was long and moving. The chain of my association with Egypt seemed to have suddenly snapped; when I first knew him I was still in the flush of life and now I was an old man.

At the end of February the Government sent me back to Europe in the largest and finest of its transports, the P. & O. *Kaisar-i-Hind*. It was more than a compensation for the voyage from Colombo, and I was sorry when we reached Marseilles. There it was discovered that one of the stewards was ill with smallpox and the French authorities decreed that no one should be allowed to land until every one on board had been vaccinated. As there were some hundreds of British soldiers in the ship it looked as if our disembarkation was to be indefinitely postponed. Fortunately, however, there were a good many military doctors with the troops, and

with the help of the French doctors from the town the operation was completed in a few hours.

I spent a night in Marseilles and then made my way to Nice, where my brother had been passing the winter. The Riviera was literally swarming with American soldiers, who were being sent there in relays for a four or five days' holiday preparatory to quitting Europe, and every hostelry, great and small, was occupied by them. They were well supplied with money, much to the profit of the shopkeepers.

In April my brother and I went to Paris and put up at the Hôtel Wagram in default of another hotel. The first person I saw upon entering the hall of the building was Paderewski, and it turned out that the Polish delegation was staying there. I found the Japanese delegates at the Continental. London welcomed me with a snow-storm on the 27th of April.

The day after my return to Edinburgh I had to attend a meeting of the Council of the Scotch Society of Antiquaries. There Mr. A. O. Curle greeted us with startling news. Excavations on Traprain Hill, a little to the south-east of Edinburgh, where remains of a Romano-British settlement had been discovered, had just brought to light a hidden store of ancient Roman silver plate. It was for the most part cut or hacked into pieces, the corresponding portions of which were in many cases wanting, and it was all more or less crumpled up. It was evidently the buried hoard of pirates whose fleet had once anchored in the adjoining bay, and the treasure itself, when it came to be examined, was found to have been the spoil of Roman villas and Christian churches on the coasts of Gaul and Britain. Coins of Honorius discovered with it fixed the date, and I therefore suggested that the pirates who had concealed it when they started in the spring on a fresh voyage of piracy, in the expectation of returning later with more booty, must have been the Saxons referred to by the poet Claudian. He tells us that, thanks to the victories of a Stilicho,[1] the Orkneys had been drenched with Saxon blood. In other words, the pirates had found a Roman fleet waiting for them south of the Great Wall and been chased by it to the extreme north of the island, where

[1] *De laud. Stilichonis*, Book II.

their ships had been destroyed and the buried treasure never reclaimed. However this might be, Curle invited some of his brother archaeologists to tea, and we spent a delightful afternoon cleaning and examining the rich table-garniture and beautiful silver-work of the late Roman age.

Fiddes Watt was now painting my portrait for the Hall of Queen's College. I was much touched by the number and readiness of the subscribers to the appeal for its accomplishment ; I felt that it not only bore witness to the existence of many friends, but also showed that my scholastic and literary labours were appreciated to an extent of which I had previously had no idea. The painter took infinite pains in his work, and my sittings to him extended over six weeks.

Professor Clay visited me in Oxford that summer on his way to Babylonia, where the University of Yale wished him to select a site for future excavation, and after a visit to the porcelain manufactory at Worcester, which I had never previously seen, I went to Llanvihangel Court. How much had happened since I had last been there six years before ! And now I saw Sir Alexander Tulloch and Sir Arthur Herbert for the last time. Before I could return to Edinburgh my friend and neighbour there, Moir Bryce, was also dead, just after seeing his latest work, the *History of the Borough Muir*, through the press.

On my way to Edinburgh I spent a couple of nights with Garstang, who had been employed in war-work in France along with his French wife He was now about to go to Jerusalem to organise a British School of Archaeology and a Department of Antiquities, of which he had been appointed Director.

Shortly before Christmas I went to Bath and there passed a very pleasant two months at the Empire Hotel. At first my neighbour there was Sir Dugald Clerk ; then his place was taken by my old friend George Macmillan. I had not visited Bath for thirty years and could find but little alteration in it. It was still a queen-like city of fine buildings and no slums. Trams and motors apart, the only change I could discover was the erection of the hotel in which I was.

One or two of my father's friends still remained and others were now added to them. The Rudyard Kiplings were at

the Pump Room Hotel, later on the Dean of Westminster and Mrs. Ryle arrived at the Pulteney Hotel, Sir William Peterson was living close by fighting for the life which was so soon to leave him, and Frederic Harrison occupied a stately house in the centre of the Royal Crescent, the hospitable doors of which were always open. Once more I dined with the Bath Literary Club, of which I had been a sleeping member for so many years, and Mr. Shickle initiated me into the mysteries and ancient documents of the Hospital of St. John, of which he is the Master. Before I left the Edmund Gosses arrived, and my last tea-party, which consisted of them and Frederic Harrison, was a charming memory to carry away. Frederic Harrison was indeed a marvel, combining the keen intellect of youth with the bodily vigour of middle age. He told me that were it not for his teeth he should not know that he was old. All else, eyes, hearing, digestion, were of undiminished strength. His memory and conversational power, at any rate, showed no trace of decline, and just then his indignation was specially aroused by the gloomy pessimism and senile despair of Thomas Hardy.

Professor Hara of Kyoto passed a few days with me while I was at Bath. He had come to England partly on Government business, partly on account of a History of Japan which he had written in English. A week or two later Sekihara, who had been sent from Japan to arrange a loan with the British and French Governments and had had to go to Cardiff to interview the coalowners, heard from Hara that I was at Bath and accordingly spent the week-end at the Empire Hotel on his way to London. I took him for a walk in the Victoria Park, and his amazement was great at seeing an azalea in full blossom in the open air in the month of February. He carried away, I am afraid, a false idea of the British climate—or rather of the Bath climate—in the winter.

One morning while I was engaged in purchasing Kanghsi porcelain in Mallett's shop I was unexpectedly accosted by Slatin Pasha and Colonel Phipps, who were staying with the Talbots and had come into Bath for the day. Slatin told me that the Hungarian Government had pressed him to be their representative in London, but that he had thought it prudent to decline, as causes of friction were likely to occur,

and he had no wish to fall out with his English friends. The war had broken out while he was in Vienna, celebrating his honeymoon, and as a former officer in the Austrian army he was called upon to serve ; but he stipulated that he should be employed upon Red Cross work only, and spent a large part of his time in looking after the British prisoners.

After a few days at Oxford I went to London, as Percival and I had arranged to pay a visit to Portugal. It was the only state in Europe which I had not seen, and until I had done so I felt that my European education was incomplete. The day before we intended to start for Paris the great French railway strike took place. I had to petition my host (Dr. McClure) to allow me to remain with him a little longer ; one result of this was that I was able to lunch with Sir Henry Howorth, who had recently celebrated his golden wedding, and I saw Lady Howorth for the last time.

Percival and I left England as soon as the strike was officially declared at an end. It was by no means at an end, however, so far as passenger arrangements were concerned. We had to spend a night at Dover, and as the Lord Warden Hotel was still in the hands of the Government to put up at a hotel a mile and a half distant from the pier. The registration of luggage had not yet been resumed, and it was necessary to look after our trunks on board the steamer and to have them with us in the railway carriage. There were no porters at the Paris station, so the difficulty of getting them conveyed to a taxicab may be imagined.

It was the same when we left Paris for Spain a day or two later. The registration offices were closed and the porters had not returned to their duties. At the frontier station we had to be our own porters in the midst of a struggling mass of humanity and chests, while the custom-house officials and passport inspectors surveyed us like the gods on Olympus. We had left our sleeping-car at Bordeaux and the express did not run farther than the frontier, so we broke our journey at San Sebastian.

San Sebastian was empty of visitors, peaceful, and as beautiful as ever. I had not seen it since the early seventies, and meanwhile a new and larger San Sebastian had sprung up by the side of the old town. Our journey thence to Madrid

was blocked by a snow-storm, so that we did not reach the Spanish capital till after midnight and hours after the train was due. All vehicles had gone home, and we were lucky in getting hold of an ancient horse-drawn cab, though the horse fell and had to be replaced by another before we had proceeded very far, and one of the wheels came off before we reached our hotel.

I did not recognise Madrid. When I had last seen it, it was the squalid capital of an impoverished kingdom. It has become a really handsome city, surrounded by magnificent public buildings and boulevards like the modern Vienna. Its inhabitants had grown rich during the war and evidences of wealth were visible on all sides. The Museum, which had been scarcely equal to that of a small provincial town in England, now rivalled those of Paris or London. And the picture-galleries left nothing to be desired.

But the weather was very cold, and a railway strike prevented us from going southward to Seville as we had intended to do. I had to give up my expedition to the ruins of Italica, which Mr. Bonsor, the artist and excavator, had offered to show me. Moreover, it was doubtful how long the single line of railway which united Spain with Lisbon—railway strikes having stopped the trains on the northern and southern lines—would continue to be open for traffic. A postal and telegraphic strike had been going on in Portugal itself for three weeks, and the mails from Spain were piled high on the platforms of the wayside station which marked the frontier ; it was a question, therefore, whether the Spanish authorities would run the so-called mail-train to Lisbon much longer. When we travelled by it, it consisted only of engine, tender, guard's van and a very old and dirty first-class carriage, which was half-empty.

However, it brought us to Lisbon. The country was practically bankrupt, the indigent classes in the city were starving, and rioting under the name of revolution could be suppressed only by picketing troops in different parts of the town, who could at a moment's notice put down the first attempts at a demonstration. A week or two after our arrival we were on our way to an afternoon tea-party on the other side of Lisbon, when in the Rua Garrett—the New

Bond Street of Lisbon—we all had to run for our lives into the shops, the iron shutters of which were closed, while for the next two hours fighting went on in the street outside. Then the ambulances appeared on the scene to carry off the dead and dying, and the solitary newspaper which was published the following morning informed us that the city was again " tranquil." A night or two later I had just gone to bed in a room which looked out on the Avenida upon one side and on a side street upon the other, when two machine-guns were drawn up under my window which raked the street for about a quarter of an hour, by which time most of the glass in the windows had been smashed and the Red Cross ambulances once more appeared. One morning I paid a visit to the Anthropological Museum in the former Jesuit convent near the Collegio Ingles ; as I walked along the street it seemed to me more deserted than even the back streets of Lisbon usually are, the Portuguese world collecting in certain main thoroughfares where the young men occupy themselves in aimlessly walking up and down. The next day I learnt that about ten minutes before I was there a bomb had exploded, killing some unfortunate school children who happened to be in the street.

There seemed no prospect of the postal and railway strikes coming to an end, and the expedition, therefore, which we had planned to Oporto and Batalha was impossible. I had, moreover, caught a chill on my way to Lisbon, which resulted in intermittent attacks of my old enemy fever, so we determined to shorten our stay in Portugal. We had made ourselves well acquainted with the splendid Museum at Belem, and its efficient Directors, Vasconcellas and Machado, to whom Iberian archaeology owes so much, and we had enjoyed a stay at Cintra, most delightful of summer retreats. No ships now touched at Lisbon on their way to France and England, and we were therefore dependent on the single line of communication which might be interrupted at any moment. Back to Madrid, accordingly, we determined to go.

Again we arrived at Madrid many hours late. On this occasion it was a railway accident that delayed us. But the weather at Madrid was now warm, and we were just in time

to see the Romeria or procession of lay figures on Good Friday. From Madrid we proceeded to Burgos, which like Madrid I found a changed place. The streets had been swept and garnished, the Cathedral restored, and a modern first-class hotel was in existence. I had hoped to have seen Leon before leaving Spain, as it was the only remaining Spanish city of interest which I had not visited, but once more fate in the shape of a railway strike stood in the way. So we agreed to spend the rest of our holiday at Tours, and make up for our inability to travel through Portugal by visiting the châteaux of the Loire.

My brother and niece were in Paris, where the weather was summerlike and the war forgotten. At the meeting of the Institute—where, I confess, I heard but little of the papers that were read owing to the energetic conversation of my neighbour, Clermont-Ganneau—I fell across Sir Aurel Stein, who was on his way from India to Oxford, there to finish and publish his *magnum opus*, *Serindia*. After the meeting we passed a happy hour in exploring the old book-shops of the Quartier Latin. One day we all of us spent at Sèvres in the porcelain manufactory, little thinking that history, and grim history too, was about to be made there.

I reached London in time to watch the procession of the Trade Unions through the West End on the 1st of May. It seemed to be never-ending, with its profusion of banners, its bands and its school children. The latter formed the most striking and sinister part of the show. There were multitudes of them, and they came from secularist and anti-Christian schools where the first thing they learned was the hymn of the Red Flag. There was no need to go to Russia for Bolshevist propaganda; here there was evidence that it was an active and living power in our midst, and I was reminded of what was said many years ago of secular education in Australia, that "it had filled the gaols with educated criminals." Children and adults were all alike well-dressed, and there were no signs of poverty anywhere. The following day I stifled the memories of the Red Flag by paying a visit to Mr. Eumorfopoulos and his collection of Chinese wares. *Après moi le déluge.*

In July I went to Bangor, staying there with Professor

Witton Davies. The University of Wales had honoured me with a degree along with the newly consecrated Archbishop of Wales, Earl Haig, Professor Stuart Jones and others. It was a very pleasant three days. I saw the new buildings of the University, which were now completed, and was struck with the Archbishop's ready gift of making the right speech at the right moment. A month later I was again in Wales ; this time in the once familiar locality of Cardiff. The British Association was holding there its first meeting after the beginning of the war, and I stayed along with Flinders Petrie in the hospitable house of Mr. Mansel Franklen near Llantwit, the home of my fathers. I met in it some of the magnates of South Wales, and was told that the strikes and unrest in the coal-mining industry were largely due to foreign elements, partly Irish but mainly Russian. The Welsh miners had flocked to the recruiting offices early in the war and were drafted to France, there to be killed or maimed for life, and their places were taken by " the foreigner." The Government needed coal, which therefore required working, and as Russia was at that time our ally the Russians who brought with them a Bolshevist propaganda could not be excluded from the country. Two or three weeks later I was mentioning the fact to a Glasgow manufacturer, who replied to me, " I can well believe it ; it is just the same here ; there are 200,000 Bolshevist Russians in the collieries of the Clyde." Cardiff was like Madrid—it had grown out of recognition, and the new municipal and University buildings where the meetings of the Association were held are extremely fine.

I spent most of the winter together with my brother at Mentone, but early in the spring he went westward while I settled myself at Nice. He had induced me to put down upon paper such fragments of the past as I could remember, and in this way the earlier chapters of the present book came to be written. The work was interrupted, however, by an attack of influenza. We had gone to Monte Carlo to lunch with Mrs. Barnardo, the widow of the philanthropist, who was staying there, and I managed to become infected with the prevailing ailment. Hackett, whose *Commonplace Book* had been almost as successful as scandals about the war,

joined us with his wife at Mentone, and their departure to Australia was a great loss to me. Mentone was swarming with a class of English whom I had never met before, and who seemed to have spent their lives in third-rate pensions, neither reading nor doing anything. They had come to the Riviera under the idea that the low value of the franc would enable them to live more cheaply than at home, and they filled the tea-shops haggling over *sous*.

Slatin came over to see me one day from Cap St. Martin, where he was staying with a former American Consul in Cairo. His wife, who has since died, had been sent to the Riviera for her health ; Slatin himself was as youthful and vigorous as ever. He considered that the Pan-Islamic agitation was becoming a serious menace, and that Great Britain and France were unwisely making concessions to it. In dealing with the Near East two facts have to be borne in mind : in the first place the Mohammedan, if he is orthodox, will never acquiesce in the domination of the Christian ; the primary article of his faith is that the Moslem must be lord and master ; and secondly, that concession is regarded by every Oriental as a sign of weakness.

I spent a morning in Paris with M. Haussoullier over his squeeze of an important Lydian inscription from Sardes, the original of which has doubtless been destroyed by the Smyrna fires, and crossed to London by aeroplane, carrying all my luggage with me. The " voyage " from the aerodrome at Bourget to the aerodrome at Croydon occupied two hours and twenty minutes, a little longer than usual, as we had a strong wind against us all the way. From Boulogne to Folkestone it took exactly a quarter of an hour. The journey over France was dull and monotonous ; the country is flat, laid out in squares and rectangles and intersected by the white lines of the roads ; while there are no woods and few buildings of any size. On the English side of the Channel, however, the scenery was attractive. To me the chief charm of the voyage was not so much its rapidity as its ease and comfort—no trains and steamers to be boarded or crowds to encounter in the custom-house. A lady who was one of the twelve passengers complained of nausea, but I found it difficult to understand how this could have been

the case, and I am but an indifferent sailor at sea. The main objection to travelling by aeroplane is the continuous noise which prohibits conversation, and it is necessary to protect oneself against cold. I reached London in time for a meeting of the Egypt Exploration Society, where Lord Carnarvon showed me a seal-cylinder of the XIIth Dynasty, which he had obtained that winter, with an inscription upon it in cuneiform characters.

While I was in Oxford the Crown Prince of Japan came there for the day, and I spent the afternoon with him during his motor-drive to the river and elsewhere. Prince Kanin acted as interpreter, the Crown Prince not venturing a word in either English or French in spite of his education at the Peers' School in Tokyo. But he was young and shy, and expressed his desire to be " like the Prince of Wales."

In September the British Association met in Edinburgh, and papers read in the Anthropological Section on recent archaeological discoveries in Malta excited in both Lord Abercromby and myself a determination to visit that island during the following winter. Louis Fanous, who had come to England with the Adly mission as the Coptic representative, happened to be passing through Edinburgh just then, and came to lunch with me. We had a good deal of conversation about the Egyptian question and the relation of the Copts to it, and I told him what a serious mistake it seemed to me the Young Copts were making in uniting with the " Nationalists." The latter were aiming at making Mohammedanism supreme and thereby filling their own pockets as in the good old days, and as soon as they had achieved their object their Coptic allies would be thrown aside and treated like the Armenians or Greeks in Asia Minor. Fanous agreed, but said that they had no choice ; the British Government had never supported them and had now deserted them altogether ; Egypt was about to be handed over to the Nationalists, that is to say the Mohammedan party, and all the Copts could do was to make peace with the future rulers of their country before it was too late. What the British people did not appear to understand was that in Egypt, as elsewhere in the Near East, there is no such thing as a political question, every so-called political question

being really a religious one, as indeed it was in Western Europe not so very long ago; and perhaps even now the educational controversies in England and anti-clericalism in France may indicate that the old motive of action is not altogether extinct.

Lord Abercromby and I left England together in November and rested on our way southward at Rome. The weather was rainy and Rome had changed for the worse since I had last been there. It had been invaded by motors and autobuses, for which its streets are far too narrow and its inhabitants too unaccustomed to regard a street as anything more than a lounging-place. Then we took the train to Syracuse.

It was no longer the Syracuse of my memories, but a clean and flourishing city, and, in American phrase, thoroughly up to date. The fountain of Arethusa where I had seen women washing their clothes in the midst of a dirty slum was surrounded by a marble balustrade and adjoined a pretty garden, while dainty ducks swam among its papyri. The Cathedral had been excavated within and without, and the stately columns of the Doric temple which had been built into the walls were once more visible in all their pristine perfection. Professor Orsi, the creator of the scientific archaeology of Sicily, presided over a Museum, unsurpassed in Europe both for the character and extent of its contents, and for their scientific arrangement. We learned that if we would study the prehistoric records of the Western Mediterranean it is to Syracuse that we must come. A like transformation had come over the city's hostelries. We stayed in the Villa Politi, most comfortable of hotels, built over and among the quarries in which the Athenian captives rotted to death, and which are now part of the hotel gardens. Our view was superb and we slept undisturbed by Athenian ghosts.

In the matter of hotel accommodation Malta was a contrast to Syracuse. The weather, moreover, was bad—wet, sunless and cold. But we were more than repaid by the boundless hospitality which we received and the archaeological interest of the island. Professor Zammit has done for Malta what Professor Orsi has done for Sicily; he has

created the scientific archaeology of the island as well as a Museum which rivals in importance that of Syracuse. A new page in the early history of the Mediterranean has been revealed to us, and a very remarkable history it proves to be. Malta was once, in the far-distant age of Stone, a sacred island, covered, like the adjacent Gozo, with temples built of huge stones. The central core of each consists of a double circular or oval chamber resembling the double cave which formed the primitive sanctuary of Syria and Asia Minor, and of which the famous cave under the dome of the Rock at Jerusalem is a surviving example. The stones used in the construction of the temples are of vast size; they are admirably shaped and sometimes ornamented with reliefs and incised sculptures which make it difficult to understand how they could have been worked without the use of metal. Even more astonishing is the subterranean temple discovered by Zammit at Tarshien near Valletta, where passages, stairways, chambers and pylon have been hewn out of the rock some thirty feet below the ground in imitation of the sanctuaries which stood in the open air. Malta was the wintering place of the ships which traded for tin between the coasts of Asia and Spain in the early Bronze Period, and to this we should probably trace the inspiration to which the erection of its megalithic structures owed its origin.

We made many archaeological expeditions with Professor Zammit, and many interesting acquaintances at the ever-hospitable tables of the Governor, Lord Plumer, and the Admiral, Sir John de Robeck, not to speak of Sir Gerald Strickland and Robert Mahaffy, who was now the Legal Adviser of Malta. When we arrived Lord Long was staying with the Admiral; he gave me an interesting account of the inner history of Asquith's resignation, in which he bore a part. Sir Gerald Strickland was the leader of the Constitutional party in the new Parliament of the island; it was a very small one, and its chief duty was to criticise the Ministry. There were, however, several other parties, which offered abundant opportunity for speech-making. So far as I could learn, the main result of the new constitution that had been conceded to Malta was to write "Self-Government" upon the stamps. Italy and the Italian language were at a dis-

count, and every patriotic Maltese insisted that Maltese only should be used. I was indeed surprised to find how unilingual the Maltese had become, as compared with what was the case when I was in the island forty years before. One reason for this, I was told, was that the priests until quite recent years were opposed to education, and that since the change in their policy an anti-clerical Labour party has grown up which refuses to send its children to the schools, which are mainly in clerical hands. The results, however, are unfortunate. The population of Malta is increasing very rapidly, while the island remains a very small fragment of rock; emigrants are now excluded from Tunisia and Tripoli by the French and Italians, and the want of a knowledge of English prevents their admittance into Australia.

I had tea several times with Lady Fanny Blunt, the widow of our Consul at Salonika during the strenuous years of Abdul Hamid's reign. She told me stories of her childhood at Brussa when the Young Turks with their Western varnish had not yet been born, and Turk and Greek and Armenian lived much the same life and were content to be friends one of the other. She had known Lord Charles Beresford well, and once, soon after he had changed from Gladstonianism to Conservatism, he came to tea with her with a rent in the arm of his coat. "I hope you don't think the worse of me for it," he said. "No," she replied, "I won't call you a turn-coat, but I will call on you to turn out of your coat while I mend it."

I left Lord Abercromby in Malta as he wished to go home by sea, and went to Naples and Rome, where I spent a month before returning to England. My brother had died while I was in Malta, and there was nothing to hasten my return to the north. While in Rome I called on Oscar Browning, whom I had not seen for many years, and found him at the age of eighty-five busy at his book on Roman history and living in a flat in which his Secretary slept in the same room as himself and the son of his cook in his library. I reminded him of a discussion he had had with Leslie Stephen a half-century or more ago, when the latter was expressing his disbelief in a future state. To this Oscar Browning objected, as it seemed to me very justly, and quoted Wordsworth's line :

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy." Whereupon Leslie Stephen retorted: "That is no reason why we should lie about heaven in our old age." I also had a good deal of conversation with Metaxas, the Greek ambassador, whom I had known in London. He was himself a lukewarm royalist, but his wife was an ardent Venizelist, and it was evident that he did not find his post at Rome an easy one. It was further evident that he considered matters were going badly in Asia Minor.

One delightful day I spent at Ostia with the Ashbys. It was just forty years since I had last been on the spot, and since then the larger part of the ancient city had been excavated. It was surprisingly modern. The houses of the rich merchants of Rome had been built in the same fashion as those of a modern Italian town, with stories one above the other, tall windows and blinds. The remains of a first-class hotel had been brought to light which would have borne comparison with the most up-to-date hotel of to-day. Its occupants dreamed as little as we do that the civilisation to which it bears witness could ever pass away under the deluge of barbarian invasion, and still less of the uprising from below, or that Europe would have been overshadowed by the thick darkness of barbarism for more than a thousand years.

To me the most interesting archaeological discovery of the winter was under the church of San Sebastiano. Here there was a tradition going back to the time of Constantine that when that Emperor built the basilica of St. Peter on the Vatican he transferred to it the bodies of the two Apostles, SS. Peter and Paul, which had been hidden under the San Sebastiano catacomb. During the Valerian persecution, it was said, they had been removed from their respective graves on the Vatican Hill and the Appian road and concealed at the bottom of a well. The truth of the tradition was of course denied, and it was supposed that the two bodies deposited in the basilica, where they are still lying under the High Altar of St. Peter's, were those of unknown individuals, which were the first to come to hand. Once more tradition has been justified by the spade. The excavators found under the present church of San Sebastiano the remains of a basilica of the fourth century, and under that again the substructures

of a Roman patrician's house. From its dining-room stairs lead down to a passage cut in the rock, in which three stone sarcophagi were discovered, and which ends in a small niche-like chamber adjoining the bottom of a well. The walls above the stairs are covered with *graffiti* of the latter part of the fourth century, which invoke the prayers of the two Apostles and show that their bodies once rested in the chamber below. The bodies now lying in the " Confessio " of St. Peter's must, therefore, be the actual bodies of SS. Peter and Paul. What is equally interesting is that we learn further from the inscriptions that before descending to the catacomb it was the fashion to partake of an agapê, or supper, in the dining-room above, and that consequently the institution of the agapê still survived in Rome up to the end of the fourth century instead of having disappeared there before the end of the first.

With this record of Christian archaeology I bring these reminiscences to a close. My span of life has been far longer than I ever anticipated or had grounds for believing, and I think I am right in saying that it has left me with few illusions about myself. Some of my work has been very good and some of it very bad, and the public has not always selected the best. I have been quick to see the results of evidence, but this quickness of perception, coupled with defective eyesight, has often led me to hasty and false conclusions, carelessness about unimportant details, and occasional inaccuracy of observation. It has also led to my being in advance of my time—a fatal error in the world of scholarship as well as in the world of practical life. My Hittite theories, as they were termed, were received, to use Sir Richard Burton's words, " *cum magno risu*," and it was years before excavation finally compelled their recognition ; my philological heresies, which were afterwards developed by the " Young Grammarians," made my occupancy of the Chair of Comparative Philology a difficulty ; and my acceptance of the results of Schliemann's discoveries and my attitude towards the so-called Higher Criticism of the Old Testament after the discovery of the Tel el-Amarna tablets brought upon me showers of controversy and abuse. The excavation of Troy and Mykenae and the discovery of the

tablets were sufficient proof to me that merely subjective criticism of ancient literary documents was a worthless pastime. But it has taken a quarter of a century to convince the literary world in general of the truth of this.

On the political side my Toryism did not prevent me from being an Irish Home-ruler in the days of Parnell, or an advocate of female suffrage, and for years I advocated the extension of the suffrage to our fellow-subjects in India and the admittance of their representatives to Parliament. To be in front of one's time is worse than being behind it.[1]

The physical disability of defective sight has told against me in various ways. I have never liked, for example, what is known as Alpine scenery, or appreciated the interior of a great Gothic cathedral. The corn-lands of Egypt or the gentle slopes of the limestone hills of the Mediterranean, the outlines of a Greek temple and the rich glazes of a Chinese vase, are what I enjoy; the lofty arches of Gothic architecture simply fatigue the eyes.

But apart from physical defects and restrictions, we are all of us the slaves of inherited instincts and passions. More and more, as I have grown older, have I become convinced of the existence and unchangeableness of racial traits. National traits are altogether different, they are the result of social environment and education; racial traits are innate. Each individual is an amalgam of the characteristics of his manifold ancestors, and in the case of the British people these ancestors were very numerous. But broadly speaking, the result is the existence in each of us of two main types, unlike, if not antagonistic, in many respects, and varying according as one type or another is predominant. Looking back on my life I can see that there has been a constant struggle for the mastery between the two; sometimes the emotional imagination of the so-called Keltic nature has been in the ascendant; sometimes the cold scepticism of the north. But on the whole, it is the first that has predominated with a power of quick perception, an active imagination, a

[1] Blake, however, thought differently:

"If you seize the right moment before it is ripe,
The tears of repentance you'll certainly wipe;
But if you once let the right moment go,
You'll never wipe off the tears of woe."

love of art, a craving for belief and deference to an individual leader, and an emotional though superficial sympathy with others. And along with this have gone the faults of the "Keltic" temperament, lack of perseverance, doubtless assisted by deficient physical strength, impulsive judgement, and temptation to prefer artistic or oratorical effects to the strict and literal truth. We are all of us children of the men who lived in the age of an unfathomable past.

And that past flashes into consciousness now and again. Dreams acquaint us with that unconscious self which lies as it were below us, ready to become known as soon as the will is dormant. And it is not only in dreams that we become conscious of it. I do not know whether my experience is shared by others, but at times when for a moment the will relaxes its control mental pictures flash before me of forms and faces such as the Kretan artist of old loved to delineate. The world of fairies and demons, of jinns and heroes, seems suddenly to start into being out of the primaeval abyss.

In the sunny dawn of youth,
When we battled for the truth,
Daring danger, toil and wrath,
Hope was flashing o'er our path.

When our eager youth at last
Into manhood's prime had pass'd,
Still we deemed that we were strong
To loose the world from sin and wrong.

Now the evening shadows play
On our life's declining day:
Hope is dead, and well know we
What has been must ever be.

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